



ON
WINGS
OF
SONG

A COLLECTION
OF

SACRED MELODIES

BY

GEO. C. HUGG.

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ON WINGS OF SONG

FOR

Revival Meetings, Endeavor Societies,
Epworth Leagues, Young People's
Unions, Prayer Meetings, and
the Sunday School.

BY

GEORGE C. HUGG.

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2133 Newkirk Street, Philadelphia.

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Prefatory.

In presenting "ON WINGS OF SONG" to the public the author feels confident that he has given the Church, Sunday-school and Weekday Meetings a book of gigantic strength. The subject matter of this work is beyond all former effort, and the introduction of said book will stimulate action and strengthen the weak to greater efforts. Pastors, Superintendents, Evangelists, League and Endeavor Officers will find in "ON WINGS OF SONG" grand Spiritual Gems, calculated to help on the great work of Redemption.

GEO. C. HUGG, Author.

Announcement.

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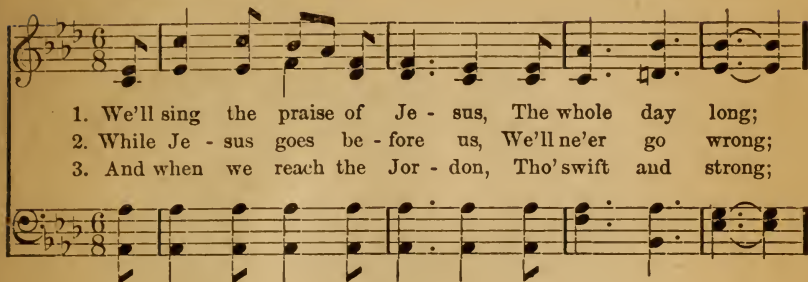
GEO. C. HUGG.

ON WINGS OF SONG.

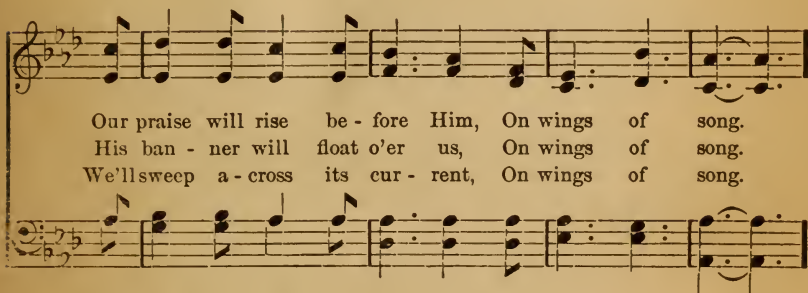
ON WINGS OF SONG.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

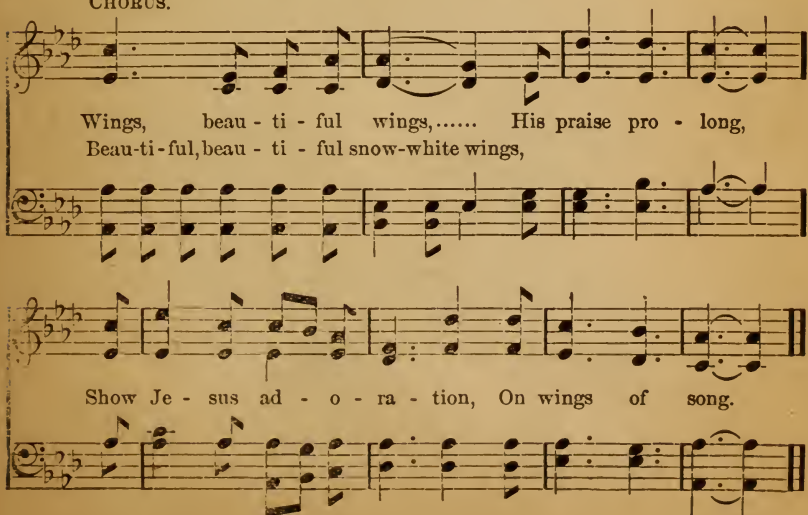


1. We'll sing the praise of Je - sus, The whole day long;
2. While Je - sus goes be - fore us, We'll ne'er go wrong;
3. And when we reach the Jor - don, Tho'swift and strong;



Our praise will rise be - fore Him, On wings of song.
His ban - ner will float o'er us, On wings of song.
We'll sweep a - cross its cur - rent, On wings of song.

CHORUS.

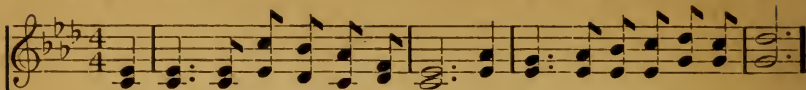


Wings, beau - ti - ful wings,..... His praise pro - long,
Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful snow-white wings,
Show Je - sus ad - o - ra - tion, On wings of song.

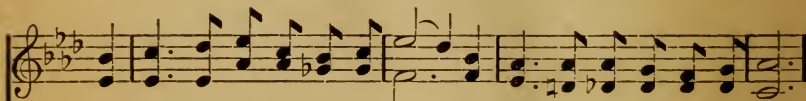
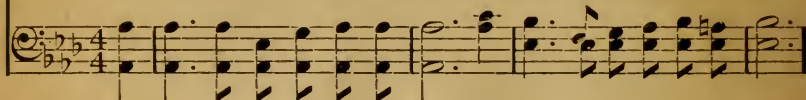
O LORD HAVE MERCY ON MY SOUL.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

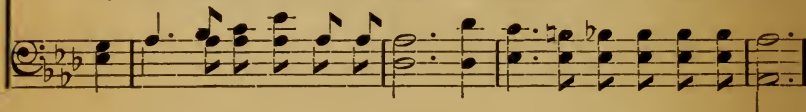
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



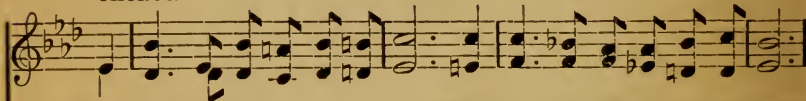
1. Dear Lord I come to Thee this day, For par - don I most humbly pray;
2. I have been far a - way in sin, But now I would be pure within;
3. Dear Sav - iour now thy blood ap - ply, For - give my sins be - fore I die;
4. Lord I will be Thy child till death, I'll praise Thy name with ev'ry breath;



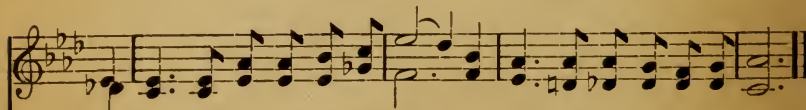
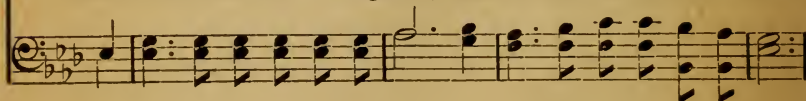
How fast the gold-en moments roll, O Lord have mer-cy on my soul.
 Now while I plead Lord make me whole, O Lord have mer-cy on my soul.
 Be - fore e - ter-nal bells shall toll, O Lord have mer-cy on my soul.
 Thy Name dear Saviour I'll ex - tol, Thou hast had mer-cy on my soul.



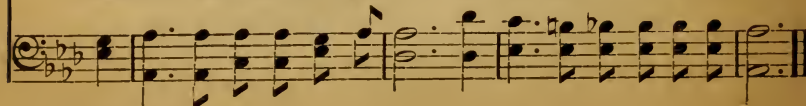
CHORUS.



Dear Sav-iour now my sins for - give, With-out Thy help I can-not live;
 * Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here be - low;



Now while the gold-en moments roll, O Lord have mer-cy on my soul.
 Praise Him a - bove while a - ges roll, He has had mer-cy on my soul.



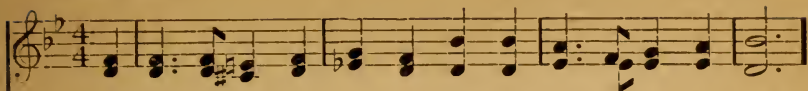
* Chorus after last verse.

THOU KNOWEST WHAT IS BEST.

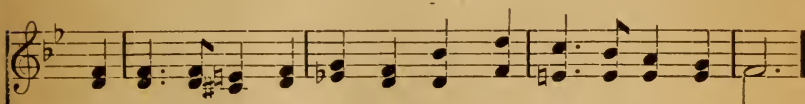
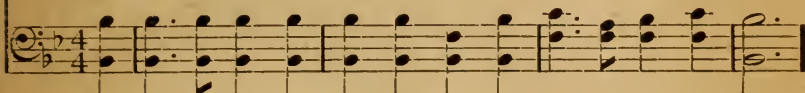
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HARRY MACK.

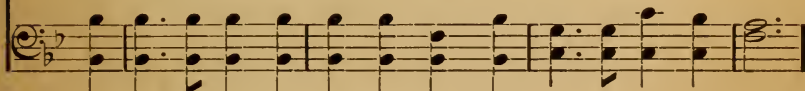
FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.



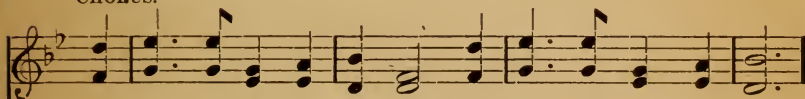
1. Kind Je - sus keep our lives se - cure In in - no-cence and trust;
2. Kind Je - sus, in Thy heart of love, For us pre-serve a place;
3. Kind Je - sus shed a - broad Thy light, In - to the heart of woe;



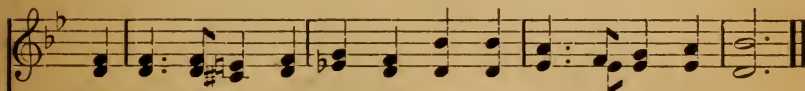
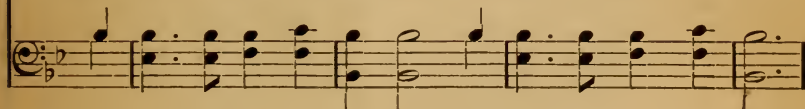
Let not the tempter's pow'r al - lure, But keep us true and just.
And may we nev - er from Thee rove, From kind-ness, truth and grace.
Kind Je - sus guide our steps a - right, That we in grace may grow.



CHORUS.



In Thee is grace a - bound-ing, To Thee we fly for rest;



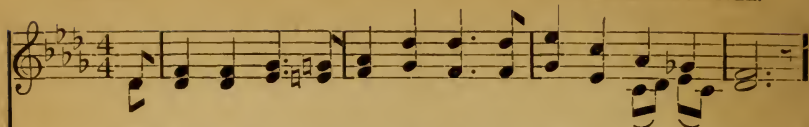
We trust the coun-sels of Thy word, Thou know-est what is best.



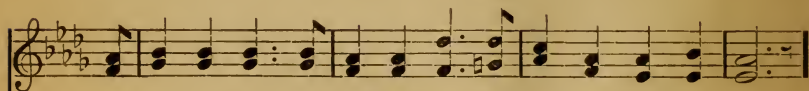
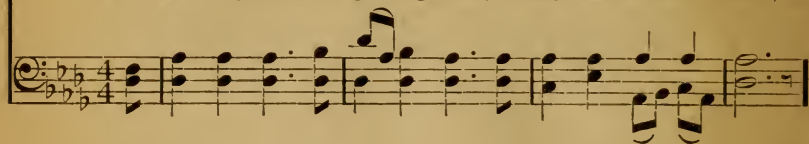
I'M GOING HOME.

J. H. E.

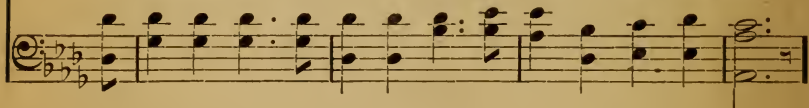
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



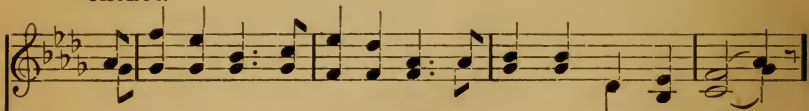
1. I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, A - way from earth's cold cheer,
2. I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, Kind friends will greet me there,
3. I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, A way-ward child I come,



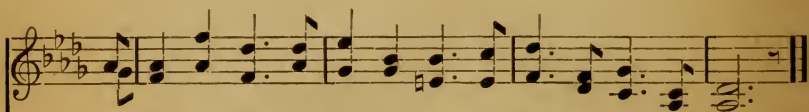
I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, To Heav-en's sun - light clear.
 I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, A Sav-iour's love to share.
 O, guide me Sav - iour to Thy fold, My blest e - ter - nal home.



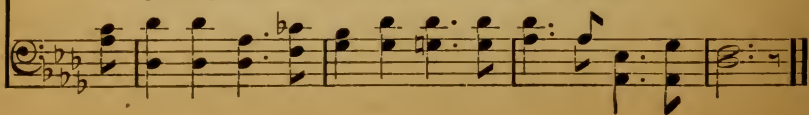
CHORUS.



I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, Where many man-sions be,



I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing home, To spend E - ter - ni - ty.

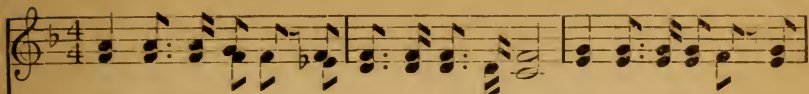


HE SAVED ME TOO.

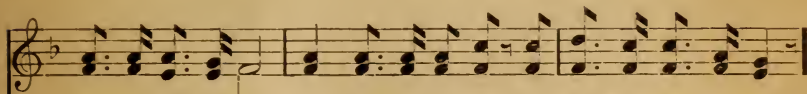
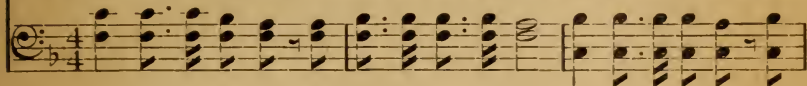
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REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

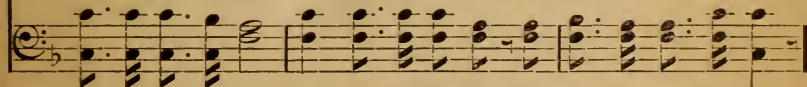
GEO. C. HUGG.



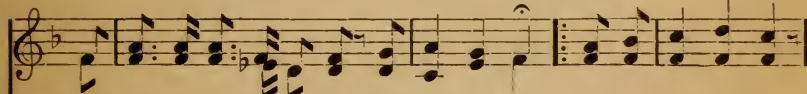
1. Once deep con-vic-tion the Lord on me did roll, My heart was heavy, and
2. Once in a meeting, the pow'r of God was there, Many were shouting His
3. Once we were praying for more of pow'r divine, That in His ser-vice we
4. God has a mansion prepared for you and me, Where we will praise Him, through



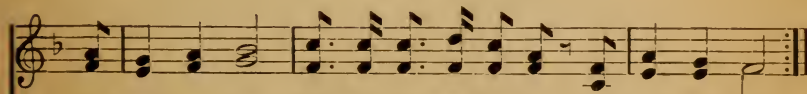
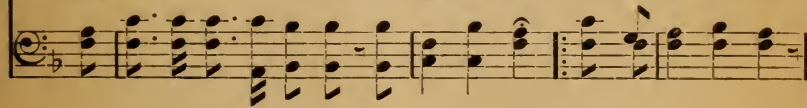
anxious for my soul, Friends were converted, by faith sav'd thro' and thro',
Name in praise and pray'r, God gave a bless-ing to those in ev-'ry pew,
might a-rise and shine, God sent His spir-it, our fire He did re-new,
all e-ter-ni-ty, "I will receive you" His prom-is-es are true,



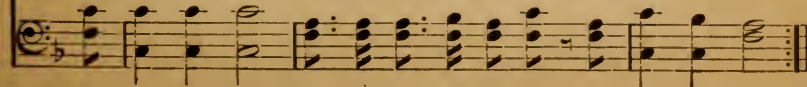
CHORUS.



But while the Lord sav'd oth-ers, He sav'd me too. Yes, He sav'd me too!
But while the Lord bless'd others, He bless'd me too. Yes, He bless'd me too!
But while the Lord fill'd oth-ers, He fill'd me too. Yes, He fill'd me too!
But when the Lord takes oth-ers, He'll take me too. Yes, He'll take me too!



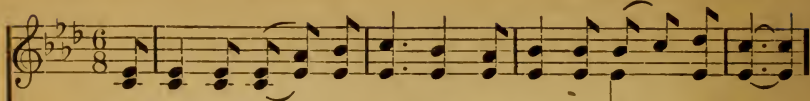
He sav'd me too! While the Lord sav'd oth-ers, He sav'd me too!
He bless'd me too! While the Lord bless'd others, He bless'd me too!
He fill'd me too! While the Lord fill'd oth-ers, He fill'd me too!
He'll take me too! When the Lord takes oth-ers, He'll take me too!



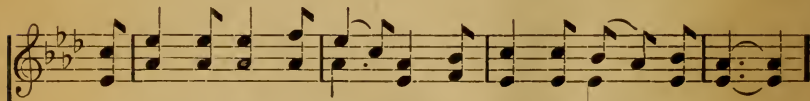
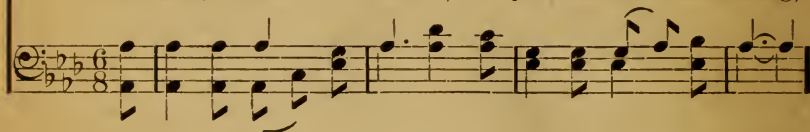
ROLL HIS PRAISE ALONG.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



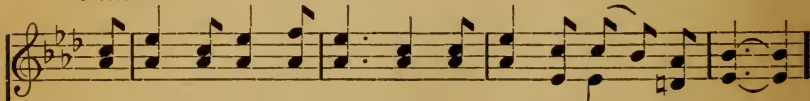
1. Come all ye sons and daughters, And sing a hap - py song;
2. Sing praises to your Sav-i-our, With voi-ces clear and strong;
3. With Je - sus as your Cap-tain, You nev - er will go wrong;
4. When you are faint and wea - ry, His arm is ev - er strong;
5. He'll take you home to Heav - en, To join that white - robed throng;



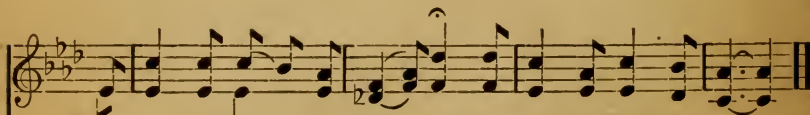
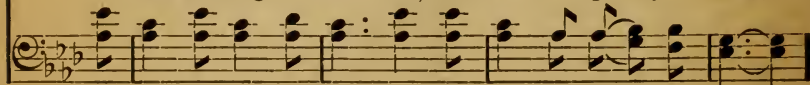
Christ Je - sus hath re-deem'd you, O roll His praise a - long.
 He died for your sal - va - tion, O roll His praise a - long.
 He'll lead you on to glo - ry, O roll His praise a - long.
 He nev - er will for-sake you, O roll His praise a - long.
 Where you will live for-ev - er, O roll His praise a - long.



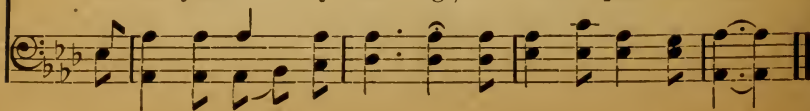
CHORUS.



O come and sing for Je - sus, Let Him in-spire your song;



He is your on - ly ref - uge, O roll His praise a - long.



JESUS WEPT.

9

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Feelingly.

1. An-gels, now your Vig-ils keep-ing, See the Lord of glo-ry weeping,
 2. What was there to cause such sor-row? Lazarus will not sleep to-morrow,
 3. Standing there, He knew His pow-er, Knew that in that ver-y hour,
 4. 'Tis for oth-ers He is weep-ing, Not for Lazarus, who is sleeping,
 5. For the hour of tri-bu-la-tion, When we need great con-so-la-tion,

Rit.....

At the grave where His friend slept, It is writ-ten "Je - sus wept."
 Yet deep grief His bo - som swept, With the sis - ters "Je - sus wept."
 Should come forth the man who slept, Yet, with pit - y, "Je - sus wept."
 But for those whom death had left, And their sor-rows "Je - sus wept."
 Time this price-less boon has kept, With earth's mourners "Je - sus wept."

CHORUS.

"Je - sus wept" O hear the sto - ry, "Je - sus wept" the Lord of glo - ry,

Rit.....

When the sis - ters were be - reft, Hear the sto - ry, "Je - sus wept."

WHAT IS THAT TO THEE.

JOHN 21: 22.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Not too fast.

1. Pe - ter asked the Sav-iour, "What shall this man do?" Standing on the
 2. Je - sus left a mes-sage to tell ev-'ry one, E - ven those who
 3. Nev - er wait for oth - ers when there's work for you, Lis - ten to the
 4. Nic - o - de - mus heard, "Ye must be born a - gain," But he answered
 5. You must work for Je - sus, you must watch and pray, Hear His man-date,

shore of Gal - i - lee, "I have got to suf - fer, will John
 live be-yond the sea, Do not stop to ques - tion if this
 voice from Gal - i - lee, Do not ask like Pe - ter "What shall
 "How can these things be?" Nev - er ques - tion like him, "how?" or
 "Rise and fol - low me," Do not stop and ques - tion, when He

Slow.....

suf - fer too?" But He an-swered, "What is that to thee."
 should be done, Hear the an - swer, "What is that to thee."
 this man do," Hear the an - swer, "What is that to thee."
 "Why?" or "When?" Hear the an - swer, "What is that to thee."
 speaks o - bey, For He an - swers, "What is that to thee."

CHORUS.

What is that to thee, O what is that to thee, There is work that

none can do but thee; Nev - er stop to ask what oth - er's

Slow.....

work shall be, Hear the an - swer, "What is that to thee."

JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

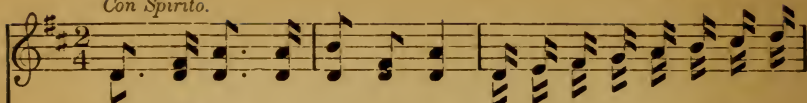
1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood wasshed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich - es, heal - ing of the mind,
 5. Just as I am—Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 6. Just as I am—Thy love unknown Hath bro - ken ev - 'ry bar - rier down;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fightings within, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be - cause Thy promise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

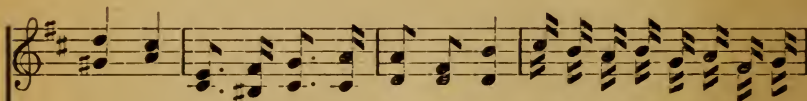
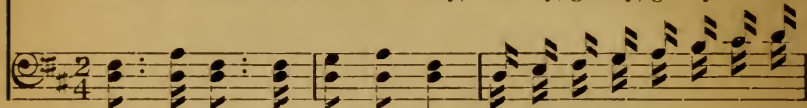
SHOUT HIS PRAISE.

H. S. LOWING.
Con Spirito.

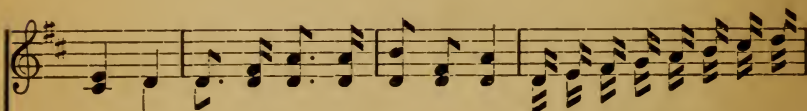
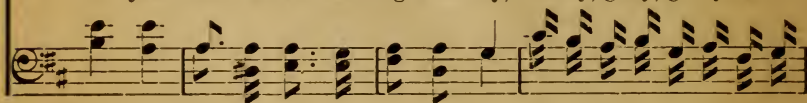
H. S. LOWING.



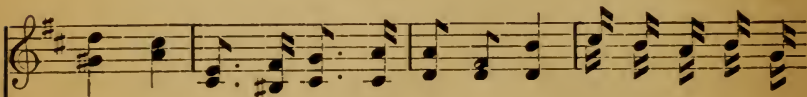
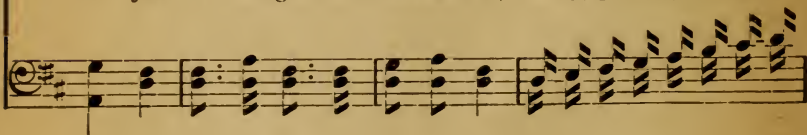
1. Je - sus, break the bars of sin, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le -
 2. Shout His praise o'er land and sea, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le -
 3. When the clouds have rolled a - way, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le -



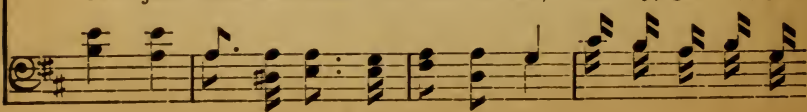
lu - jah! So that we may en - ter in, Glo - ry, glory, glo - ry hal - le -
 lu - jah! Je - sus died to make us free, Glo - ry, glory, glo - ry hal - le -
 lu - jah! And we see the bright - est day, Glo - ry, glory, glo - ry hal - le -



lu - jah! Je - sus is vic - to - ri - ous, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glory hal - le -
 lu - jah! Now ac - cept re - deem - ing love, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glory hal - le -
 lu - jah! O how glad our hearts will be, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glory hal - le -



lu - jah! God hath made Him glo - ri - ous, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo -
 lu - jah! See it shin - eth from a - bove, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo -
 lu - jah! When our bless - ed Lord we see, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo -



CHORUS.

ry hal-le-lu-jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Jesus is the only King of
the
kings, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hark the faithful christian sings.
on-ly King of kings,

HE IS CALLING.

F. W. FABER.

1. { There's a wideness in god's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His jus-tice Which is more than (Omit.) lib-er-ty.
2. { There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-cies for the good;
There is mer-cy with the Saviour, There is heal-ing (Omit.) in His blood.

CHORUS.

He is call-ing, "Come to Me!" Lord, I glad-ly haste to Thee.

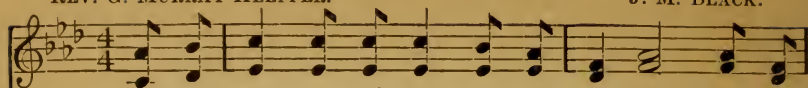
3. For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4. If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

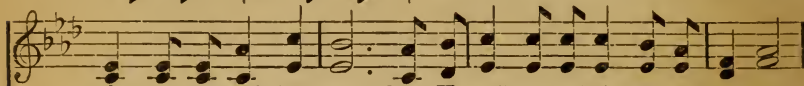
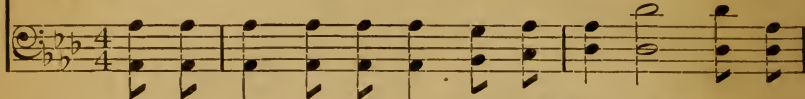
TELL THE STORY OF HIS LOVE.

REV. G. MURRAY KLEPPER.

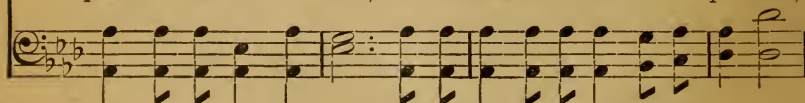
J. M. BLACK.



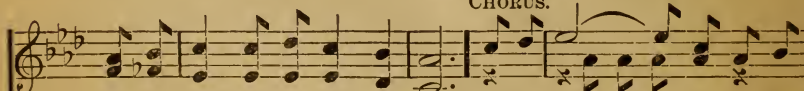
1. Tell the won - der - ful sto - ry of Je - sus; How from
2. Would you light - en the hearts that are hea - vy? Drive the
3. There is full - ness of joy in His pres - ence, There is



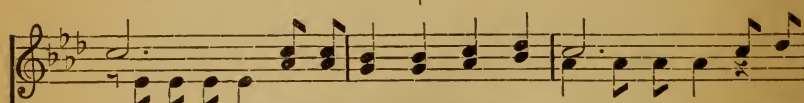
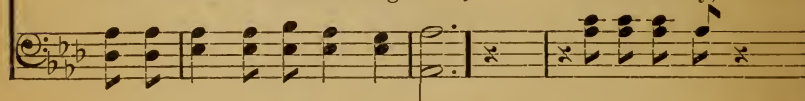
glo - ry to earth He came; How He suffered and died to re - deem us;
clouds from the darkened skies? Tell the sto - ry of grace all - suf - fi - cient,
peace for the rec - on - ciled, Un - to those who believe He is pre - cious,



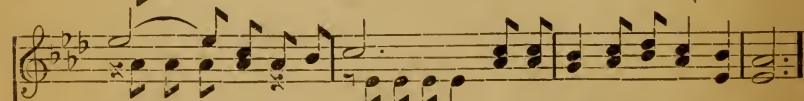
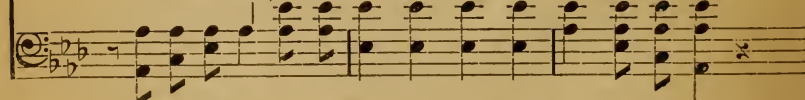
CHORUS.



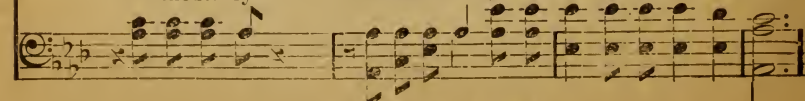
How He lives ev - er - more the same. } Tell the sto - - ry of His
And the strength which His love supplies. }
Ev - er near to the trust - ing child. } Tell the sto - ry,



love, Spread the ti - dings far and near, Tell the
of Je - sus' love, far and near,



sto - - ry of His love, Tell it out that the world may hear.
Tell the sto - ry of Jesus' love,



SEEKING THE LOST.

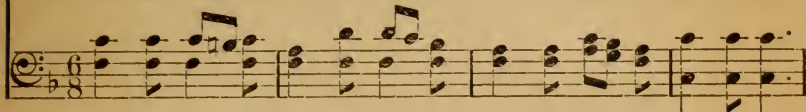
15

REV. W. J. STUART, A. M.

GEO. C. HUGG.



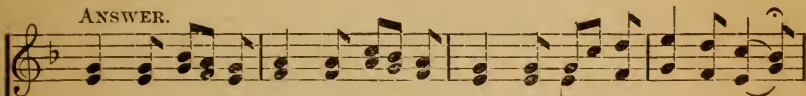
1. Wond'rous mer - cy now is streaming, From the cross of Cal - va - ry,
2. Hang - ing there a vic - tim bleed - ing, For the sins of all the race,
3. Love has conqu' - red, I'm con - fess - ing, All my sins on Him are laid,
4. Praise the Lord! His voice I've heed - ed, I am His and He is mine,



Bright - est light e'er now is beaming, From the cross of Christ to me.
 Could there be more ten - der pleading? Sin - ners come and seek His grace.
 With sal - va - tion He is bless - ing, On the cross my debt is paid.
 I'm sup - plied with all I need - ed, I'm a child of love di - vine.



ANSWER.



Round that cross hangs wond'rous glory, It's at - tract - ing all man - kind,
 Dy - ing soul 'tis you He's call - ing, Ev - er keep this truth in mind,
 Wond'rous grace! now I'm be - liev - ing, Faith has found her sur - est ground,
 I am kept by lov - ing kindness, Rich - est blessings now a - bound,



Is it not a pre - cious sto - ry? Je - sus seeks the lost to find.
 Je - sus suffered death ap - pall - ing, And 'tis you He seeks to find.
 Love no long - er I am griev - ing, Christ the lost one now has found.
 Christ, the Lord, has sav'd from blindness, Christ the lost one now has found.



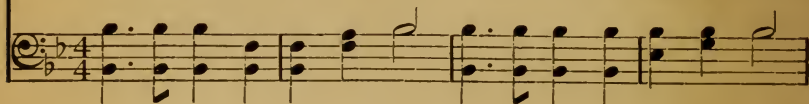
WHEN WE ALL SHALL GATHER HOME.

IDA L. REED.

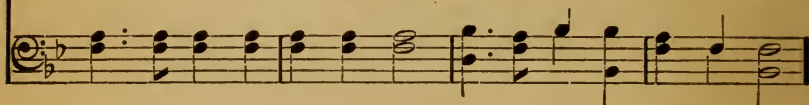
GEO. C. HUGG.

Fervently, not too fast.

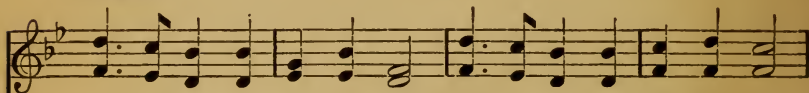
1. When we all shall gath - er home, What re - joic - ing there will be ;
2. When we all shall gath - er home, Friend meet friend beyond the tide ;
3. When we all shall gath - er home, To that hap - py realm a - bove ;



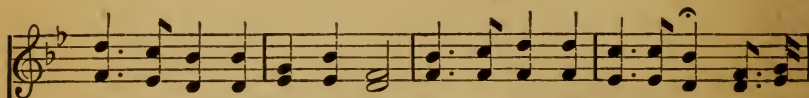
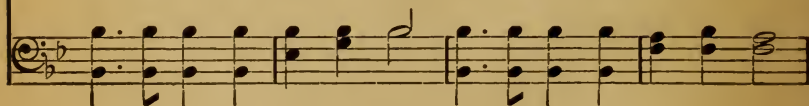
On that sun - ny gold - en shore, There be - side the crys - tal sea.
 Oh what glad - ness will be mine, O - ver on the far - ther side.
 What re - joic - ing there will be, Crown'd with sweet e - ter - nal love.



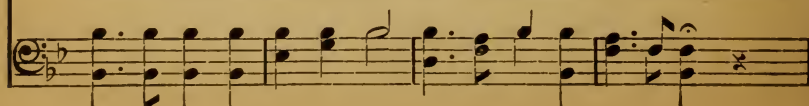
CHORUS.



When we all shall gath - er home, To that land of peace and rest,



What re - joic - ing there will be, 'Mid the mansions of the blest, Gath - er



home,..... gath-er home,..... Gath-er home to die no more; Gath-er
Gather home, gather home, die no more,

Rit.....

home,..... gath-er home,..... On that sun-ny gold - en shore.
Gather home, gather home,

REPENTANCE.

ROB'T FINCH.

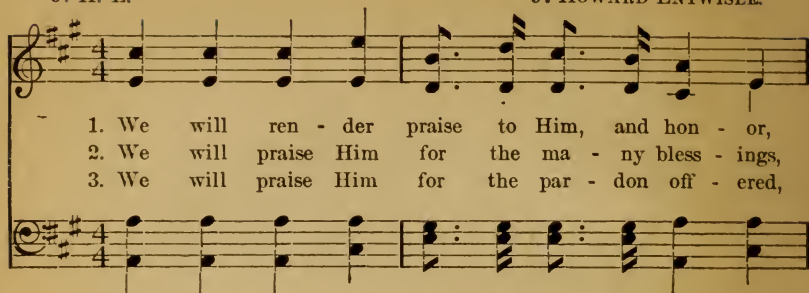
1. Lord, I ap-proach the mer - cy - seat, Where Thou dost answer pray'r;
2. Thy prom - ise is my on - ly plea, With this I ven - ture nigh;
3. Bow'd down beneath a load of sin, By Sa - tan sore - ly press'd;
4. Be Thou my shield and hid - ing - place, That, shelter'd near Thy side;
5. O, wondrous love!—to bleed and die, To bear the cross and shame,

There humbly fall be - fore Thy feet,—For none can per - ish there.
Thou call - est bur - den'd souls to Thee, And such, O Lord, am I.
By wars with - out, and fears with - in, I come to Thee for rest.
I may re - joice in Je - sus' grace, In Je - sus cru - ci - fied.
That guil - ty sin - ners, such as I, Might plead Thy gracious Name.

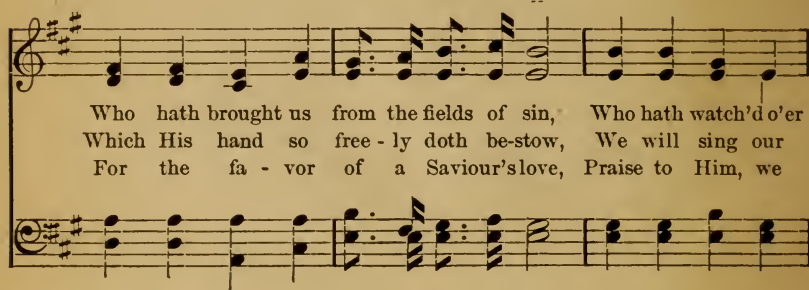
TRIBUTE OF PRAISE.

J. H. E.

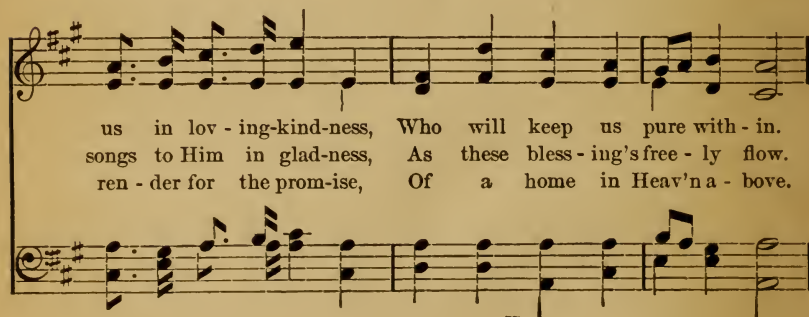
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. We will ren - der praise to Him, and hon - or,
 2. We will praise Him for the ma - ny bless - ings,
 3. We will praise Him for the par - don off - ered,

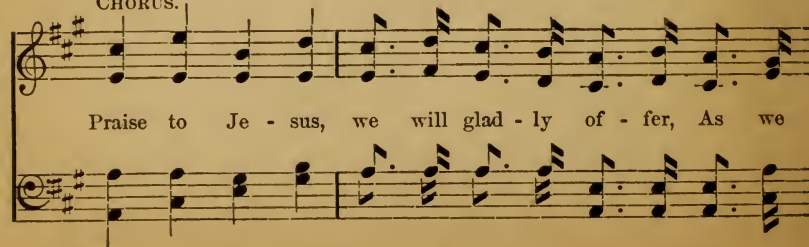


Who hath brought us from the fields of sin, Who hath watch'd o'er
 Which His hand so free - ly doth be-stow, We will sing our
 For the fa - vor of a Saviour's love, Praise to Him, we



us in lov - ing-kind-ness, Who will keep us pure with - in.
 songs to Him in glad-ness, As these bless - ing's free - ly flow.
 ren - der for the prom - ise, Of a home in Heav'n a - bove.

CHORUS.



Praise to Je - sus, we will glad - ly of - fer, As we

Jour - ney on with will - ing hands to do; Praise to Je - sus,

We will glad - ly ren - der while our mis - sion we pur - sue.

COME, THOU FOUNT.

REV. R. ROBINSON.

JOHN WYETH.

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy praise; }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise; }

D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.

Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

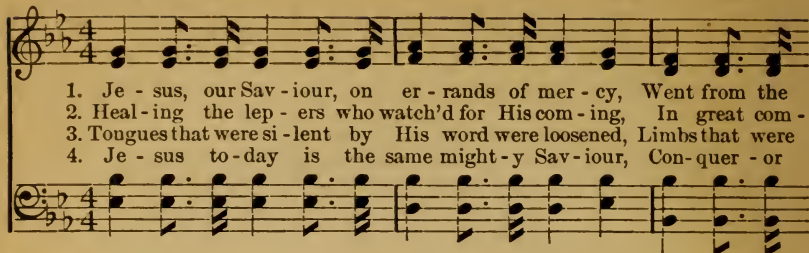
2. Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home:
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.

3. Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

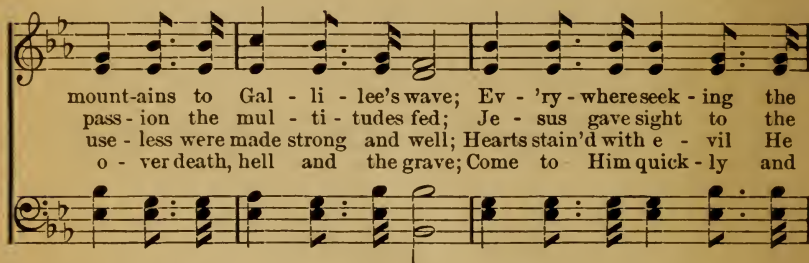
JESUS OUR SAVIOUR.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

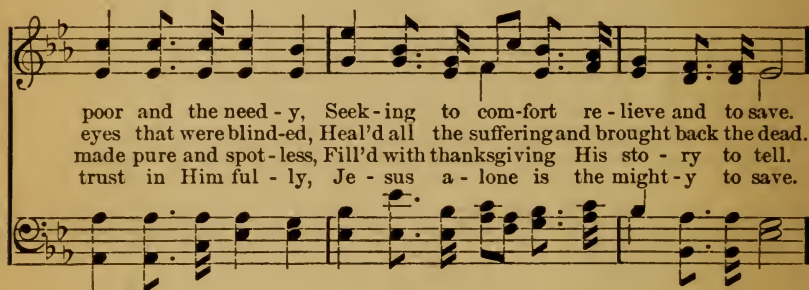
GEO. C. HUGG.



1. Je - sus, our Sav - iour, on er - rands of mer - cy, Went from the
 2. Heal - ing the lep - ers who watch'd for His com - ing, In great com -
 3. Tongues that were si - lent by His word were loosened, Limbs that were
 4. Je - sus to - day is the same might - y Sav - iour, Con - quer - or

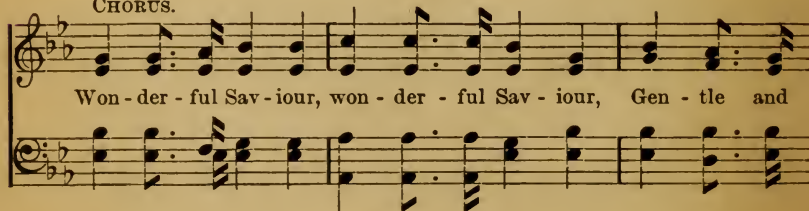


mount - ains to Gal - li - lee's wave; Ev - 'ry - where seek - ing the
 pass - ion the mul - ti - tudes fed; Je - sus gave sight to the
 use - less were made strong and well; Hearts stain'd with e - vil He
 o - ver death, hell and the grave; Come to Him quick - ly and

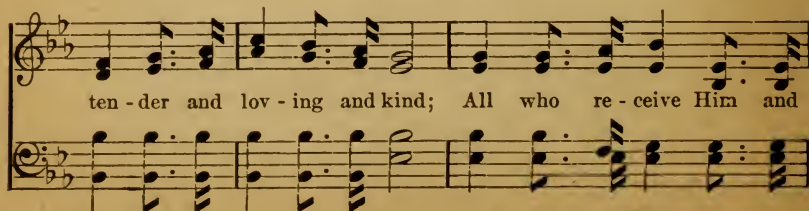


poor and the need - y, Seek - ing to com - fort re - lieve and to save.
 eyes that were blind - ed, Heal'd all the suffering and brought back the dead.
 made pure and spot - less, Fill'd with thanksgiving His sto - ry to tell.
 trust in Him ful - ly, Je - sus a - lone is the might - y to save.

CHORUS.



Won - der - ful Sav - iour, won - der - ful Sav - iour, Gen - tle and



ten - der and lov - ing and kind; All who re - ceive Him and

ful - ly be-lieve Him, Par - don and cleansing and wis-dom may find.

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou Hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry And end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies Of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, My
 par - don On Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing The
 long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew Lies
 dore Thee In heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

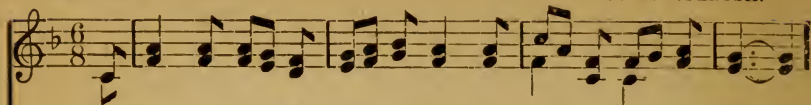
Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
 Crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.

FEAR NOT TO TRUST ME IN THE STORM.

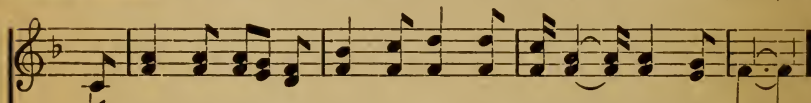
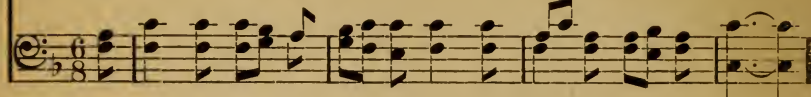
"It is I; be not afraid."—MATT. 11: 27.

REV. J. W. HOWE.

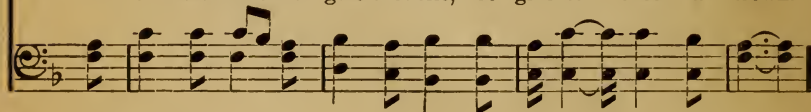
J. H. RUEBUSH.



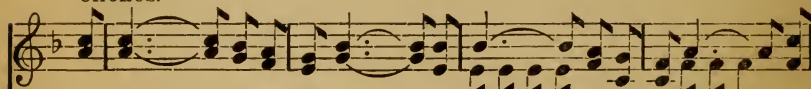
1. Fear not to trust Me in the storm, I'm al-ways ver-y near;
 2. I may not al-ways seem so near As thou wouldst have Me be;
 3. Fear not to trust My mighty arm; It brought sal-va-tion down;



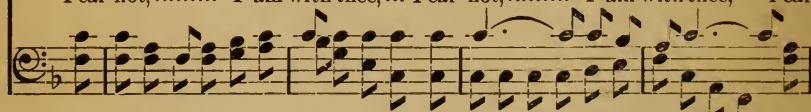
I come thy need-less fears to calm, Then, wea-ry ones, don't fear.
 But in the calm and in the storm, I all thy dan-gers see.
 I suf-fered much to give thee life, To give to thee a crown.



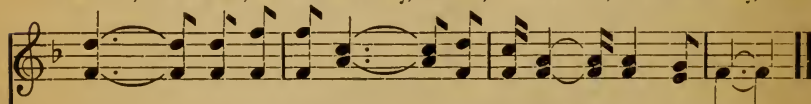
CHORUS.



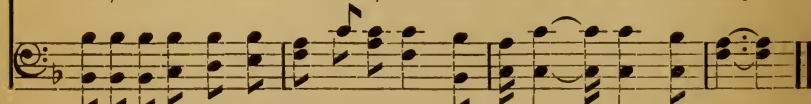
Fear not, I am with thee, ... Fear not, I am with thee, Fear



Fear not, I am with thee, am with thee al-way, Fear not, I am with thee, am with thee al-way, Fear



not, I am with thee, am with thee... all the way.



not, I am with thee, am with thee al-way,

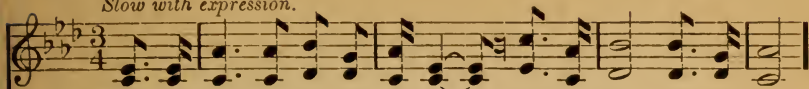
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4. I'm always near thee in the storm,
 To raise thy sinking feet,
 If only thou wilt trust My word,
 And My commandments keep.</p> <p>5. Fear not, the storm will soon be o'er,
 The victory soon be won;
 Then lean upon My mighty arm,
 And sing, I'm going home.</p> | <p>6. And when the storm of life is past,
 And you have faithful been,
 I'll take you to that blest abode,
 That's not defiled with sin.</p> <p>7. There no more storms shall cause thee fear;
 The river will be crossed;
 Then thou shalt rest within the gates,
 With all the heavenly host.</p> |
|--|---|

"And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out."—MARK 10: 47.

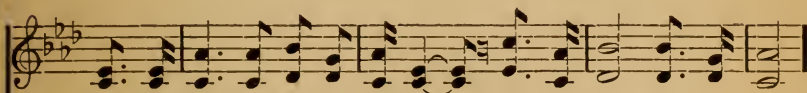
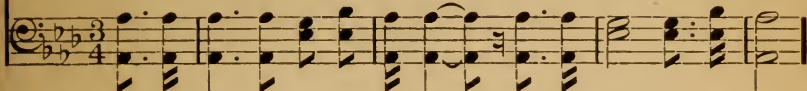
REV. JOHN R. COLGAN.

A. F. MYERS.

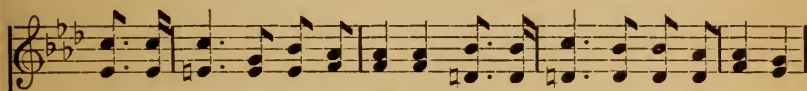
Slow with expression.



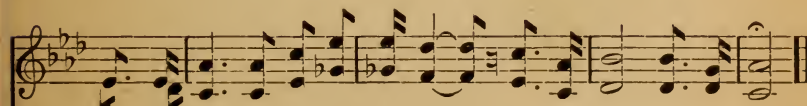
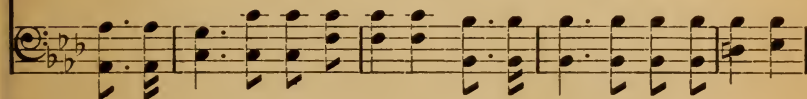
1. Sin - ner, see that wayside beg - gar, Hear him cry, hear him cry,
2. Sad the plight of each poor blind one, By the way, by the way,
3. Sin - ner, do not let the Sav - iour Pass thee by, pass thee by,



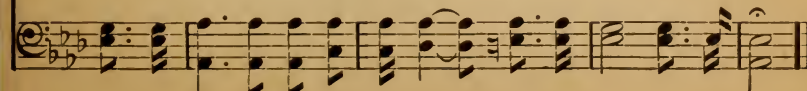
To the far-famed Jewish Heal-er, Pass-ing by, pass-ing by.
Worse the state of ev-'ry sin - ner, Here to - day, here to - day.
But with plead-ing for His fav - or, Raise thy cry, raise thy cry.



See the Heal - er in com-compassion, Dead to Jew - ish pride and fashion,
But when Je - sus hears him praying, He will hear the Sav-iour say-ing,
He will sure - ly cure thy blindness, Thro' His great and lov-ing kindness,



Meet - ing, touch-ing and re - stor-ing Him to sight, him to sight.
Go thy way, thy faith hath sav'd thee, Be thou whole, be thou whole.
Would'st thou know His saving pow - ers, Call Him now, call Him now.



O GRANT ME ONE LOOK.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Feelingly.

1. Dear Sav - iour, my soul is pant - ing for Thee, As hart for the
 2. One look at Thy face would melt my poor heart, One look would be
 3. O grant me dear Sav - iour one look at Thee, Then I shall be
 4. O grant me dear Sav - iour one look at Thee, O let me look

clear wa - ter brook; I'm pant - ing, O Lord, Thy dear face to see,
 all I could stand; One look at Thy wounds should cause tears to start,
 spot - less with - in; For I shall be like Thee when thee I see,
 to Thee and live; To see Thee, this earth a heaven would be,

CHORUS.

O grant me dear Sav - iour one look.
 Like riv - ers that flow thro' the land.
 Be sanc - ti - fied, free from all sin. } O grant me one look dear
 Just one look dear Sav - iour pray give.

Sav - iour at Thee, One look at Thy hands and Thy feet; One look at Thy

side that bled on the tree, One look at Thy dear face, so sweet.

This musical score is for the concluding part of the hymn 'O GRANT ME ONE LOOK'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the lyrics 'side that bled on the tree, One look at Thy dear face, so sweet.' written below the treble staff.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

P. DODDRIDGE.

DR. T. HASTINGS.

1. Je - sus, I love Thy charm-ing name, 'Tis mu - sic to mine
2. Yes, Thou art pre-cious to my soul, My trans- port and my
3. All that my ar-dent soul can wish In Thee doth rich - ly
4. Thy grace shall dwell up - on my heart, And shed its frag - rance

This musical score is for the hymn 'ORTONVILLE. C. M.' by P. Doddridge and Dr. T. Hastings. It is in common meter (C. M.) and G major. The score includes four verses of lyrics written below the treble staff. The melody is a simple, four-measure phrase repeated.

ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud, That
trust; Jew - els to Thee are quad - y toys, And
meet; Nor to my eyes is light so dear, Nor
there; The no - blest balm of all its wounds, The

This musical score continues the hymn 'ORTONVILLE. C. M.' with the lyrics 'ear; Fain would I sound it out so loud, That trust; Jew - els to Thee are quad - y toys, And meet; Nor to my eyes is light so dear, Nor there; The no - blest balm of all its wounds, The'. The melody continues with the same simple four-measure phrase.

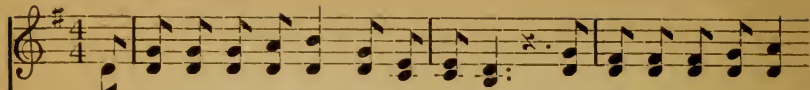
all the earth might hear, That all the earth might hear.
gold is sor - did dust, And gold is sor - did dust.
friend-ship half so sweet, Nor friend - ship half so sweet.
cor - dial of its care, The cor - dial of its care.

This musical score concludes the hymn 'ORTONVILLE. C. M.' with the lyrics 'all the earth might hear, That all the earth might hear. gold is sor - did dust, And gold is sor - did dust. friend-ship half so sweet, Nor friend - ship half so sweet. cor - dial of its care, The cor - dial of its care.' The melody ends with a final four-measure phrase.

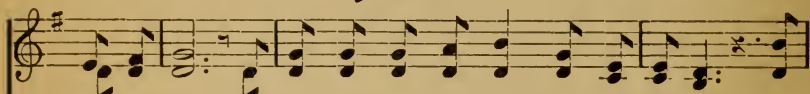
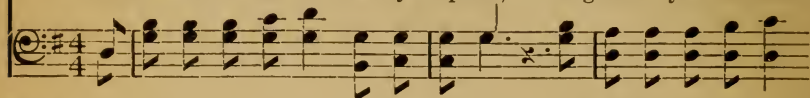
IT IS WONDERFUL.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

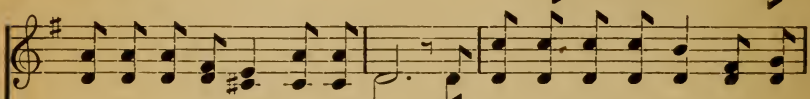
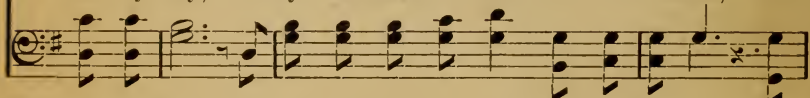
GEO. C. HUGG.



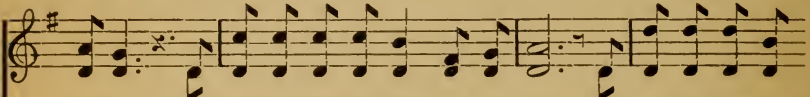
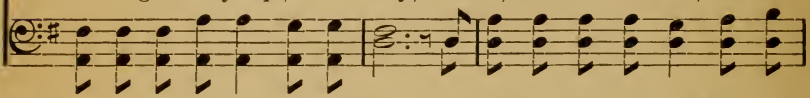
1. The bless-ed Son of God loves di-vine-ly, He gave His life my soul
 2. The bless-ed Son of God sweetly saves me, His precious blood can cleanse
 3. The bless-ed Son of God safe-ly keeps me, He guards my soul from sin



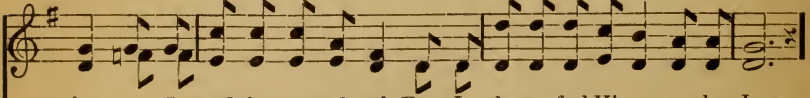
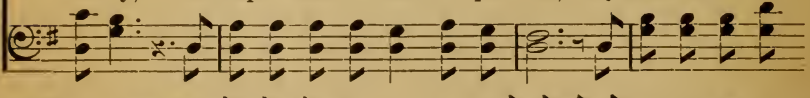
to re-deem; Up-on His gen-tle breast now re-clin-ing, I'm
 from all sin; His "New Name" on my heart He is writ-ing, His
 ev-'ry day; The eye that watch-es me nev-er slumbers, He



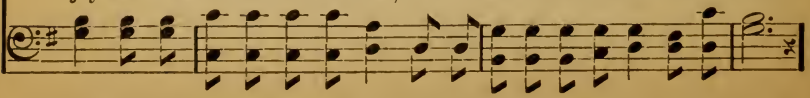
bask-ing in the love-light su-preme; His love is tend-'rer far, than a
 Ho-ly Spir-it now dwells within; He gives me need-ed grace ev-'ry
 ev-er guides my steps, lest I stray; And I, when He is near, rest se-



mother's, I know He'll never leave me to stray; I'll share with Him great
 moment, He shows to me the way I should take, I feel His gen-tle
 cure-ly, No weap-on that is made can pre-vail, My heart is full of



joy as I tread the upward path, For I always feel Him near when I pray.
 hand as I'm walking by His side, And I know He'll never leave, nor forsake.
 joy and I serve Him without fear, For I know His wondrous love cannot fail.



CHORUS.

O it is won - der - ful, O it is won - der - ful,
O yes it is O yes it is

Rallentando.....

O it is won - der - ful, How the bless - ed Je - sus loves me.
O yes it is

MAITLAND.

THOMAS SHEPHERD.

GEO. N. ALLEN.

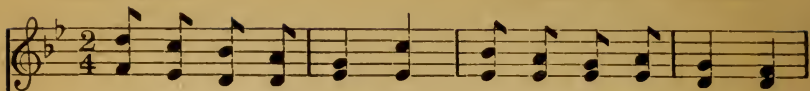
1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free?
3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierced feet,
4. O pre - cious cross! O glorious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

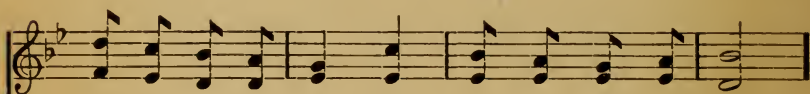
BY THE WILL OF GOD.

HARRY MACK.

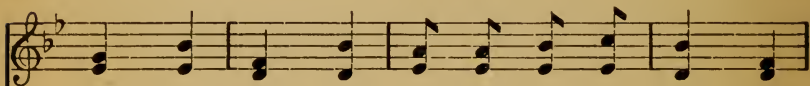
FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.



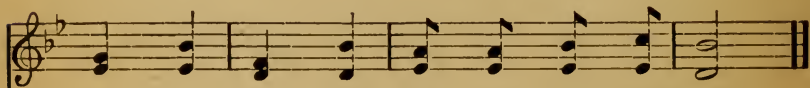
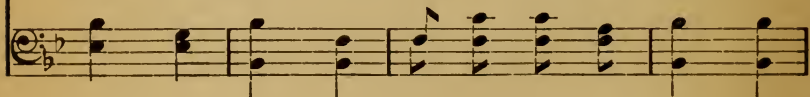
1. Lit - tle birds are fly - ing, Lit - tle winds are sigh - ing,
 2. Lit - tle brooks are flow - ing, Lit - tle bee - tles glow - ing,
 3. Lit - tle seeds are plant - ed, Lit - tle songs are chant - ed,



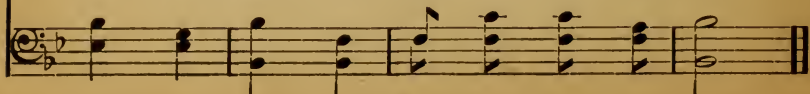
Lit - tle child - ren try - ing, By the will of God.
 Lit - tle child - ren grow - ing, By the will of God.
 Lit - tle pray'rs are grant - ed, By the will of God.



Try - ing, try - ing, Lit - tle ones are try - ing,
 Grow - ing, grow - ing, Lit - tle ones are grow - ing,
 Grant - ed, grant - ed, Lit - tle pray'rs are grant - ed,



Try - ing, try - ing, By the will of God.
 Grow - ing, grow - ing, By the will of God.
 Grant - ed, grant - ed, By the will of God.



HALLELUJAH FOR THE BLOOD!

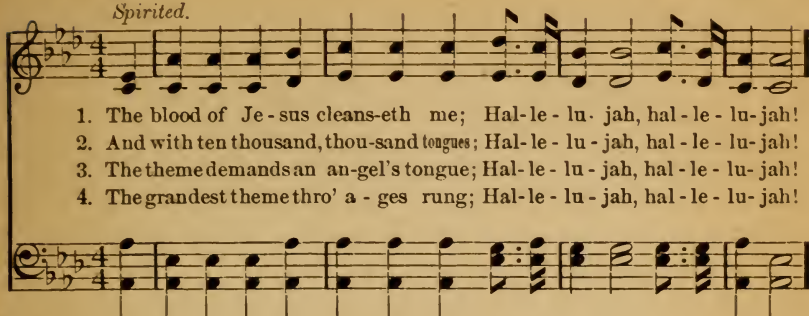
29

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—I. JOHN 1: 7.

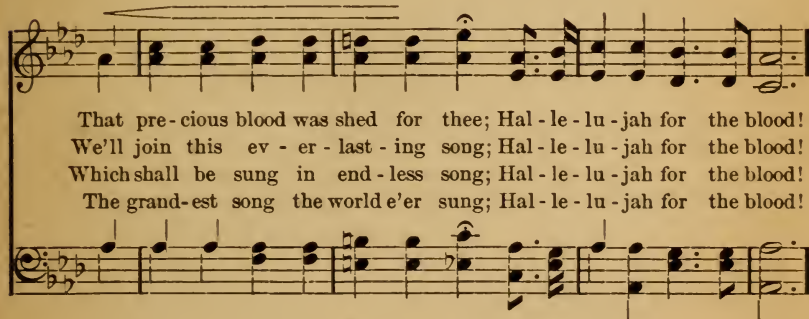
A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

Spirited.

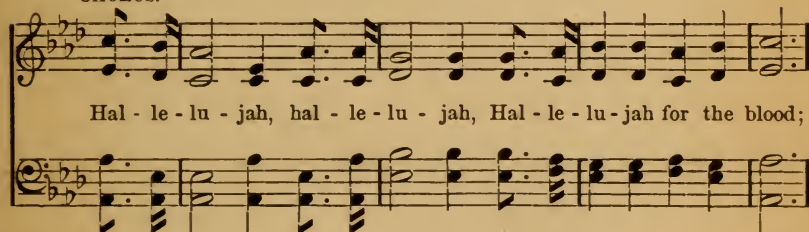


1. The blood of Je - sus cleans-eth me; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah!
 2. And with ten thousand, thou-sand tongues; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah!
 3. The themedemands an an-gel's tongue; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah!
 4. The grandest themethro' a - ges rung; Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah!

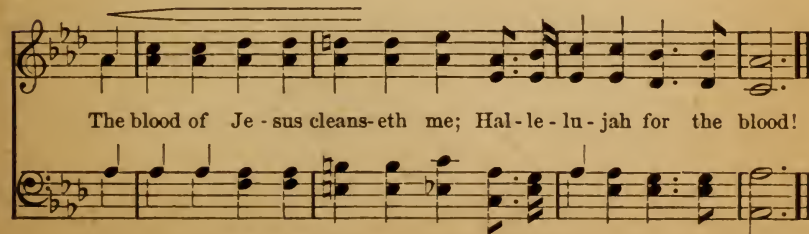


That pre - cious blood was shed for thee; Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood!
 We'll join this ev - er - last - ing song; Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood!
 Which shall be sung in end - less song; Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood!
 The grand - est song the world e'er sung; Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood!

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood;



The blood of Je - sus cleans-eth me; Hal - le - lu - jah for the blood!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR JESUS?

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

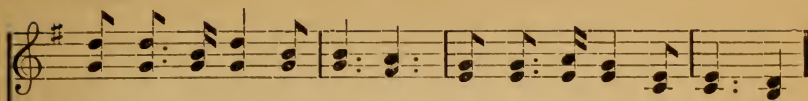
1. The ques-tion comes to you to-day, What have you done for Je-sus?
 2. With-in the har-vest fields of sin, What have you done for Je-sus?
 3. There's work e-nough for all your days, What have you done for Je-sus?

If you are on the nar-row way, What have you done for Je-sus?
 Have you not one sheaf gathered in? What have you done for Je-sus?
 While an-gel voic-es ring His praise, What have you done for Je-sus?

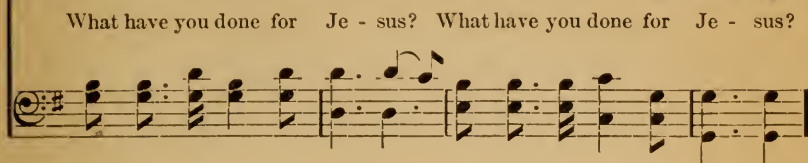
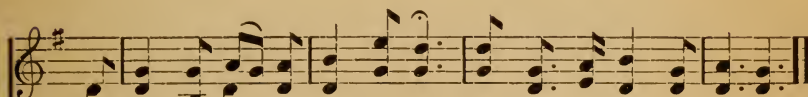
The Sav-iour has done much for you, He died to prove His friendship true,
 While dy-ing men be-fore you stand, Can you not give a help-ing hand?
 O do not let this ques-tion go, Up-on it hangs your weal or woe,

Is there not something you can do? What have you done for Je-sus?
 Can you not point them to that land? What have you done for Je-sus?
 The ques-tion is not what you know, What have you done for Je-sus?

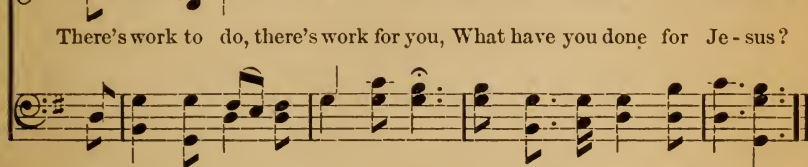
CHORUS.



What have you done for Je - sus? What have you done for Je - sus?

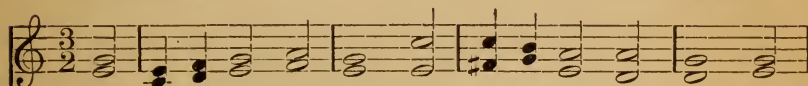
There's work to do, there's work for you, What have you done for Je - sus?



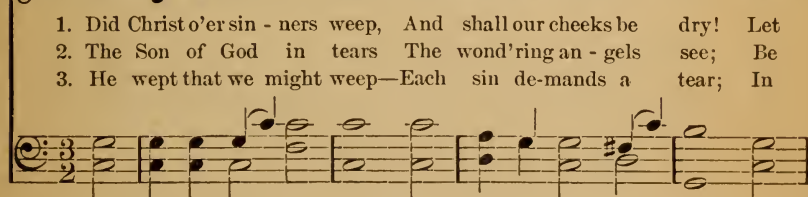
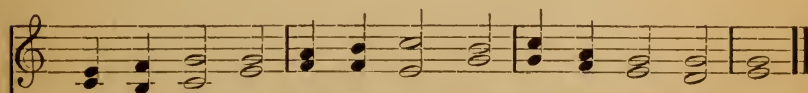
BOYLSTON.

BENJ. BEDDOME.

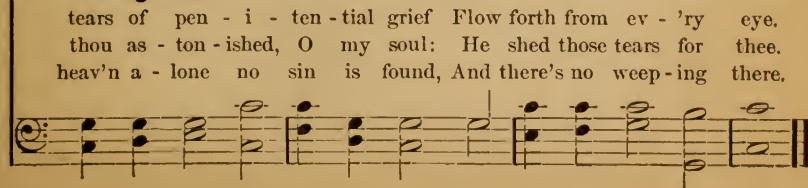
LOWELL MASON.



1. Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry! Let
 2. The Son of God in tears The wond'ring an - gels see; Be
 3. He wept that we might weep—Each sin de-mands a tear; In

tears of pen - i - ten - tial grief Flow forth from ev - 'ry eye.
 thou as - ton - ished, O my soul: He shed those tears for thee.
 heav'n a - lone no sin is found, And there's no weep - ing there.



THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel - low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean - ing
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil - grim way, Lean - ing
 3. What have I to do, what have I to fear, Lean - ing

on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms! What a bless - ed - ness,
 on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path
 on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms! I have peace complete

what a peace is mine, Lean-ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms.
 grows from day to day, Lean-ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms.
 with my Lord so near, Lean-ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms.

CHORUS.

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;
 Leaning on Je - sus, leaning on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the Ev - er-lasting Arms!
 Leaning on Je - sus, leaning on Je - sus,

SAVED THROUGH THE BLOOD.

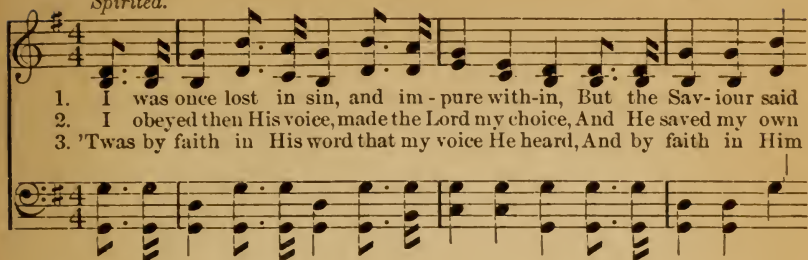
33

"And the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—I, JOHN 1: 7.

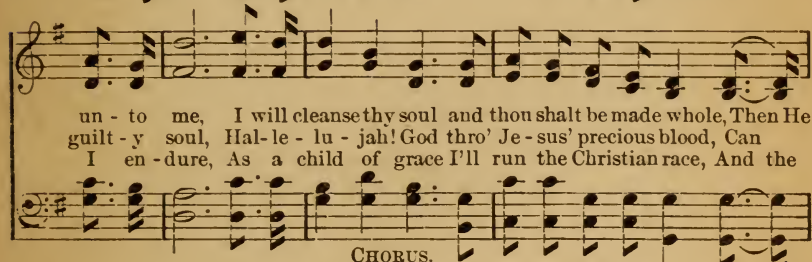
A. F. M.

A. F. MYERS.

Spirited.

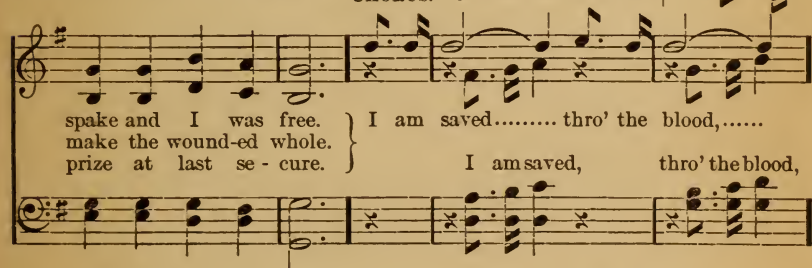


1. I was once lost in sin, and im-pure with-in, But the Sav-iour said
2. I obeyed then His voice, made the Lord my choice, And He saved my own
3. 'Twas by faith in His word that my voice He heard, And by faith in Him

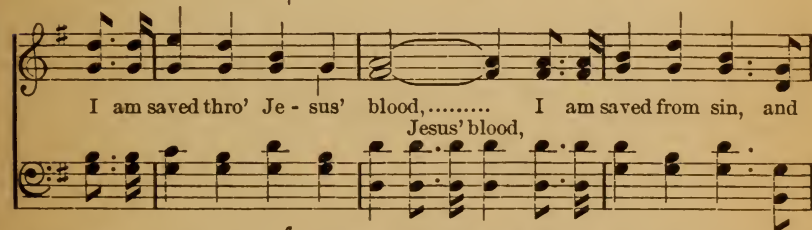


un-to me, I will cleanse thy soul and thou shalt be made whole, Then He
guilt-y soul, Hal-le-lu-jah! God thro' Je-sus' precious blood, Can
I en-dure, As a child of grace I'll run the Christian race, And the

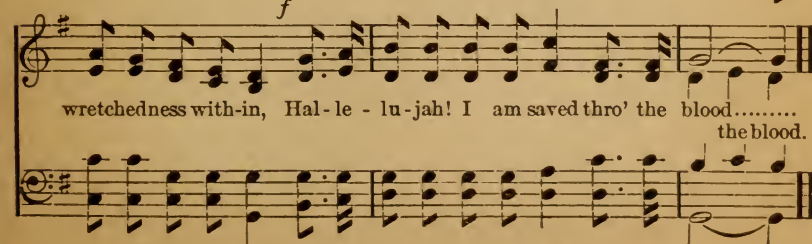
CHORUS.



spake and I was free. } I am saved..... thro' the blood,.....
make the wound-ed whole. }
prize at last se-cure. } I am saved, thro' the blood,



I am saved thro' Je-sus' blood,..... I am saved from sin, and
Jesus' blood,

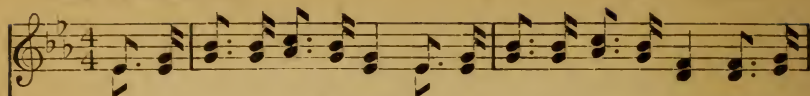


wretchedness with-in, Hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved thro' the blood.....
the blood.

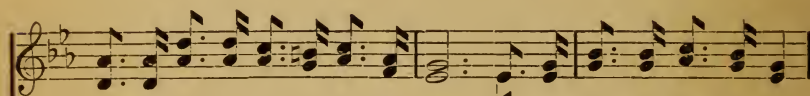
I AM HAPPY IN THE LORD.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY.

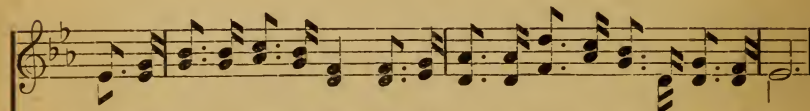
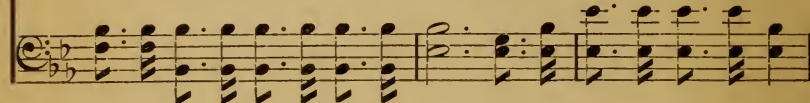
GEO. C. HUGG.



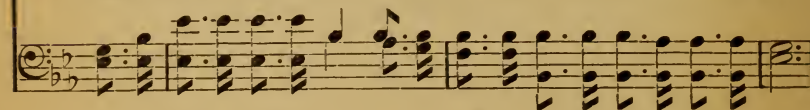
1. I am hap - py in the Lord, For I trust His bless - ed word, And new
2. I will gladly sing His praise, Who with goodness crowns my days, And whose
3. Je - sus washed my sins a - way, Keeps me safe - ly day by day, And He



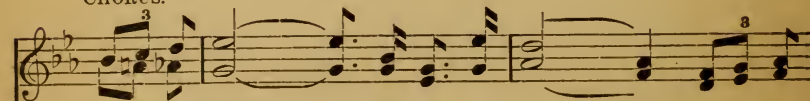
beau - ties ev - 'ry day in Him I find; All my sins He bade de - part,
 grace and mer - cy ev - 'ry need sup - ply; By the wa - ters still He leads,
 gen - tly leads me by His lov - ing hand; To His grace I'll faith - ful be,



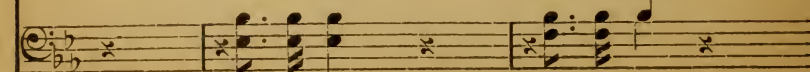
With His presence fill'd my heart, And His spir - it all my nature has re - fined.
 In the pastures green He feeds, With Himself my longing soul doth sat - is - fy.
 Then His glo - ry I shall see, And with Him in Zi - on's cit - y I shall stand.



CHORUS.



Praise the Lord..... for grace di - vine,..... I am
 Praise the Lord, grace di - vine,



His..... and He is mine, Now I feel..... the
I am His He is mine, Now I feel

cleans-ing blood,..... And I sing..... glo-ry to God.
cleansing blood, And I sing glo-ry to God.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. There are three systems of music. The first system has two staves. The second system has two staves. The third system has two staves. The lyrics are written below the staves.

HORTON.

S. LONGFELLOW.

WARTENSEE.

1. Love for all! and can it be? Can I hope it is for me—
2. I, the dis - o - be-dient child, Wayward, pas-sion-ate and wild;
3. I, who spurn'd His lov-ing hold; I, who would not be controlled;
4. To my Fa-ther can I go? At His feet my-self I'll throw;
5. See! my Fa-ther wait-ing stands; See! He reach-es out His hands;

I, who stray'd so long a - go, Stray'd so far, and fell so low?
I, who left my Fa-ther's home, In for-bid-den ways to roam.
I, who would not hear His call; I, the will-ful prod-i-gal—
In His house there yet may be Place—a servant's place—for me.
God is love; I know, I see, Love for me—yes, e - ven me.

The musical score is written in 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. There are three systems of music. The first system has two staves. The second system has two staves. The third system has two staves. The lyrics are written below the staves.

JESUS, COMFORTER DIVINE.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Je - sus, Com - fort - er Di - vine, Thou the Pro - phet,
 2. Tho' we've wand - ered far from Thee, Thou art near us
 3. Je - sus, Thou art all in all, Thou the Liv - ing

Priest and King, Our pe - ti - tions Lord, to Thee,
 to be - friend, Tho' we halt des - pair - ing - ly,
 Fount - ian art, Peace to all who wait on Thee,

We in ad - o - ra - tion's bring, In Thy wor - ship
 Thou dost strength - en and de - fend, In com - pass - ion
 May Thy Spir - it now im - part, Rich in mer - cy

now at - tend - ing, We the songs of Zi - on sing.
 Thou dost love us More than we can com - pre - hend.
 con - des - cend - ing, Cleanse Thou ev - 'ry sin - ful heart.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Com - fort - er Di - vine, Be Thou near us when we pray,

Send Thy bless - ing from a - bove, Guide and strength - en day by day.

HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. W.

M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side; }
 { Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land; }
 2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend; }
 { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in dark - ness drear; }
 3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease; }
 { Noth - ing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there; }

D. C.—Whis - per soft - ly, "wand - 'rer come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."

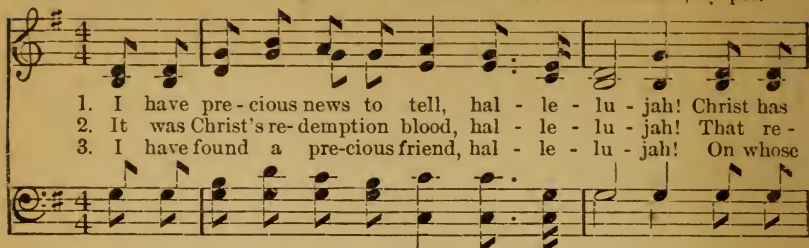
D. C.

Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
 When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
 Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood.

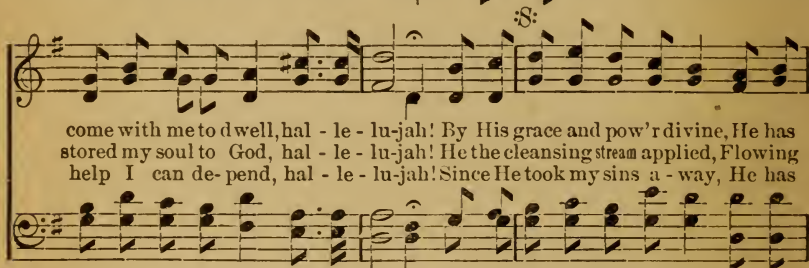
WONDROUSLY REDEEMED.

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN, by per.

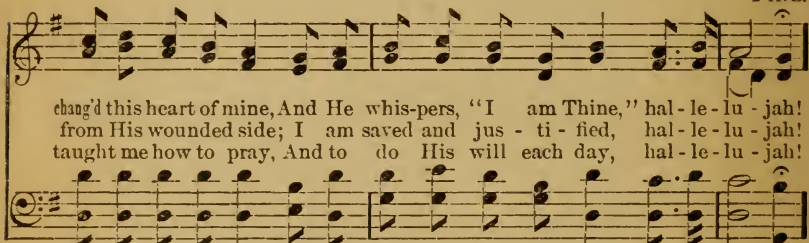


1. I have pre-cious news to tell, hal - le - lu - jah! Christ has
 2. It was Christ's re-demption blood, hal - le - lu - jah! That re -
 3. I have found a pre-cious friend, hal - le - lu - jah! On whose



come with me to dwell, hal - le - lu - jah! By His grace and pow'r divine, He has
 stored my soul to God, hal - le - lu - jah! He the cleansing stream applied, Flowing
 help I can de-pend, hal - le - lu - jah! Since He took my sins a - way, He has

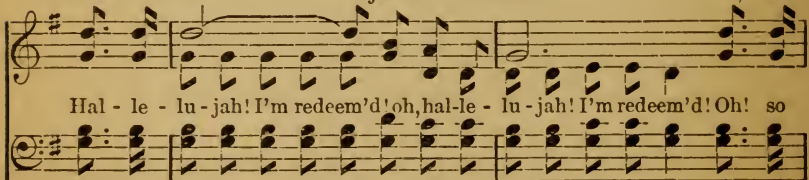
D. S.—joic-ing night and day, As I
 FINE.



chang'd this heart of mine, And He whis-pers, "I am Thine," hal - le - lu - jah!
 from His wounded side; I am saved and jus - ti - fied, hal - le - lu - jah!
 taught me how to pray, And to do His will each day, hal - le - lu - jah!

walk the nar-row way, For He wash'd my sins a - way, hal - le - lu - jah!
 CHORUS.

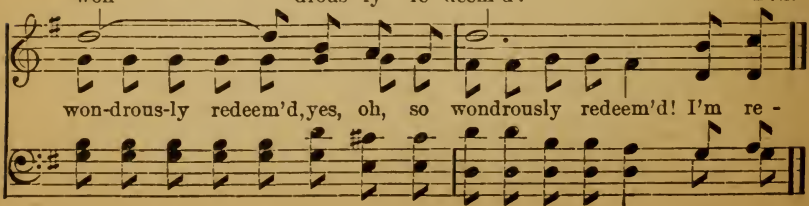
Hal - le - lu - - - jah! I'm re-deem'd! Oh, so



Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm re-deem'd! oh, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm re-deem'd! Oh! so

won - - - drous-ly re-deem'd!

D. S.

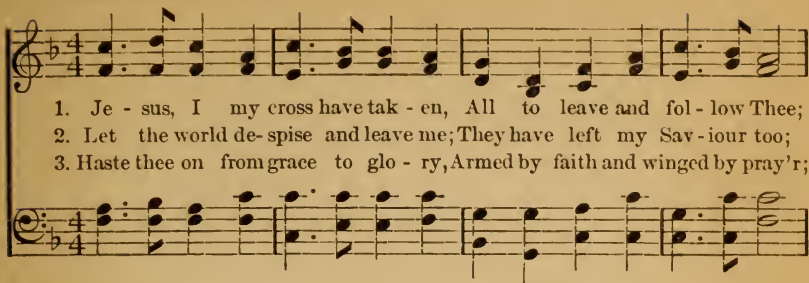


won-drous-ly re-deem'd, yes, oh, so wondrously re-deem'd! I'm re -

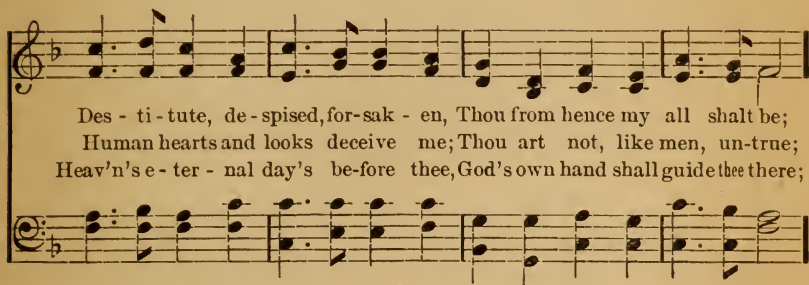
JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

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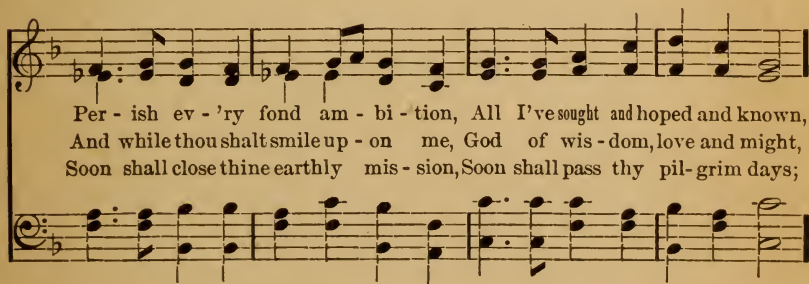
HENRY FRANCIS LYTE.



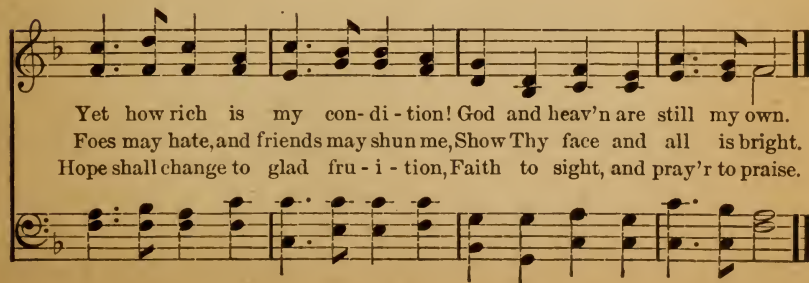
1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
 2. Let the world de-spise and leave me; They have left my Sav-iour too;
 3. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith and winged by pray'r;



Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou from hence my all shalt be;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not, like men, un-true;
 Heav'n's e - ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there;



Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought and hoped and known,
 And while thou shalt smile up - on me, God of wis - dom, love and might,
 Soon shall close thine earthly mis - sion, Soon shall pass thy pil - grim days;

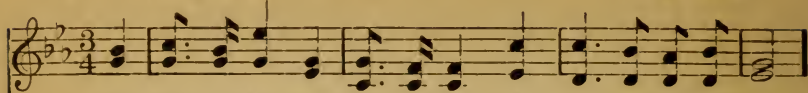


Yet how rich is my con - di - tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me, Show Thy face and all is bright.
 Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and pray'r to praise.

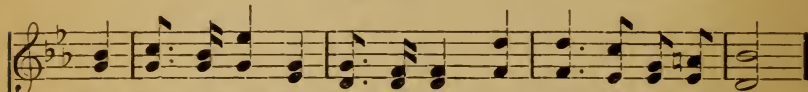
THE WRITING ON THE WALL.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

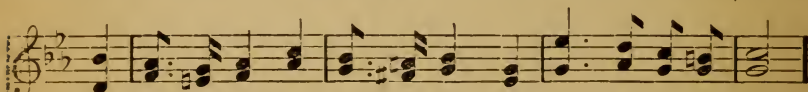
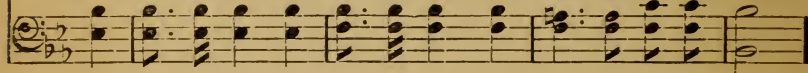
ADAM GEIBEL.



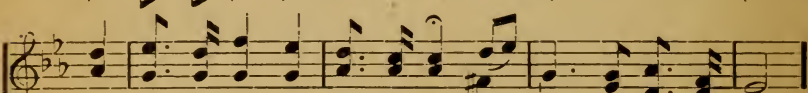
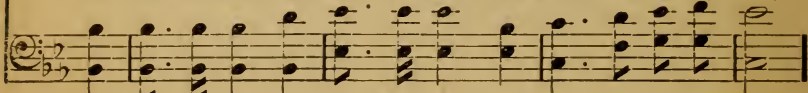
1. Once king Bel-chaz-zar gave a feast, To no- bles great and grand,
2. Fresh cour-age take, God is your friend, Tho' en- e- mies may shout,
3. Who would be tru- ly great and grand, To sin can-not af- ford,



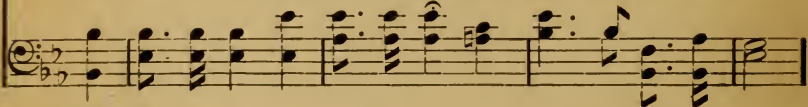
From North to South, from West to East, They came from all the land;
 He will go with you to the end, Your foes will put to rout;
 For they a-lone se- cure- ly stand, Who trust in God the Lord,



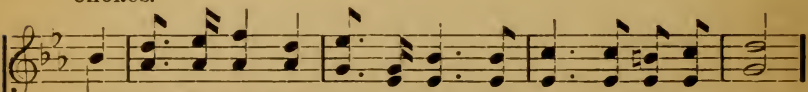
God's ho- ly ves- sels were brought in, A shout went up from all,
 Tho' wick- ed men may flour- ish here, Like Bay trees green and tall,
 Be sure to stand up for the right, The wrong will sure- ly fall,



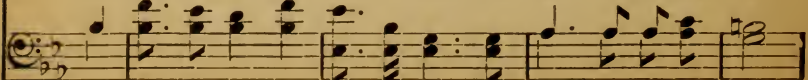
But there appeared, to check this sin, The Writ- ing on the Wall.
 What tells us they will dis- ap- pear? The Writ- ing on the Wall.
 For see, in let- ters clear as light, The Writ- ing on the Wall.



CHORUS.



The Church of God shall ev- er stand, Her en- e- mies shall fall;



For God has put with His own hand, The Writing on the Wall

REJOICE AND BE GLAD.

H. BONAR.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. Re-joice and be glad: the Re-deem-er has come; Go look on His
 2. Re-joice and be glad: for the blood has been shed; Re - demption is
 3. Re-joice and be glad: for the Lamb that was slain, O'er death is tri -
 4. Re-joice and be glad: for our King is on high; He pleadeth for
 5. Re-joice and be glad: for He com-eth a - gain— He com-eth in


REFRAIN

cra-dle, His cross, and His tomb.
 finished, the price has been paid.
 umphant, and liv-eth a - gain. } Sound His praises, tell the sto - ry, Of
 us on His throne in the sky.
 glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain. }

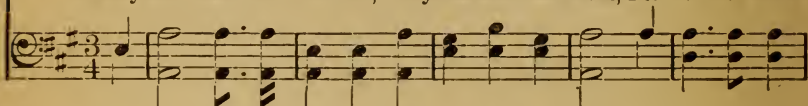
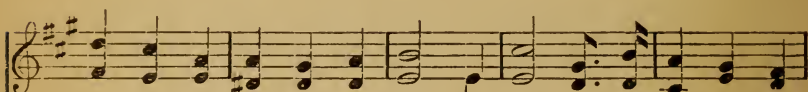
Him who was slain; Sound His praises, tell with gladness, He liv-eth a - gain.
 For last verse — He com-eth a - gain.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

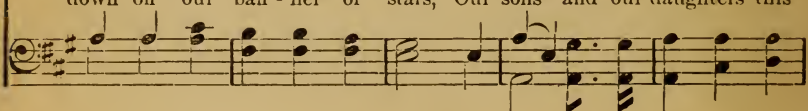

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



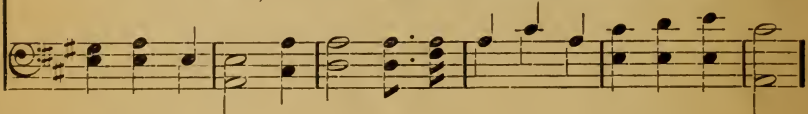
1. A bright con - stel - la - tion il - lumines the sky, Where ev - er our
 2. The streams that are flow - ing out toward the great sea, The winds that are
 3. No mon - arch his scep - tre waves o - ver the land, Here king - doms would
 4. O ref - uge for Pilgrims for all earth's oppressed, Thy bea - con is
 5. May dis - tant O - ri - on, may Sa - turn and Mars, For - ev - er look

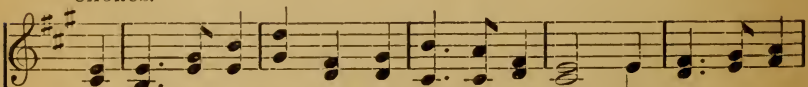
ban - ner floats proud - ly on high, The en - sign of free - dom, its
 blow - ing all breathe lib - er - ty, The ea - gle now soar - ing in
 per - ish here thrones can - not stand, Here *home* is the king - dom by
 shin - ing a - cross the dark crest, A light to the na - tion's may
 down on our ban - ner of stars, Our sons and our daughters this

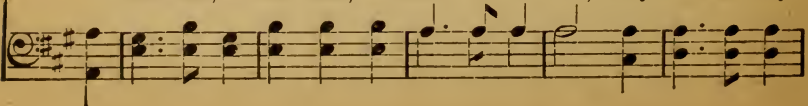
folds rise and fall, O'er earth's rich - est coun - try and great - est of all.
 heav - en's blue dome, Looks down on a coun - try which free men call home.
 ty - rants ne'er trod, This land knows no ru - ler save Al - might - y God.
 it ev - er be, The fair - est and brightest, The Queen of the sea.
 dear land de - fend, Un - til time and na - tions have come to an end.



CHORUS.



I love thee, I love thee, O land of the free, Thy hills and thy



val - leys are pre - cious to me; I love thee, I love thee, thou
land of the West, Of all the great na - tions, the last and the best.

ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. TOPLADY.

THOS. HASTINGS.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure—Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

D. C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flow'd.

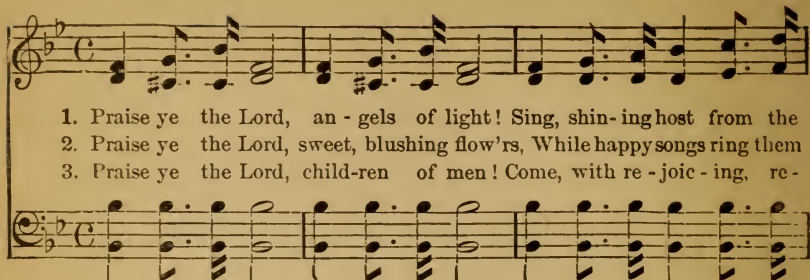
2. Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone—
Thou must save and Thou alone.
3. Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;

- Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.
4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

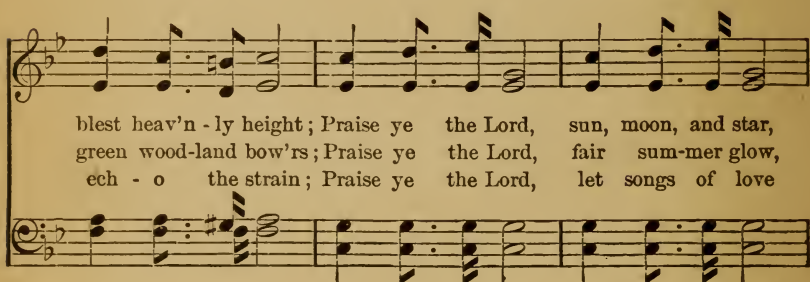
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

E. E. HEWITT

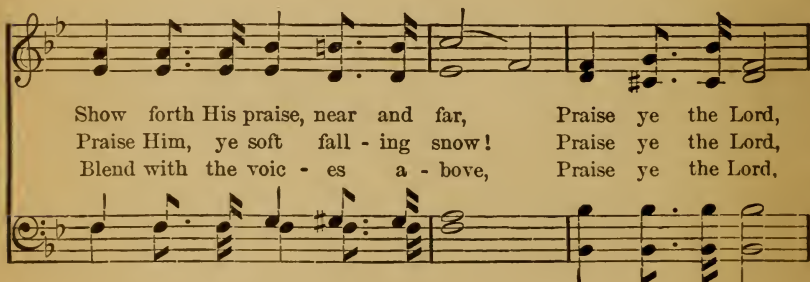
FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.



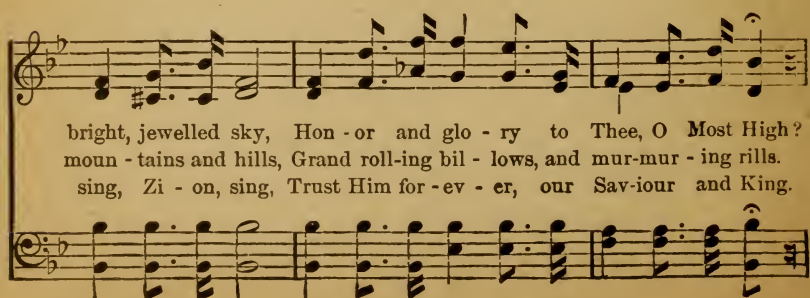
1. Praise ye the Lord, an - gels of light! Sing, shin - ing host from the
 2. Praise ye the Lord, sweet, blushing flow'rs, While happy songs ring them
 3. Praise ye the Lord, child - ren of men! Come, with re - joic - ing, re -



blest heav'n - ly height; Praise ye the Lord, sun, moon, and star,
 green wood-land bow'rs; Praise ye the Lord, fair sum-mer glow,
 ech - o the strain; Praise ye the Lord, let songs of love



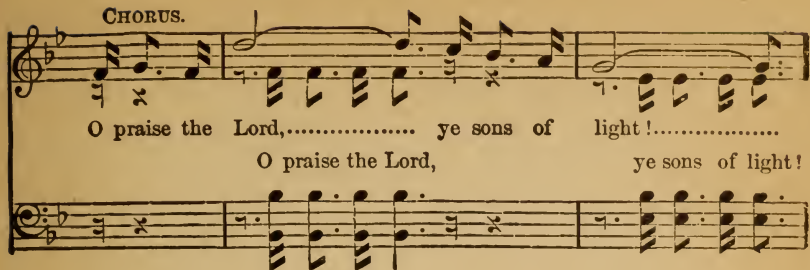
Show forth His praise, near and far, Praise ye the Lord,
 Praise Him, ye soft fall - ing snow! Praise ye the Lord,
 Blend with the voic - es a - bove, Praise ye the Lord,



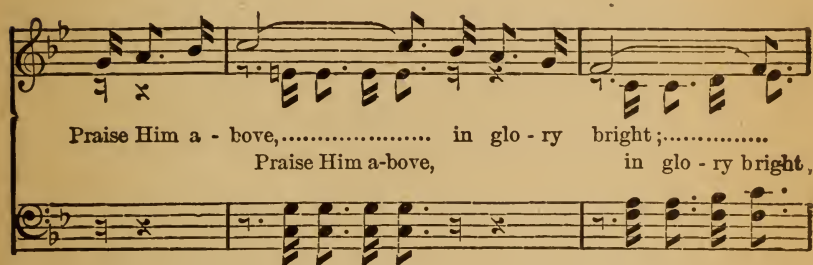
bright, jewelled sky, Hon - or and glo - ry to Thee, O Most High?
 moun - tains and hills, Grand roll - ing bil - lows, and mur - mur - ing rills.
 sing, Zi - on, sing, Trust Him for - ev - er, our Sav - iour and King.

PRAISE YE THE LORD. Concluded.

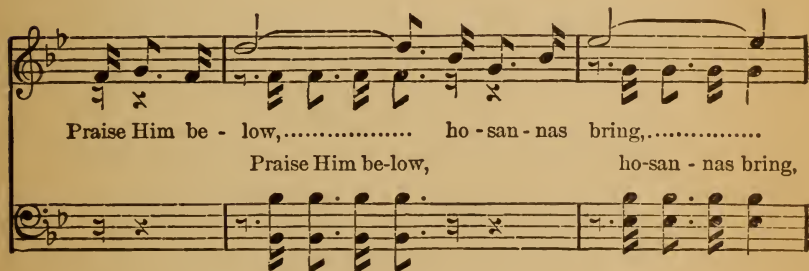
CHORUS.



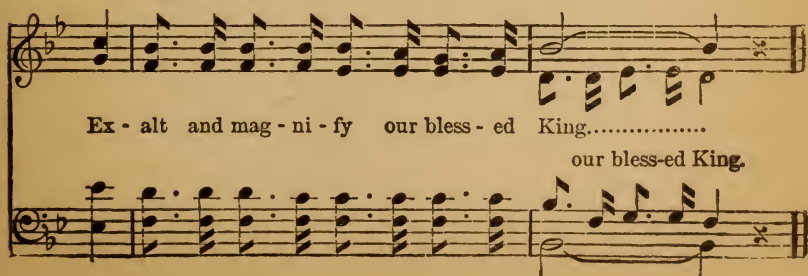
O praise the Lord,..... ye sons of light!.....
O praise the Lord, ye sons of light!



Praise Him a - bove,..... in glo - ry bright;.....
Praise Him a-bove, in glo - ry bright,



Praise Him be - low,..... ho - san - nas bring,.....
Praise Him be-low, ho-san - nas bring,



Ex - alt and mag - ni - fy our bless - ed King.....
our bless-ed King.

I EXPECT TO GET TO HEAVEN BY THE SAME OLD WAY.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. The way our fa - ther's trav - eled is good e - nough for me,
 2. The world may sneer and tell me I'll nev - er reach the goal,
 3. When bowers of sin en - tice me to rest my wea - ry feet,
 4. Mill - ions are now in glo - ry, in shin - ing white ar - rayed,

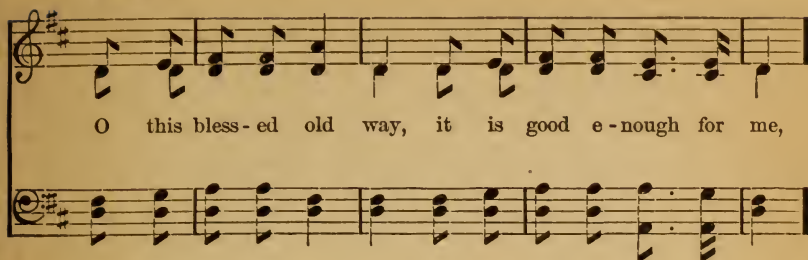
They fol - lowed in the foot - steps that led from Cal - va - ry,
 That good works are suf - fi - cient to save a hu - man soul,
 I find in Christ my Sav - iour, a safe, a sure re - treat,
 Who trav - eled this same path - way, and oft - en were dis - mayed,

It led them up to glo - ry, that land of end - less day,
 But while the world is talk - ing, I still will watch and pray,
 He tells me to press on - ward, and not look back, nor stay,
 But hap - py now in glo - ry they sing both night and day,

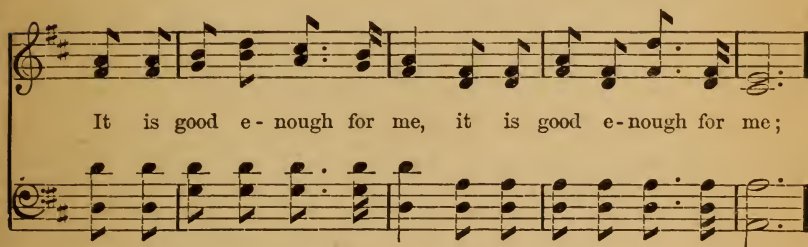
I ex - pect to get to heav - en by the same old way.
 I ex - pect to get to heav - en by the same old way.
 I ex - pect to get to heav - en by the same old way.
 I ex - pect to get to heav - en by the same old way.

I EXPECT TO GET TO HEAVEN, etc. Concluded.

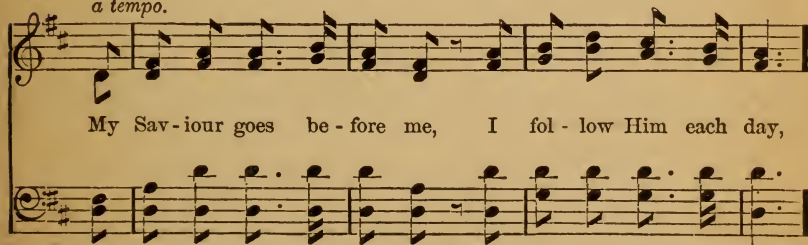
CHORUS.



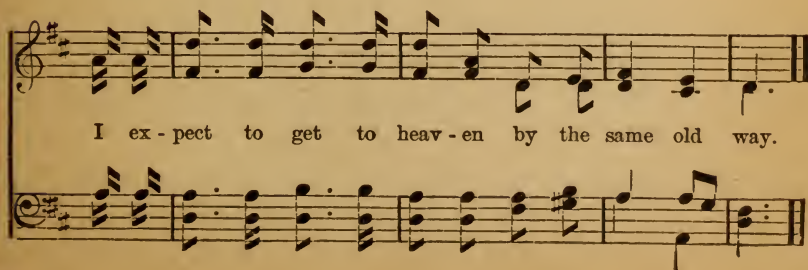
O this bless-ed old way, it is good e-nough for me,

Ritard......


It is good e-nough for me, it is good e-nough for me;

a tempo.


My Sav-iour goes be-fore me, I fol-low Him each day,

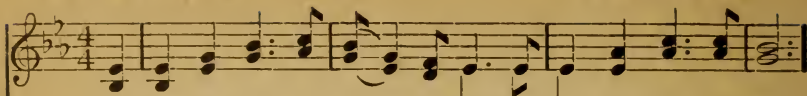


I ex-pect to get to heav-en by the same old way.

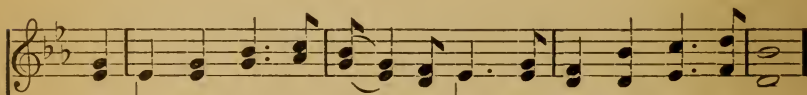
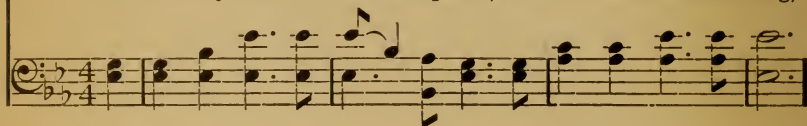
WONDROUS LOVE.

MRS. M. STOCKTON.

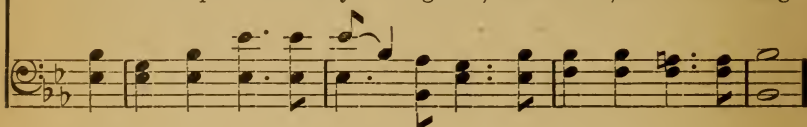
WM. G. FISCHER.



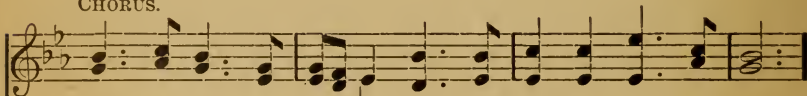
1. God loved a world of sin - ners lost, And ru - ined by the fall;
2. E'en now by faith I claim Him mine, The ris - en Son of God;
3. Love brings the glo - rious full - ness in, And to His saints makes known,
4. Be - liev - ing souls re - joic - ing go; There shall to you be giv'n,
5. Of vic - t'ry now o'er Sa - tan's power, Let all the ran-somed sing,



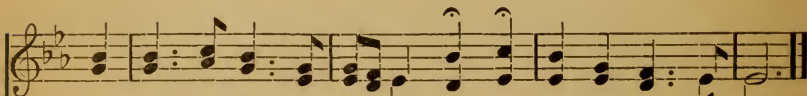
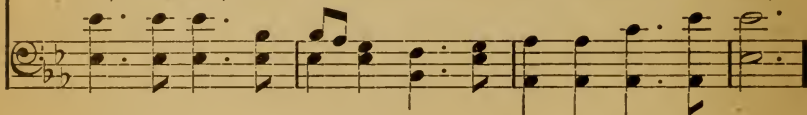
Sal - va - tion full at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.
 Re - demp - tion by His death I find, And cleansing thro' the blood.
 The bless - ed rest from in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.
 A glo - rious fore-taste, here be - low, Of end - less life in heaven.
 And tri - umph in the dy - ing hour, Thro' Christ, the Lord our King.



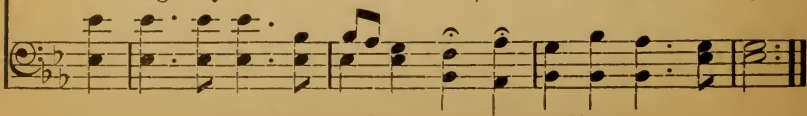
CHORUS.



Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me;



It brought my Sav - iour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.



MARCHING ON FOR JESUS.

49

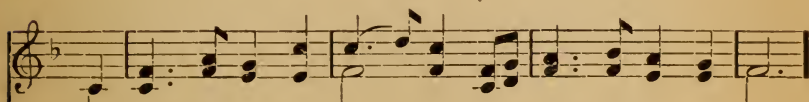
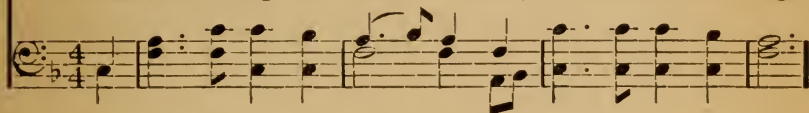
"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—I. COR. 15: 57.

ROY E. MOORAR.

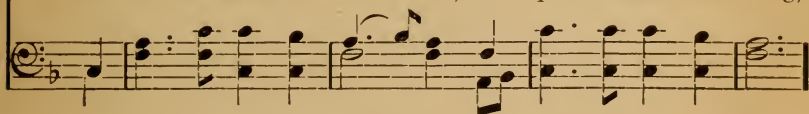
GEO. C. HUGG.



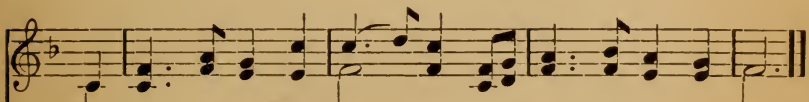
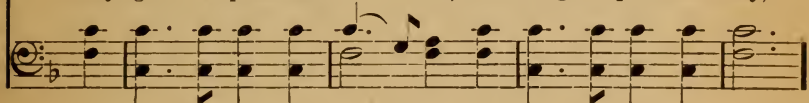
1. In 'God's name for - ward march - ing, A no - ble Christian band,
2. To CHRIST their great Re - deem - er, The ran - som'd arm - y sings,
3. Their watchword high En - deav - or, They stead - fast march a - long,



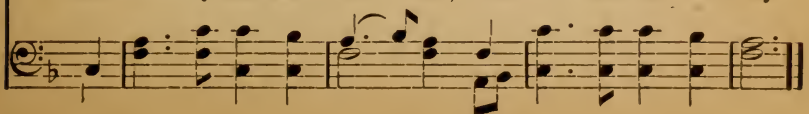
Is go - ing on vic - to - rious, And conquering ev - 'ry land;
The CHURCH which He has plant - ed, Her choic - est off - 'ring brings;
The Fa - ther watch - es o'er them, The Spir - it makes them strong;



A glo - rious cause in - spires them, A glo - rious lead - er He,
Great was the love that sought them, While wand'ring lost in sin;
They go to spread sal - va - tion, And bring the prom - ised day,



Who leads them on to con - flict, And on to vic - to - ry.
They praise the Lord who bought them, And called them un - to Him.
When ev - 'ry land and na - tion, Shall own the Sav - iour's sway.



WONDERFUL STAR.

IDA L. REED.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Won - der - ful star, Lo! I fol - low thy guiding, Lost would I
 2. Won - der - ful star thou dost ev - er il - lu - mine, O - ver life's
 3. Won - der - ful star that the wise men once guid - ed, Out of the

be but for thy ten - der light, O - ver my path - way 'tis
 des - ert - a path - way for me; Lead - ing me near - er to
 East to the side of the King; Lead thou me on un - til

cease - less - ly stream - ing, Lead - ing me safe - ly up out of the night.
 Je - sus my Sav - iour, All thro' life's jour - ney my guide wilt thou be.
 I too shall find Him, Then ev - er - more I His prais - es will sing.

CHORUS.

Won - der - ful star, Lo! I fol - low thy guiding, Let thy light

shine bright-ly o - ver my way; Lost would I be, but for

thy light so ten-der; Lead thou me ev - er, I fol-low thy way.

SWEET PEACE.

"The peace of God, which passeth all understanding."—PHIL. 4: 7.

ROY E. MOOR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

With feeling.

1. Peace, sweet peace, I'm trusting all to Je-sus now, At His dear feet I

2. Peace, sweet peace, All my past sins He has for-got, My soul is clean with -
3. Peace, sweet peace, In blest as - sur-ance now I sing, Glad praise to Him, my

humbly bow, I've left the world for Him, and so Have peace, sweet peace.

out one blot, And in my heart a-bides the thought, Of peace, sweet peace.

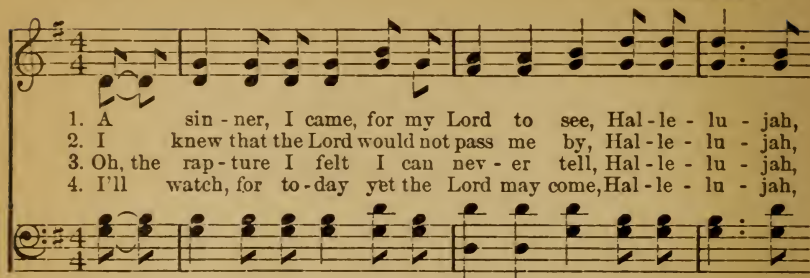
Lord and King, Who came to earth for us, to bring, His peace, sweet peace.

HALLELUJAH! BLESS HIS NAME.

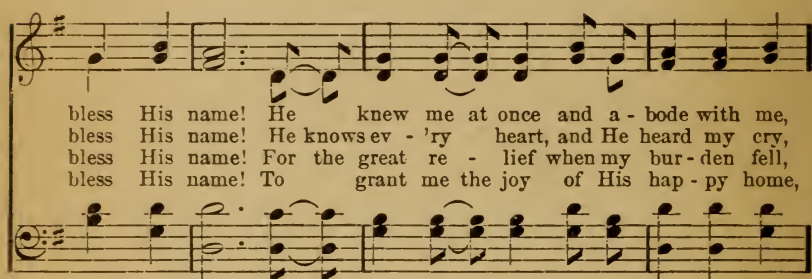
"This day is salvation come to this house."—LUKE 19; 9.

J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

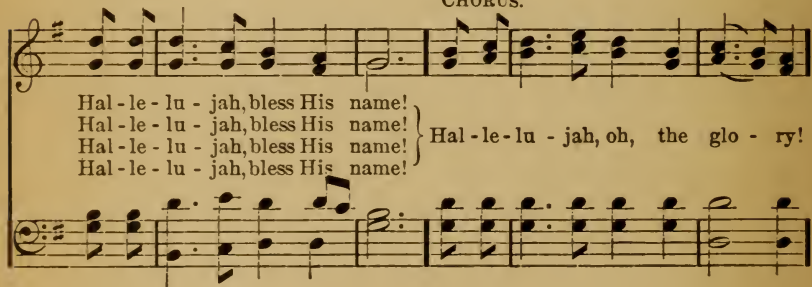


1. A sin - ner, I came, for my Lord to see, Hal - le - lu - jah,
 2. I knew that the Lord would not pass me by, Hal - le - lu - jah,
 3. Oh, the rap - ture I felt I can nev - er tell, Hal - le - lu - jah,
 4. I'll watch, for to - day yet the Lord may come, Hal - le - lu - jah,

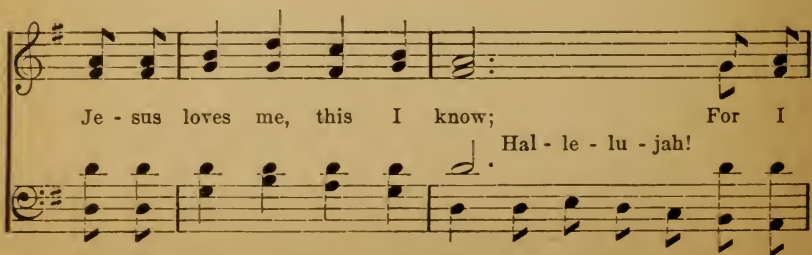


bless His name! He knew me at once and a - bode with me,
 bless His name! He knows ev - 'ry heart, and He heard my cry,
 bless His name! For the great re - lief when my bur - den fell,
 bless His name! To grant me the joy of His hap - py home,

CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah, bless His name!
 Hal - le - lu - jah, bless His name!
 Hal - le - lu - jah, bless His name!
 Hal - le - lu - jah, bless His name! } Hal - le - lu - jah, oh, the glo - ry!



Je - sus loves me, this I know; For I
 Hal - le - lu - jah!

feel the bless-ed par - don, That our Sav - iour did be - stow.

COME YE DISCONSOLATE.

THOS. MOORE.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come ye dis - con - so - late! where-e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the
 2. Joy of the des - o - late! light of the stray - ing, Hope of the
 3. Here see the bread of life; see wa - ters flow - ing, Forth from the

mer - cy seat, fer - vent - ly kneel: Here bring your wound-ed hearts,
 pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure! Here speaks the Com - for - ter,
 throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love;

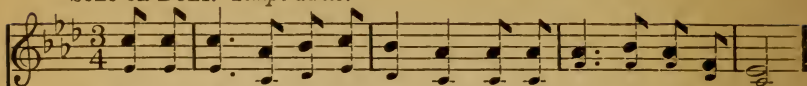
here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot heal.
 ten - der-ly say - ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot heal.
 come, ev - er know - ing, Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN.

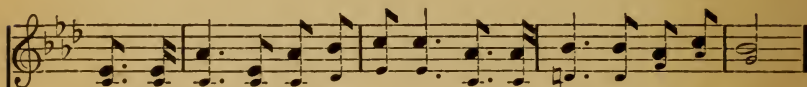
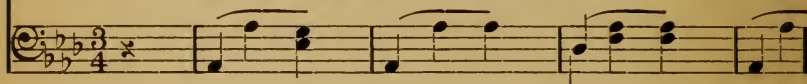
Respectfully dedicated to Railroad Men.

M. E. ABBEY.

CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.

SOLO OR DUET. *Tempo ad lib.*

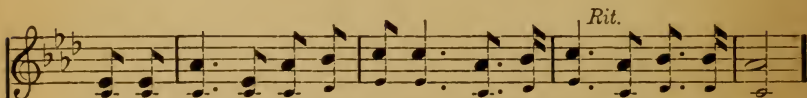
1. Life is like a mountain rail-road, With an en - gi-neer that's brave;
2. You will roll upgrades of tri - al; You will cross the bridge of strife;
3. You will oft - en find obstructions; Look for storms of wind and rain;
4. As you roll a-cross the tres - tle, Spanning Jor-dan's swelling tide,



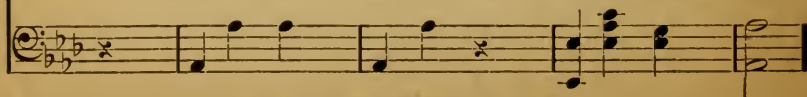
We must make the run suc-cess-ful, From the cra - dle to the grave;
 See that Christ is your con-duc-tor, On this light-ning train of life;
 On a fill, or curve, or tres-tle, They will al-most ditch your train;
 You be-hold the U-nion De-pot, In - to which your train will glide;



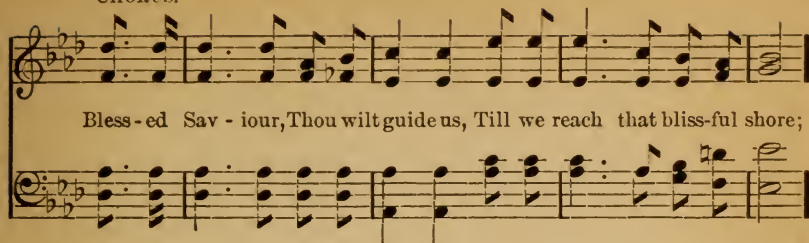
Watch the curves, the fills, the tun-nels; Nev-er falt-er, nev-er quail;
 Always mind-ful of ob-struc-tion, Do your du-ty, nev-er fail;
 Put your trust a-lone in Je-sus; Nev-er fal-ter, nev-er fail;
 There you'll meet the Superintendant, God the Fa-ther, God the Son,



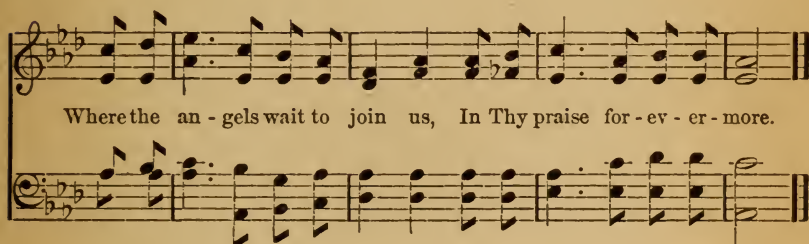
Keep your hand up-on the throt-tle, And your eye up-on the rail.
 Keep your hand up-on the throt-tle, And your eye up-on the rail.
 Keep your hand up-on the throt-tle, And your eye up-on the rail.
 With the heart-y, joy-ous plau-dit, "Wea-ry pil-grim, welcome home.



CHORUS.



Bless-ed Sav-iour, Thou wilt guide us, Till we reach that bliss-ful shore;



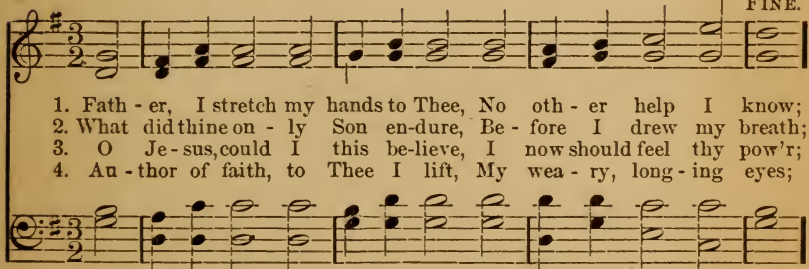
Where the an-gels wait to join us, In Thy praise for-ev-er-more.

I DO BELIEVE.

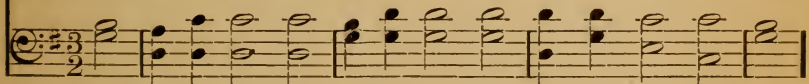
REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

Unknown.

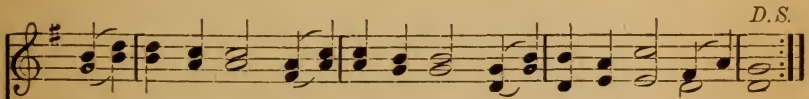
FINE.



1. Fath-er, I stretch my hands to Thee, No oth-er help I know;
2. What didst thou on-ly Son en-dure, Be-fore I drew my breath;
3. O Je-sus, could I this be-lieve, I now should feel thy pow'r;
4. Au-thor of faith, to Thee I lift, My wea-ry, long-ing eyes;

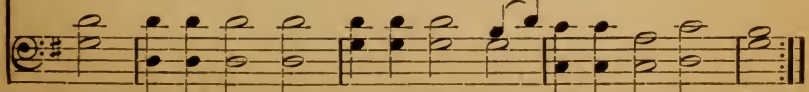


CHO.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me;



D.S.

If Thou withdraw Thy-self from me, Ah, whither shall I go?
 What pain, what la-bor to se-cure My soul from end-less death?
 And all my wants Thou wouldst relieve, In this ac-cept-ed hour.
 Oh, let me now re-ceive that gift; My soul with-out it dies.

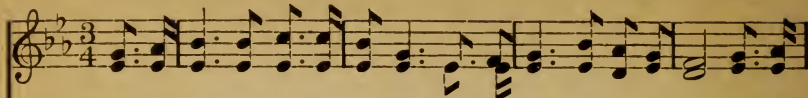


And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

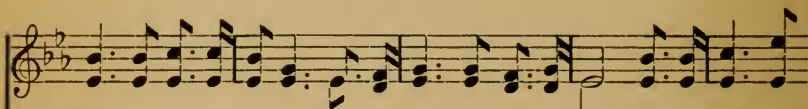
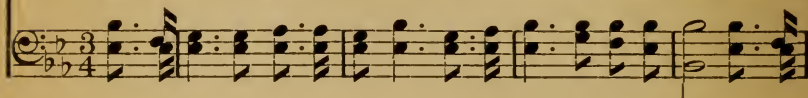
THAT LAND BEYOND THE STARS.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

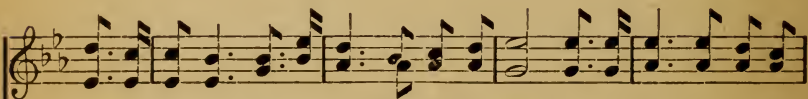
GEO. C. HUGG.



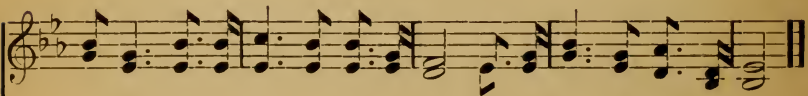
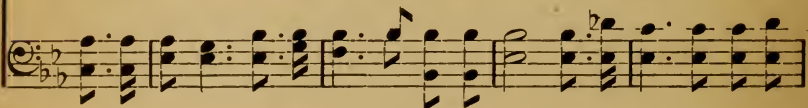
1. When the shades of evening gath-er, And the sun has gone to sleep, It is
2. O I thank the Lord for darkness, For it makes the stars shine bright, And my
3. Cares of life will soon be o - ver, And the day will soon be done, Then I'll



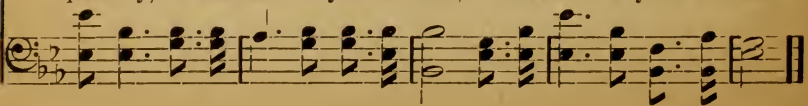
then I love to lin-ger, While the shadows round me creep, Then I view the
soul is lift-ed upward, When I see their gold-en light, For I think of
go to that fair country, When my race be-low is run, God will send His



spangled heavens, Sending out their gold-en bars, And in fan-cy I am
that fair country, Where no dis-cord ev-er jars, And I feel home-sick for
an-gels for me, I will get on board their cars, And sweep thro' the golden



car-ried, To that land be-yond the stars, To that land be-yond the stars.
heav-en, For that land be-yond the stars, For that land be-yond the stars.
pathway, To that land be-yond the stars, To that land be-yond the stars.



E. E. HEWITT.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. In the midst of temp-ta-tion, In the thick of the fight, In our
 2. There the Lamb is the glo-ry, Neither sun, moon, nor star, For the
 3. When we pass thro' the val-ley, Where the shadows are dim, If we're

sea-sons of sor-row, When we long for the light; When the sweet links are
 Light ev-er-last-ing, Sheds its ra-diance a-far; Let us cling to our
 rest-ing in Je-sus, Sweetly lean-ing on Him; Then, to Heav-en's ho-

brok-en, And the ties, true and fond, There's a hope we may cherish Of a
 Saviour, Let us strengthen love's bond, As we march to His pal-ace, In the
 san-nas, We shall glad-ly re-pond, As we en-ter the por-tals Of the

CHORUS.

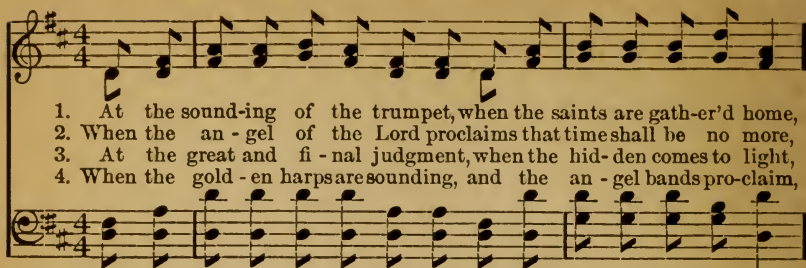
bright world be-yond.
 bright world be-yond.
 bright world be-yond. } There's a bright world beyond, Yes, a bright world be -

yond, Sing, O child-ren of Zi-on, There's a bright world be-yond.

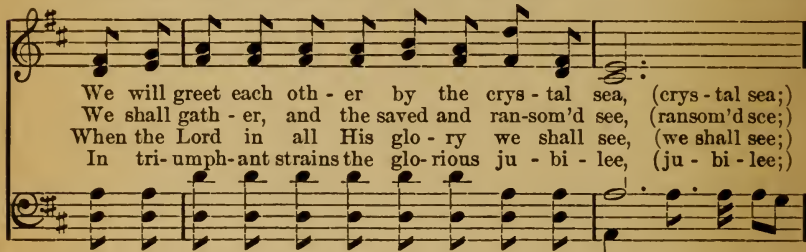
WHAT A GATH'RING THAT WILL BE.

J. H. K.

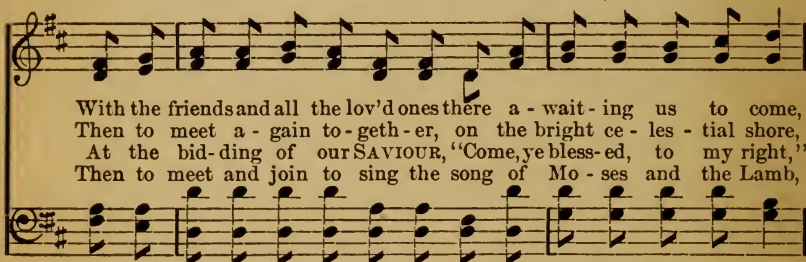
"Gather my saints together unto me."—Ps. 1: 5. J. H. KURZENKNABE.



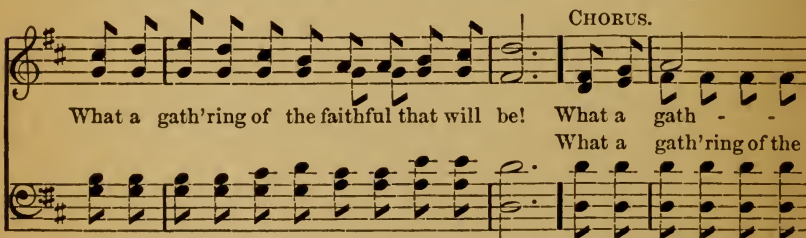
1. At the sound-ing of the trumpet, when the saints are gath-er'd home,
 2. When the an-gel of the Lord proclaims that times shall be no more,
 3. At the great and fi-nal judgment, when the hid-den comes to light,
 4. When the gold-en harps are sound-ing, and the an-gel bands pro-claim,



We will greet each oth-er by the crys-tal sea, (crys-tal sea;)
 We shall gath-er, and the saved and ran-som'd see, (ransom'd see;)
 When the Lord in all His glo-ry we shall see, (we shall see;)
 In tri-umph-ant strains the glo-rious ju-bi-lee, (ju-bi-lee;)

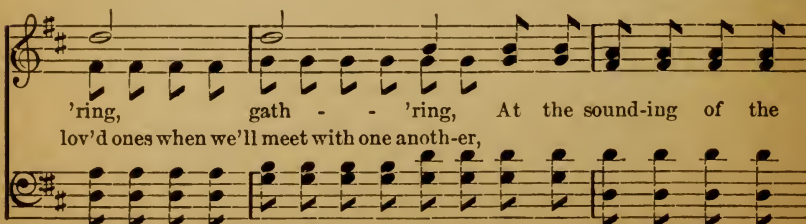


With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a-wait-ing us to come,
 Then to meet a-gain to-geth-er, on the bright ce-les-tial shore,
 At the bid-ding of our SAVIOUR, "Come, ye bless-ed, to my right,"
 Then to meet and join to sing the song of Mo-ses and the Lamb,



CHORUS.

What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be! What a gath-
 What a gath'ring of the



'ring, gath- - 'ring, At the sound-ing of the
 lov'd ones when we'll meet with one anoth-er,

glorious ju - bi - lee! What a gath - - 'ring,
ju - bi - lee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the

gath - - 'ring, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
dear ones meet each other,

ARISE, MY SOUL.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LEWIS EDSON.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sac - ri -
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; His all - re - deem - ing
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Received on Cal - va - ry; They pour ef - fec - tual
4. My God is rec - on - ciled; His pardoning voice I hear: He owns me for His

fice In my be - half ap - pears: Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands,
love, His pre - cious blood, to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race,
pray'rs, They strongly plead for me: "For - give him, Oh for - give," they cry,
child; I can no long - er fear: With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,

Be - fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
His blood a - toned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
"For - give him, Oh forgive," they cry, "Nor let that ransomed sin - ner die."
With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And, "Father, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.

LET THE SUNSHINE IN.

ADA BLENKHORN.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con-flict win? Is it dark with
 2. Does your faith grow faint-er in the cause you love? Are your pray'rs un-
 3. Would you go re-joic-ing on the up-ward way, Knowing naught of

out you,—dark-er still with-in? Clear the darkened win-dows,
 an-swer'd by your God a-bove? Clear the darkened win-dows,
 dark-ness,—dwell-ing in the day? Clear the darkened win-dows,

o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.
 o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.
 o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.

CHORUS.

Let the blessed sunshine in, Let the blessed sunshine in;
 the sunshine in, the sunshine in,

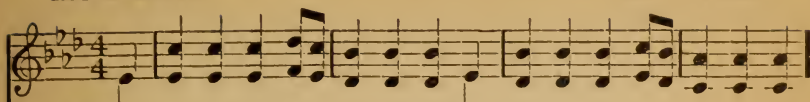
Clear the darken'd windows, open wide the door, Let a lit - tle sunshine in.

TO VICTORY!

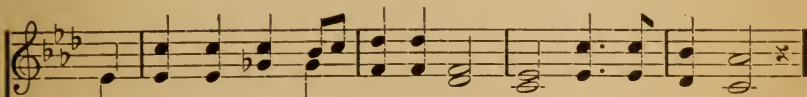
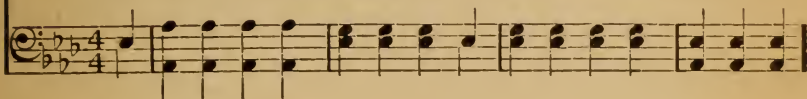
"Fear not, for I am with thee."—GEN. 26: 24.

ROY E. MOOAR.

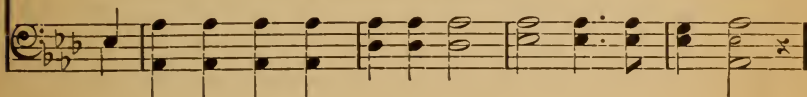
GEO. C. HUGG.



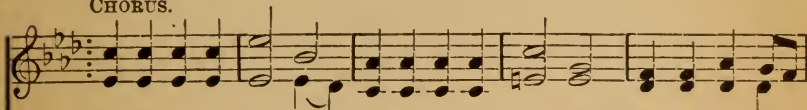
1. We're marching forward brave and strong, We're fighting ever 'gainst the wrong;
2. The sins with-in, and those without, We're pledged to conquer and to rout;
3. Faith is our shield, protecting, true, Hope gives us ev - er strength a-new,



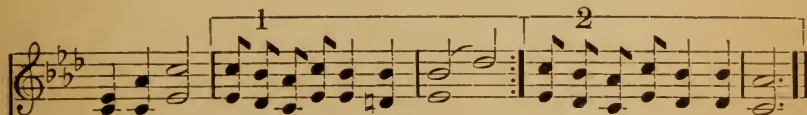
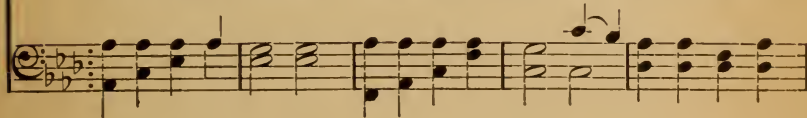
Our watchword grand shall be our song, On, on for Je - sus!
 They fall as we our war-cry shout, On, on for Je - sus!
 The Love of God will bring us through, On, on for Je - sus!



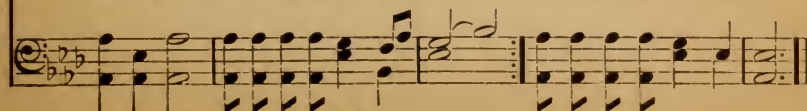
CHORUS.



On with flying ban-ners! On with glad ho-san - nas! Je - sus Christ is



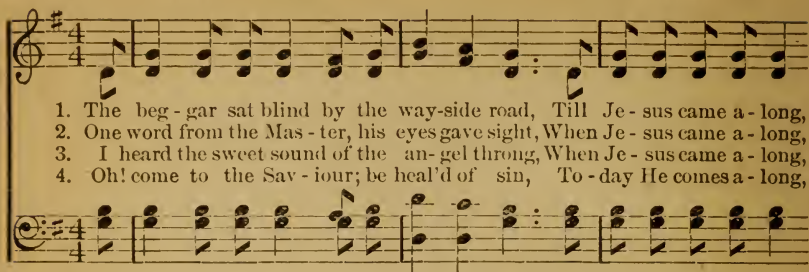
leading on, Leading on to vic - to - ry,..... Leading on to vic - to - ry.



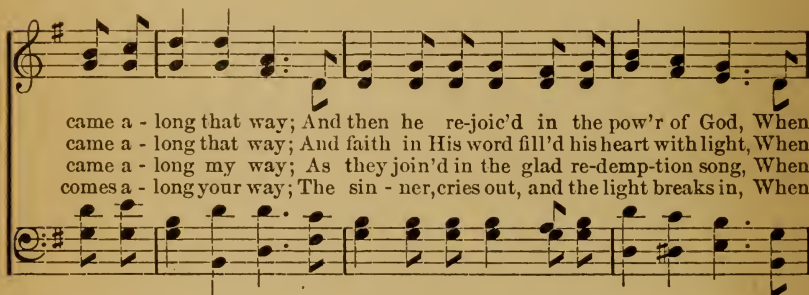
WHEN JESUS CAME MY WAY.

REV. J. HOFFMAN BATTEN.

I. H. MEREDITH.




1. The beg - gar sat blind by the way-side road, Till Je - sus came a - long,
 2. One word from the Mas - ter, his eyes gave sight, When Je - sus came a - long,
 3. I heard the sweet sound of the an - gel throng, When Je - sus came a - long,
 4. Oh! come to the Sav - iour; be heal'd of sin, To - day He comes a - long,

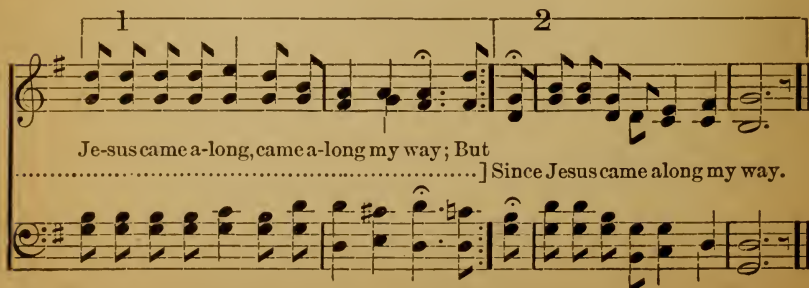


came a - long that way; And then he re-joic'd in the pow'r of God, When
 came a - long that way; And faith in His word fill'd his heart with light, When
 came a - long my way; As they join'd in the glad re-demp-tion song, When
 comes a - long your way; The sin - ner, cries out, and the light breaks in, When

CHORUS.



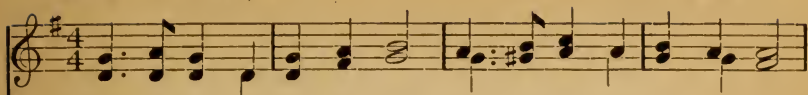
Je-sus came a-long that way.
 Je-sus came a-long that way. } My life was all darkened by guilt and sin, Till
 Je-sus came a-long my way. } now 'tis all brightness and peace within, [Omit.
 Jesus comes a-long that way.



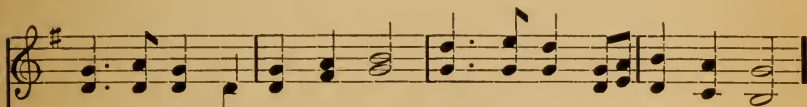
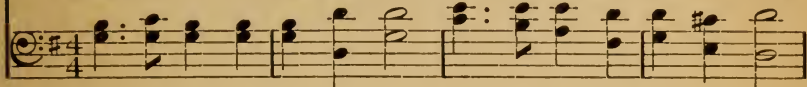
1
 Je-sus came a-long, came a-long my way; But
] Since Jesus came along my way.
 2

REV. J. R. COLLIER, D. D.

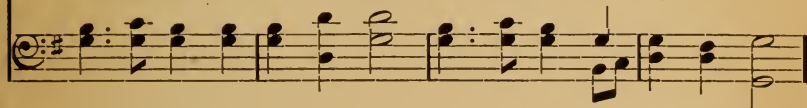
H. S. LOWING.



1. Bless - ed Sav - iour un - to Thee, Lo! I come on bend - ed knee,
2. Count-less sins and faults I own, Sins which I can - not a - tone;
3. Ho - ly Je - sus, I would be Ev - er-more conformed to Thee!
4. Make me ho - ly, dear - est Lord; Feed me on the bless - ed word;



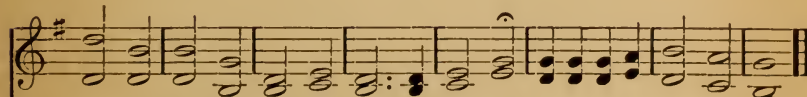
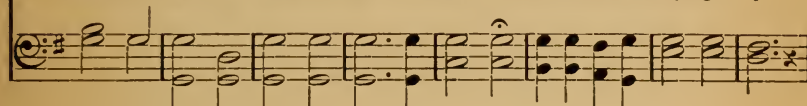
All my fol - lies to con - fess, And to seek Thy right-eous-ness.
 Care-less words and thoughts I mourn, E - vil deeds in sor - row borne.
 Ev - 'ry thought and wish be Thine, All Thy grac - es in me shine!
 Fill my soul with love to Thee, Ev - er-more my help - er be!



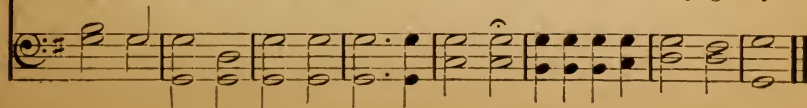
REFRAIN.



Je - sus, Sav-iour! hear my cry—And bless me, bless me, as the days go by!
 O my Sav-iour! hear my cry—And bless me, as the passing days go by!
 O my Sav-iour! hear my cry—And save me, save me as the days go by!
 Bless-ed Sav-iour! hear my cry—And use me, use me as the days go by!



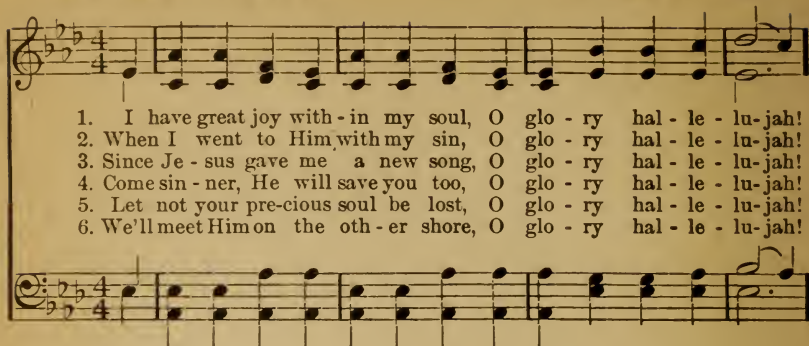
Je - sus, Sav-iour! hear my cry—And bless me, bless me as the days go by!
 O my Sav-iour! hear my cry—And bless me, as the passing days go by!
 O my Sav-iour! hear my cry—And save me, save me as the days go by!
 Bless-ed Sav-iour! hear my cry—And use me, use me as the days go by!



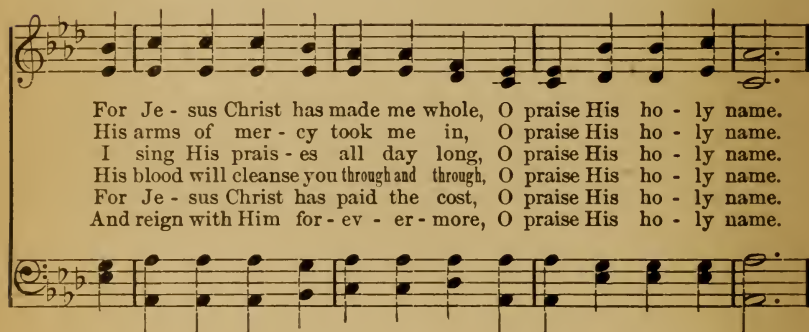
SING ON, PRAY ON!

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

Arr. by GEO. C. HUGG.

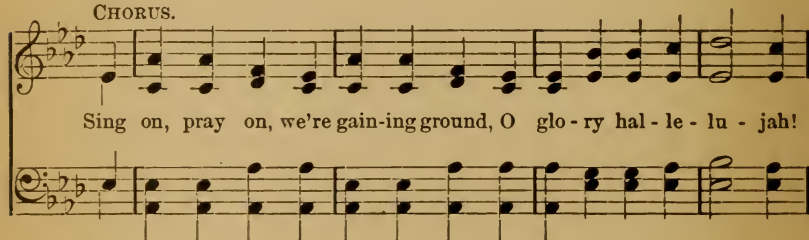


1. I have great joy with - in my soul, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
 2. When I went to Him with my sin, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
 3. Since Je - sus gave me a new song, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
 4. Comes in - ner, He will save you too, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
 5. Let not your pre - cious soul be lost, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!
 6. We'll meet Him on the oth - er shore, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

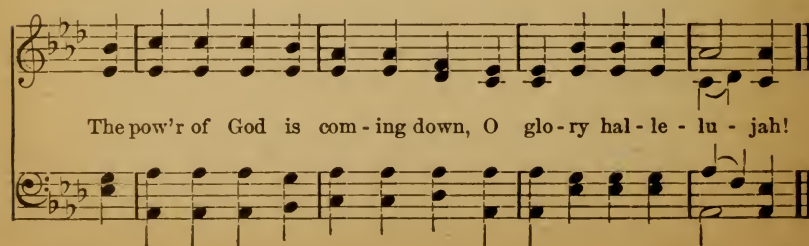


For Je - sus Christ has made me whole, O praise His ho - ly name.
 His arms of mer - cy took me in, O praise His ho - ly name.
 I sing His prais - es all day long, O praise His ho - ly name.
 His blood will cleanse you through and through, O praise His ho - ly name.
 For Je - sus Christ has paid the cost, O praise His ho - ly name.
 And reign with Him for - ev - er - more, O praise His ho - ly name.

CHORUS.



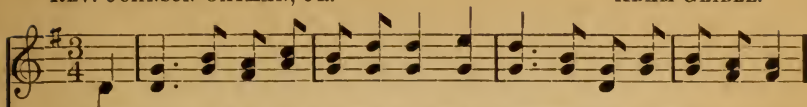
Sing on, pray on, we're gain - ing ground, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!



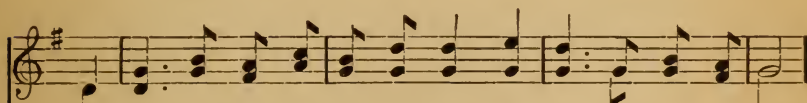
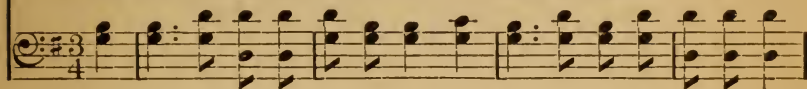
The pow'r of God is com - ing down, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah!

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

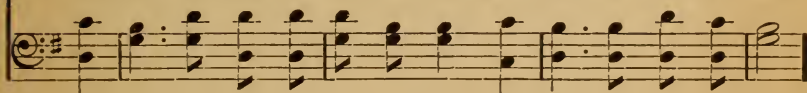
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Praise God, I live in Beu-lah land, My House will all the storms withstand;
2. When trials of life comethick and fast, When cloudsare o'er my pathway cast;
3. When troubles come that would appall, When other buildings round me fall;
4. And when my time has cometo die, I'll have a mansion in the sky;



It is not built on sink - ing sand, My Home is on the rock.
 Se - cure, I can withstand the blast, My Home is on the rock.
 I rest in Christ my all in all, My Home is on the rock.
 But still I'll sing as a - ges fly, My Home is on the rock.



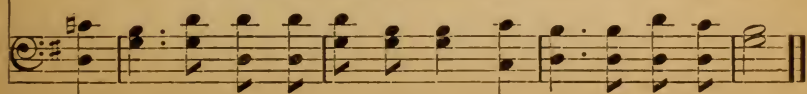
CHORUS.



My Home is on the rock, The ev - er - last - ing rock;



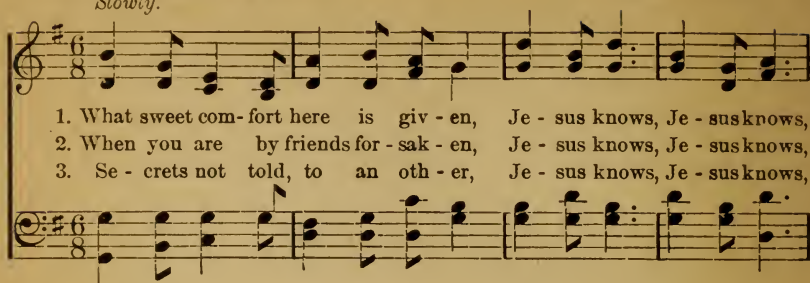
I do not fear when storms are near, My Home is on the rock.



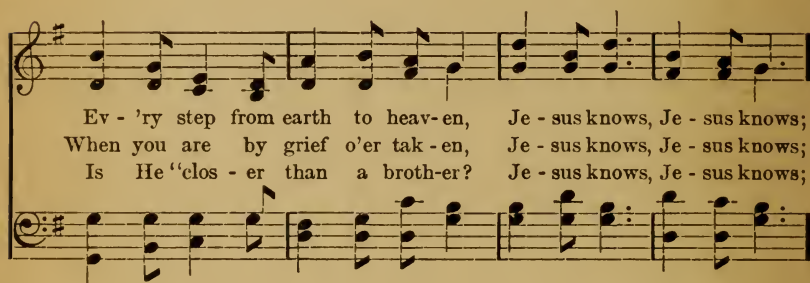
HE KNOWS IT ALL.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

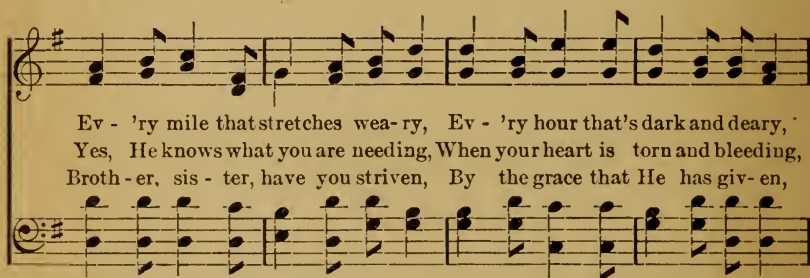
GEO. C. HUGG.

Slowly.


1. What sweet com-fort here is giv-en, Je-sus knows, Je-sus knows,
 2. When you are by friends for-sak-en, Je-sus knows, Je-sus knows,
 3. Se-crets not told, to an oth-er, Je-sus knows, Je-sus knows,

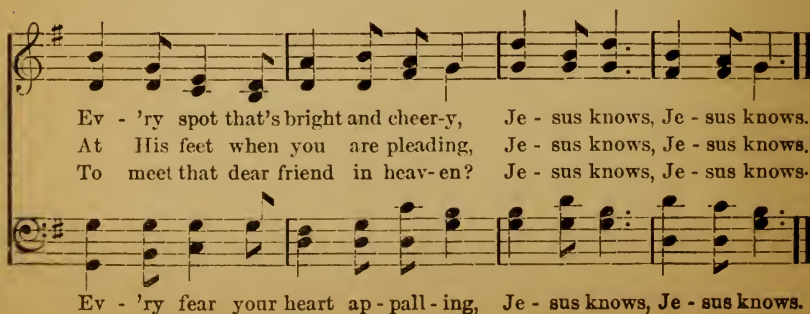


Ev-'ry step from earth to heav-en, Je-sus knows, Je-sus knows;
 When you are by grief o'er tak-en, Je-sus knows, Je-sus knows;
 Is He 'clos-er than a broth-er? Je-sus knows, Je-sus knows;



Ev-'ry mile that stretches wea-ry, Ev-'ry hour that's dark and deary,
 Yes, He knows what you are needing, When your heart is torn and bleeding,
 Broth-er, sis-ter, have you striven, By the grace that He has giv-en,

CHO.—Je-sus knows when you are call-ing, Ev-'ry time your tears are falling;



Ev-'ry spot that's bright and cheer-y, Je-sus knows, Je-sus knows.
 At His feet when you are pleading, Je-sus knows, Je-sus knows.
 To meet that dear friend in heav-en? Je-sus knows, Je-sus knows.

Ev-'ry fear your heart ap-pall-ing, Je-sus knows, Je-sus knows.

SWELL THE BLOOD-WASHED CHORUS.

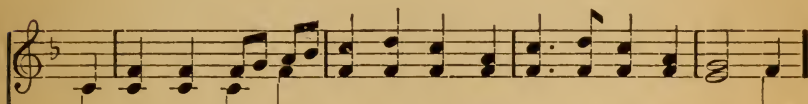
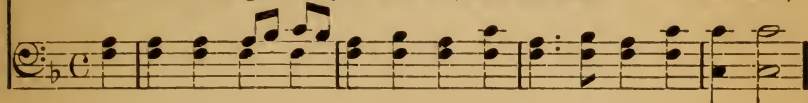
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REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

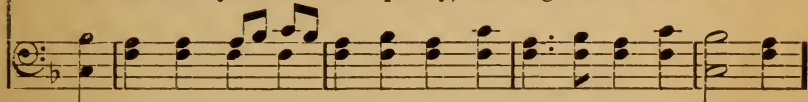
ADAM GEIBEL.



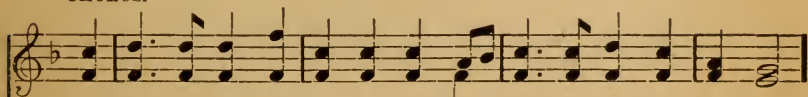
1. Our friends are gath'ring one by one, Up-on the hills of glo - ry;
2. To sing the praise of Je - sus here, The weak-est saint re - joic - es;
3. Our dar-ling child-ren too are there, Their lit - tle voi - ces ring-ing;
4. The saints are there from ev - 'ry land, From ev - 'ry age and na - tion;
5. There's room enough for you and me, And we've an in - vi - ta - tion;



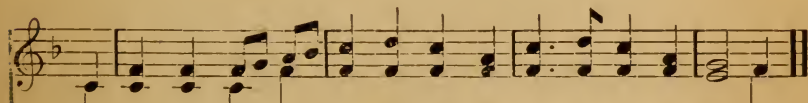
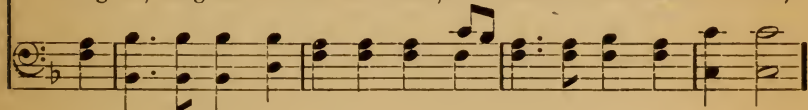
We'll join them when our work is done, And sing redemption's sto - ry.
How must it sound when loud and clear, We join those heav'nly voi - ces.
We'll meet them in that land so fair, And join with them in sing-ing.
They sing as they join hand in hand, The sto - ry of sal - va - tion.
To come and join that com - pa - ny, Of song and ad - o - ra - tion.



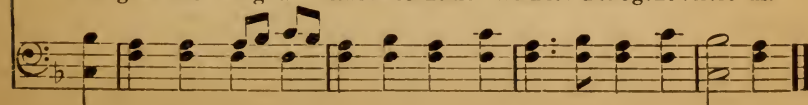
CHORUS.



Sing on, sing on un - til we come, And swell the blood-wash'd cho - rus;



How glad the song at "home sweet home" With lov'd one gone before us.



LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

(Responsive Duet.)

BIRDIE BELL.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1ST VOICE.

1. "Pilgrim, trav - el - stain'd and wea - ry, Pressing on with way-worn
 2. "Pilgrim, art thou sad - ly weeping? Dim with watch - ing are thine
 3. "Courage, pil - grim, o'er thee bending, Bands of an - gels watch in

p

feet, Is the jour - ney long and dreary? Do the temp - ests round thee beat?"
 eyes? Anxious vig - il art thou keeping, Looking for the glad sun-rise?"
 love; From the temp - ter's wile's de-fending, Onward press and look a - bove!"

2ND VOICE.

"Ah, my friend, why should I sor - row? End-less joy a - waits my
 "Friend, I some - times catch a glim - mer, Of the Cit - y's jas - per
 "Friend, no e - vil am I fear - ing, Je - sus guides me all the

soul, On some dis - tant, glad - some mor - row, I shall
wall, And that ra - dant, pear - ly shim - mer, Well re -
way, Yes, my feet are dai - ly near - ing, That fair

Rit. ad lib......

reach the bless - ed Goal. On some dis - tant, glad - some
pays my soul for all. And that ra - dant, pear - ly
Land of change-less day! Yes, my feet are dail - ly

mor - row, I shall reach the bless - ed goal."
shim - mer, Well re - pays my soul for all."
near - ing, That fair Land of change-less day!"

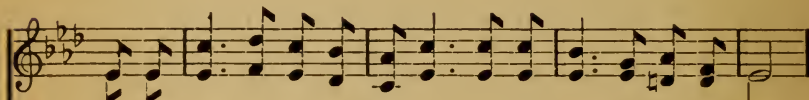
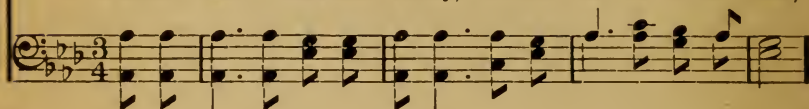
THERE IS SUN-LIGHT OVER HEAD.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

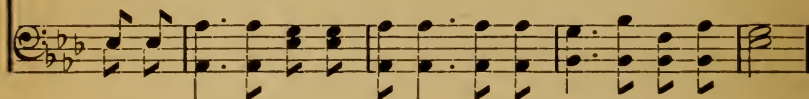
ADAM GEIBEL.



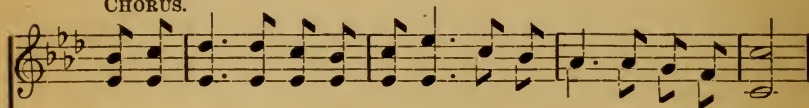
1. Tho' when walking down life's val-ley, Oft the vale is fill'd with dread;
2. 'Tis the sun that makes the shadows, So no mat - ter where we tread;
3. In this world of sin and sor-row, Trials on ev - 'ry hand are spread;
4. When at last I walk the val-ley, And the shad - ow of the dead;



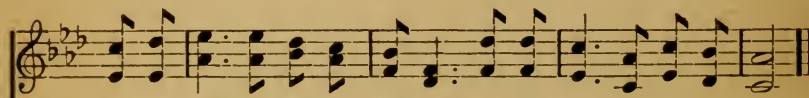
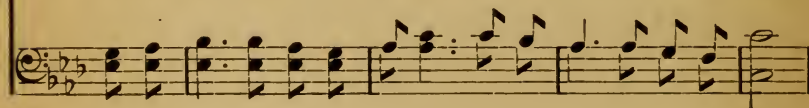
Yet when e'er I look a - bove me, There is sun-light o - ver head.
 Let us sing when days are gloomy, There is sun-light o - ver head.
 Yet my heart keeps singing ev - er, There is sun-light o - ver head.
 My dear Lord will whisper to me, There is sun-light o - ver head.



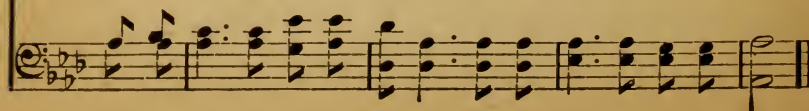
CHORUS.



Just a - bove the sun is shin-ing, Then no more the shadows dread;



But re - mem - ber when re - pin - ing, There is sun-light o - ver head.

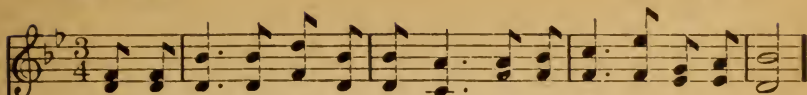


BROTHER TURN YOUR FOOTSTEPS HOMEWARD.

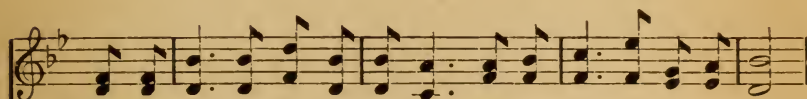
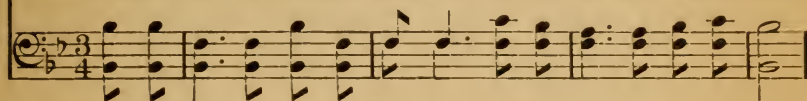
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IDA L. REED.

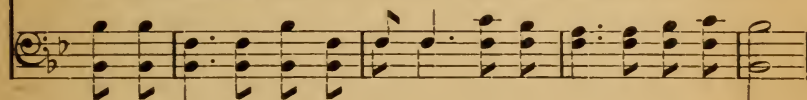
ADAM GEIBEL.



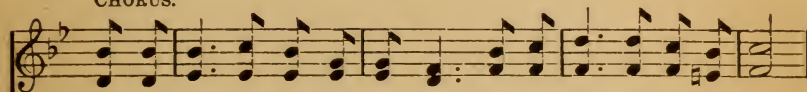
1. Broth-er turn thy foot-steps homeward, For the ev - en-tide draws nigh;
2. Broth-er turn thy foot-steps homeward, Long thy Lord hath plead with thee;
3. Broth-er turn thy foot-steps homeward, Youthful days be-hind thee lie;
4. Broth-er turn thy foot-steps homeward, Still thy Fa - ther waits for thee;



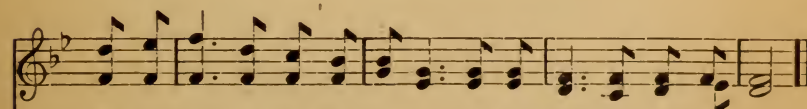
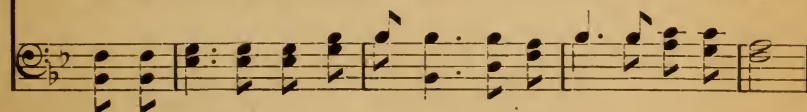
Twilight shades will soon be fall - ing, And the stars shine in the sky.
But thou wouldst not hear or heed Him, And too late it soon may be.
Lift thine eyes to heav-en's glo - ry, Ere the night of death draws nigh.
Soon life's gates may close up - on it, Vain would then thy pleadings be.



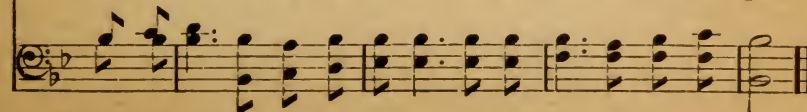
CHORUS.



Broth-er turn your foot-steps homeward, Do not long - er i - dly wait;



For the hours of day are o - ver, Soon will close life's gold - en gate.



THE KING'S PALACE.

BIRDIE BELL.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO AND QUARTETTE.

1. O beau-ti-ful pal-ace up yon - der! We dream of thy glo-ries un -
 2. O won-der-ful pal-ace up yon - der! Thy gate-ways of shimmering
 3. O safe-sheltered pal-ace up yon - der! Tempta-tions may vex nev-er -

told, We long for a glimpse of thy splen - dor, Thy rich - es of
 light, Thro' which pass the host of the ran-somed, Ar-rayed in pure
 more, Earth's sor-row-ful tri-als all o - ver, Sin nev-er can

jas-per and gold; To gaze thro' the heav-en-ly por-tal, Where
 garments of white; From earth's farthest borders they gath-er, Be -
 pass thro' thy door; The re-fuge of peace, strong, e-ter-nal, The

dwel - eth our Sav - iour and King,..... And list to the
 - fore the great throne of the King,..... And join in a
 pal - ace of Je - sus our King,..... May all of us

glo - ri - ous an - them, Which ju - bi-lant chor - is-ters sing.....
 mar - vel - ous cho - rus, A song which no mor-tal can sing.....
 en - ter thy por - tal, And heav-en's own mel - o - dies sing.....

CHORUS.

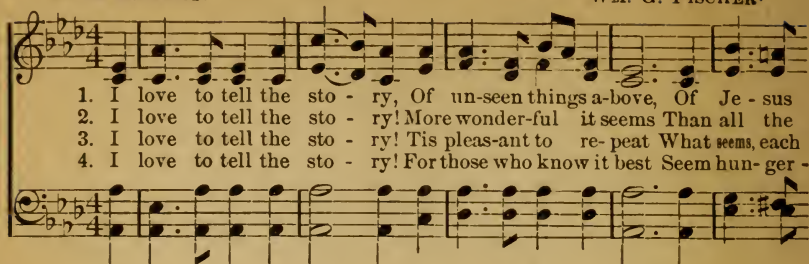
No mor-tal can gaze on thy splendor, O pal-ace of Je-sus our king,.....
 of Jesus our king,

No sing-er of earth can a - wak - en, The song which thy choristers sing.

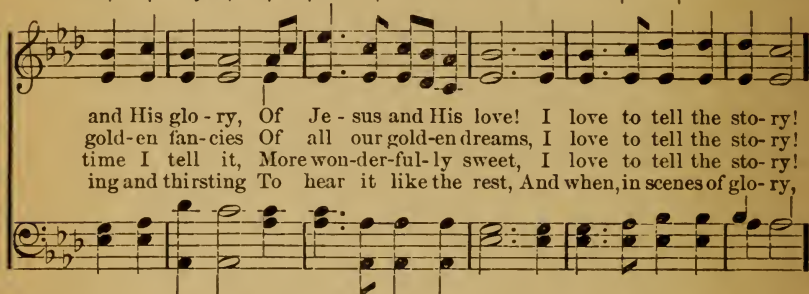
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

KATE HANKEY.

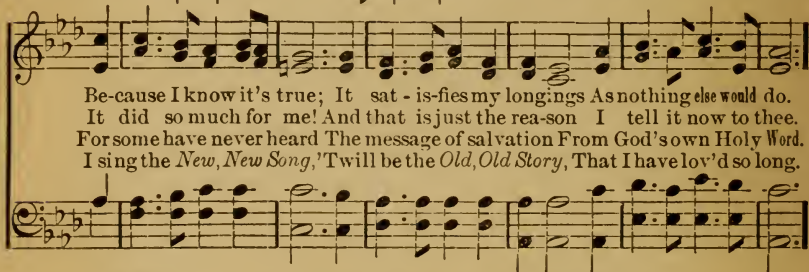
WM. G. FISCHER.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry! More wonder-ful it seems Than all the
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Tis pleas-ant to re-peat What seems, each
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hun-ger -

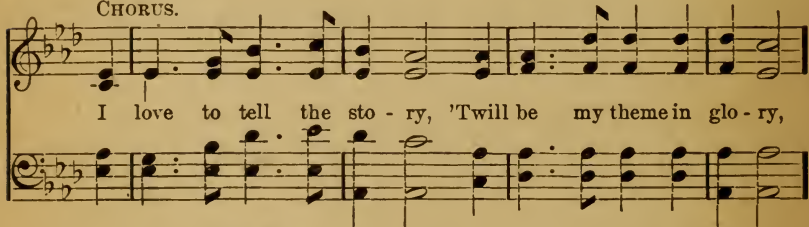


and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love! I love to tell the sto - ry!
 gold-en fan-cies Of all our gold-en dreams, I love to tell the sto - ry!
 time I tell it, More won-der-ful-ly sweet, I love to tell the sto - ry!
 ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest, And when, in scenes of glo - ry,

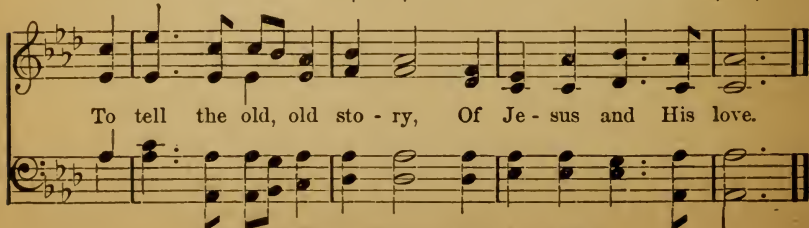


Be-cause I know it's true; It sat - is-fies my longings As nothing else would do.
 It did so much for me! And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee.
 For some have never heard The message of salvation From God's own Holy Word.
 I sing the *New, New Song*, 'Twill be the *Old, Old Story*, That I have lov'd so long.

CHORUS.



I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,



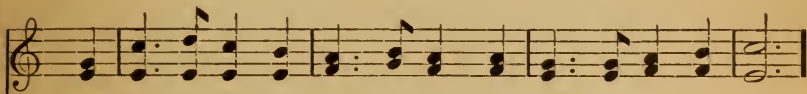
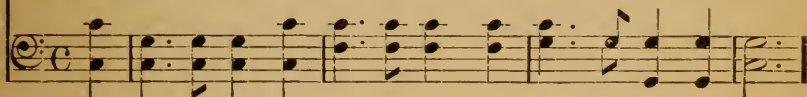
To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

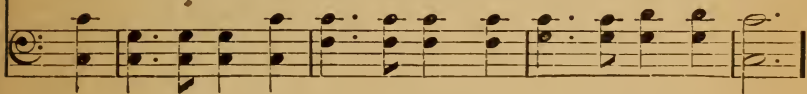
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. I am a pil - grim to a land, That's on the oth - er side;
2. The mar - in - er who steers 'by thee, Will all the storms out-ride;
3. How ma - ny points in life I find, That I can-not de - cide;
4. And when I reach at close of day, The Jor - don's i - cy tide;



But I shall safe - ly reach that strand, The Bi - ble is my guide.
 So while I cross life's roll - ing sea, The Bi - ble is my guide.
 I dare not trust in my own mind, The Bi - ble is my guide.
 I'll sim - ply close my eyes and say, The Bi - ble is my guide.



CHORUS.



O bless - ed Word of God most high, I'll in Thy truths a - bide;



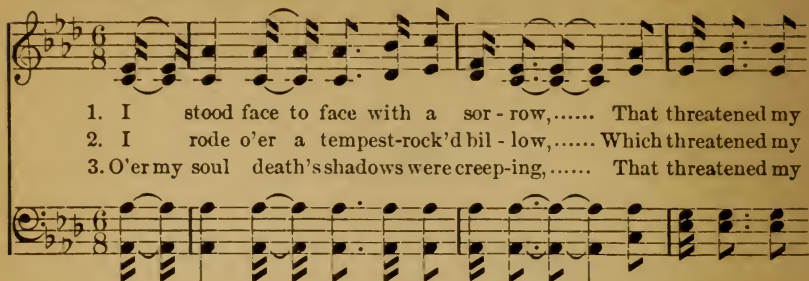
In all my path-way to the sky, The Bi - ble is my guide.



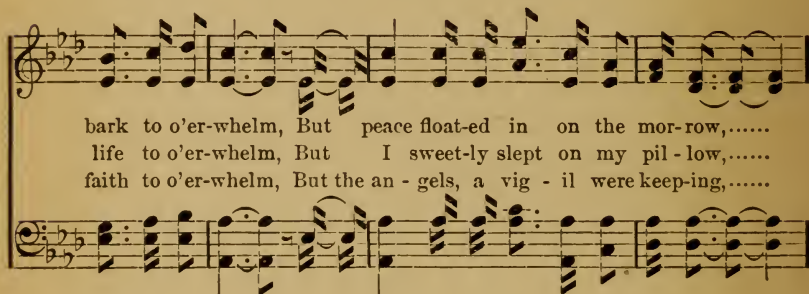
RESIGNATION.

MRS. EMMA A. TIFFANY.

ADAM GEIBEL.

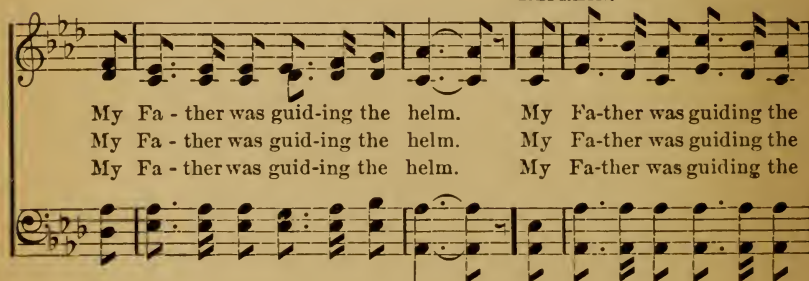


1. I stood face to face with a sor-row,..... That threatened my
 2. I rode o'er a tempest-rock'd bil-low,..... Which threatened my
 3. O'er my soul death's shadows were creep-ing,..... That threatened my



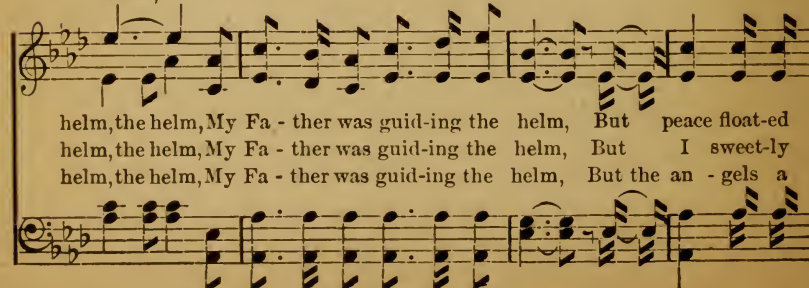
bark to o'er-whelm, But peace float-ed in on the mor-row,.....
 life to o'er-whelm, But I sweet-ly slept on my pil-low,.....
 faith to o'er-whelm, But the an-gels, a vig-il were keep-ing,.....

REFRAIN.



My Fa-ther was guid-ing the helm. My Fa-ther was guiding the
 My Fa-ther was guid-ing the helm. My Fa-ther was guiding the
 My Fa-ther was guid-ing the helm. My Fa-ther was guiding the

helm,...



helm, the helm, My Fa-ther was guid-ing the helm, But peace float-ed
 helm, the helm, My Fa-ther was guid-ing the helm, But I sweet-ly
 helm, the helm, My Fa-ther was guid-ing the helm, But the an-gels a

in on the mor - row,..... My Fa - ther was guid - ing the helm.
 slept on my pil - low,..... My Fa - ther was guid - ing the helm.
 vig - il were keep - ing,..... My Fa - ther was guid - ing the helm.

SAVIOUR, I COME.

IDA L. REED.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Sav - iour, I come to Thee, On Thee I call, Thou art my
 2. Sav - iour, I come to Thee, Give me I pray, Thro' Thy great
 3. Sav - iour, I come to Thee, Be Thou my Light, Up - ward my

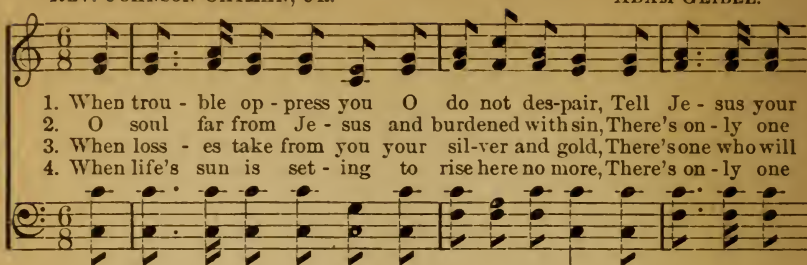
hope and plea, Je - sus my all; Thou Lord my ref - uge art,
 love so free, Strength for each day; Thou know - est all my care,
 foot - steps lead, Out of the night; In - to the heav'n - ly day,

Com - fort Thou me, Heal Thou my ach - ing heart, Thine would I be.
 Je - sus my King, Know - est the griefs I bear, To Thee I cling.
 Bright with Thy love, Lead me, O Lord, I pray, Homeward a - bove.

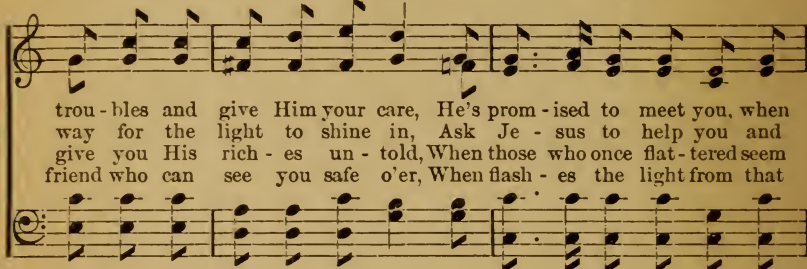
JESUS CAN HELP YOU, AND WILL.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

ADAM GEIBEL.

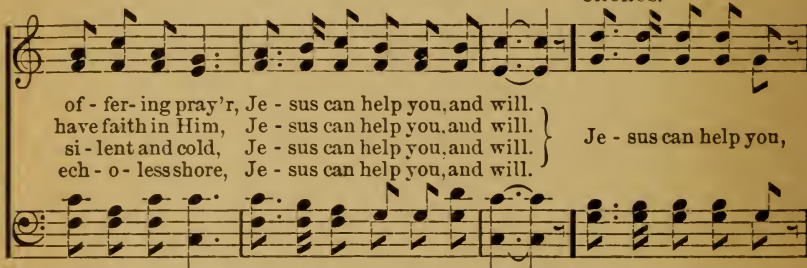


1. When trou - ble op - press you O do not des-pair, Tell Je - sus your
 2. O soul far from Je - sus and burdened with sin, There's on - ly one
 3. When loss - es take from you your sil-ver and gold, There's one who will
 4. When life's sun is set - ing to rise here no more, There's on - ly one

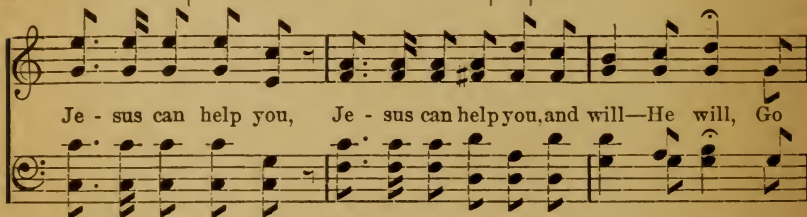


trou - bles and give Him your care, He's prom - ised to meet you, when
 way for the light to shine in, Ask Je - sus to help you and
 give you His rich - es un - told, When those who once flat - tered seem
 friend who can see you safe o'er, When flash - es the light from that

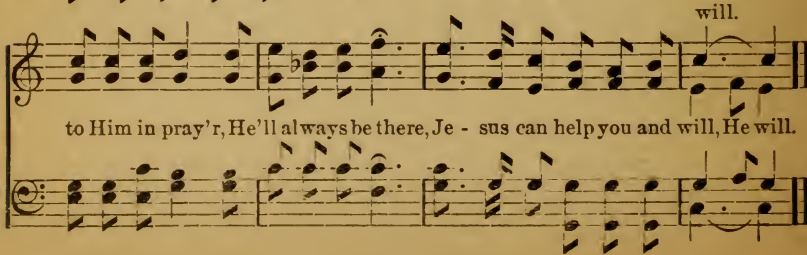
CHORUS.



of - fer - ing pray'r, Je - sus can help you, and will.
 have faith in Him, Je - sus can help you, and will. } Je - sus can help you,
 si - lent and cold, Je - sus can help you, and will.
 ech - o - less shore, Je - sus can help you, and will.



Je - sus can help you, Je - sus can help you, and will—He will, Go

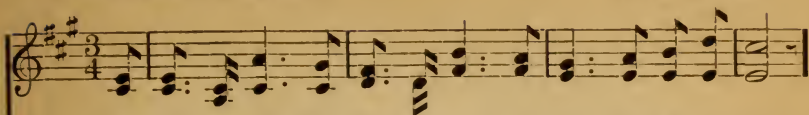


will.
 to Him in pray'r, He'll always be there, Je - sus can help you and will, He will.

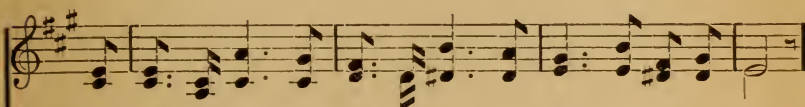
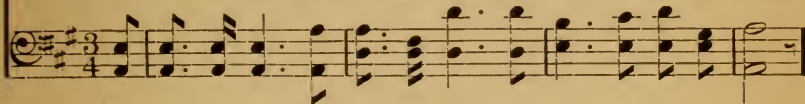
"O SAVIOUR DEAR, SPEAK WORDS OF CHEER." 79

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

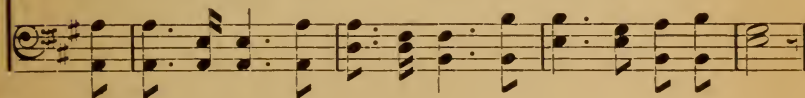
ADAM GEIBEL.



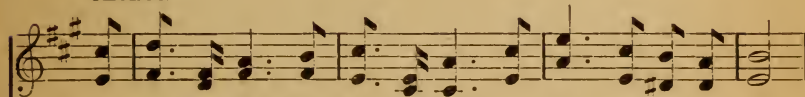
1. A storm one time was rag - ing wild, Up - on the might - y deep;
2. But fear - ful cries disturbed His sleep, And made His bo - som thrill;
3. When we a - mid the storms of life, Can sink in - to His will;
4. When sor - rows come, and tri - als sweep, The Sav - iour knows it all;
5. He watch - es o'er us night and day, Tho' we may be a - sleep;



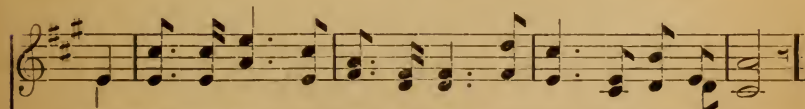
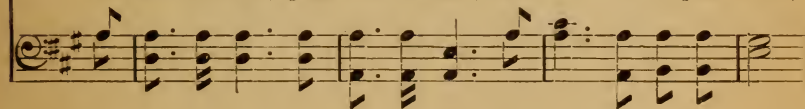
But calm - ly as a lit - tle child, Our Sav - iour lay a - sleep.
 Then He a - rose, re - buked the deep, And all around was still.
 We hear His voice a - bove the strife, Still say - ing, "peace be still."
 No more a - sleep up - on the deep, He hears the faint - est call.
 And He will guide us if we pray, A - cross life's storm - y deep.



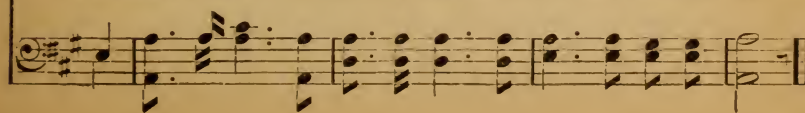
CHORUS.



O Sav - iour dear, speak words of cheer, When we are tempest tossed;



We will not fear, if Thou art near, With - out Thee we are lost.



NO, NOT ONE!

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow, and with great feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
 2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
 4. Did ev - er Saint find this friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
 5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - iour giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
 Will He re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,

There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!

KING OF LOVE.

SIR HENRY W. BAKER.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Sprightly.

1. The King of love my Shepherd is, Whose good-ness fail-eth nev - er;
 2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ters flow My ransom'd soul He lead - eth;
 3. And so thro' all the length of days, Thy goodness fail-eth nev - er;

I noth-ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
 And where the verdant pastures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
 Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise Within Thy house for - ev - er.

JOHN BOWRING.

ADORATION.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Maestoso.

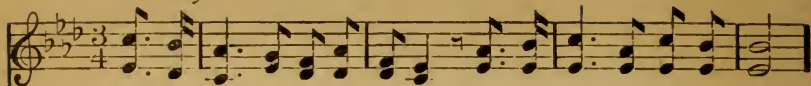
1. How sweetly flowed the gos - pel's sound From lips of gen - tle - ness and grace,
 2. From heav'n He came, of heav'n He spoke, To heav'n He led His foll - wers' way;
 3. "Come, wand'ers! to my Fa - ther's home, Come, all ye wea - ry ones, and rest;"

When list'ning thousands gath - ered round, And joy and rev - rence filled the place.
 Dark clouds of gloom - y night He broke, Unveil - ing an im - mor - tal day.
 Yes, sacred Teacher; we will come, O - bey Thee, love Thee, and be blest.

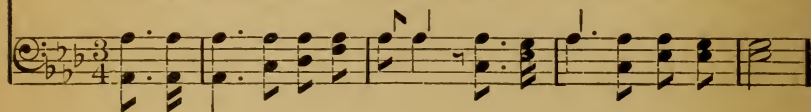
RICH IN BLESSING.

JAS. ALLEN.

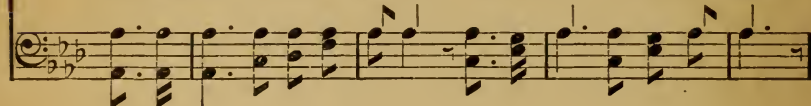
GEO. C. HUGG.

Fervently.

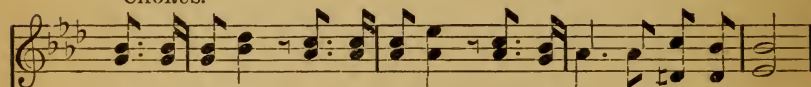
1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be-fore the cross I spend ;
2. Tru - ly bless - ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore His cross to lie,
3. Here it is I find my heaven, While up - on the Lamb I gaze ;
4. Love and grief my heart di-vid-ing, With my tears His feet I bathe ;



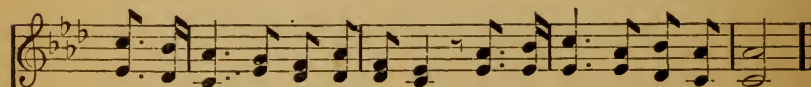
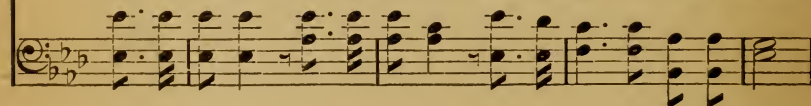
Life and health, and peace possessing, From the sin-ner's dy - ing Friend.
 While I see di-vine compassion, Beam-ing from His lov-ing eye.
 Love I much, I've much forgiven ; I'm a mir - a - cle of grace.
 Con-stant still in faith a - bid-ing, Life de - riv - ing from His death.



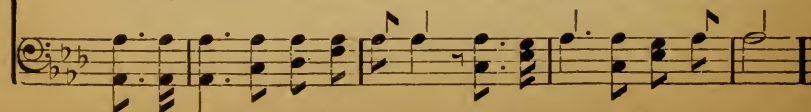
CHORUS.



Rich in blessing ! rich in blessing ! Moments at the cross I spend ;

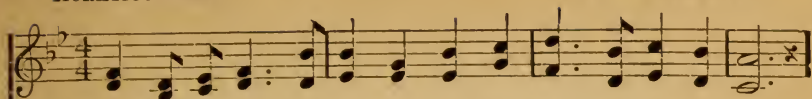


Tru - ly bless-ed is this sta-tion, Low be-fore the cross to bend.

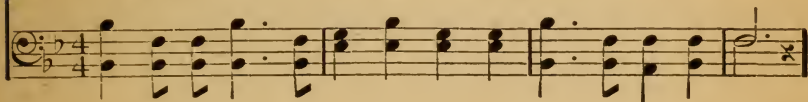


HORATIUS BONAR.

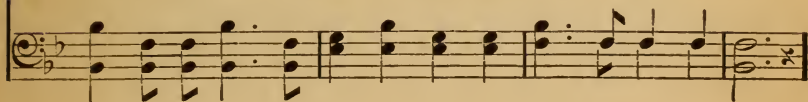
J. H. ROSECRANS.



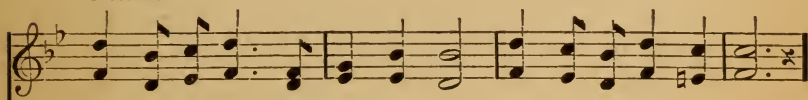
1. All that I was— my sin, my guilt, Thy death was all my own ;
2. The e - vil of my for - mer state, Was mine and on - ly mine ;
3. The darkness of my for - mer state, The bond - age all was mine ;
4. Thy grace first made me feel my sin ; It taught me to be - lieve ;



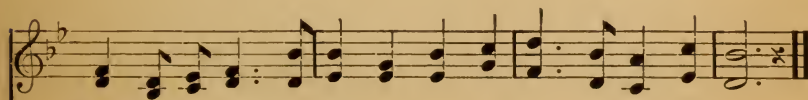
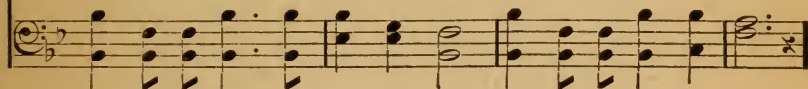
All that I am, I owe to thee, My gra - cious God a - lone.
 The good in which I now re - joice Is thine and on - ly thine.
 The light of life in which I walk, The lib - er - ty is thine.
 Then in be - liev - ing peace I found, And now I live, I live.



CHORUS.



All that I am, e'en here on earth, All that I hope to be,



When Je - sus comes, and glo - ry dawns, I owe it Lord, to thee.



WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BYE.

GEO. C. HUGG.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. In the morn of morns when we all meet there, In the home far above the sky ;
 2. Never sadness there, neither grief, nor tear, In that fair shining home on high !
 3. With our kindred dear, in that love-light clear, While the long rolling ages fly,

We'll rehearse the scenes we have left behind, But we never will say "good-bye."
 But they swell the song, happy ransomed throng; And they never will say "good-bye."
 We will meet, and greet, at the Saviour's feet, But we never will say "good-bye."

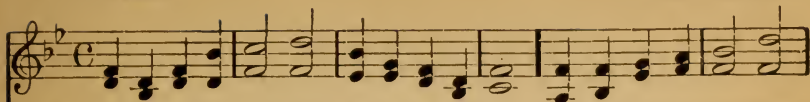
CHORUS.

In the dawn - ing of the morn - ing, In that home far a-bove the sky ;
 In the dawning clear of the morning fair,

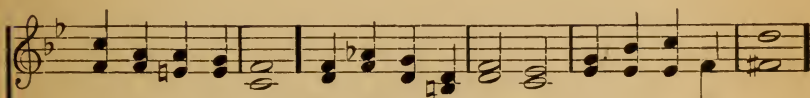
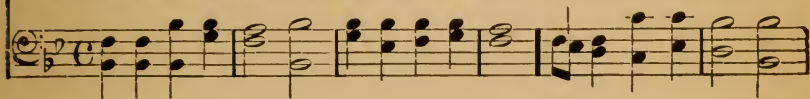
Hap - py meet - ing, hap - py greet - ing, When we never say "good-bye."
 Happy meeting there, hap - py greeting there,

T. J. POTTER.

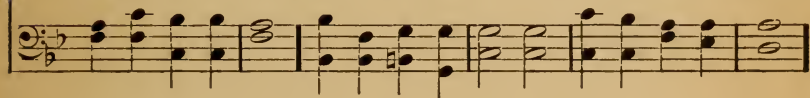
JOHNSON BARKER.



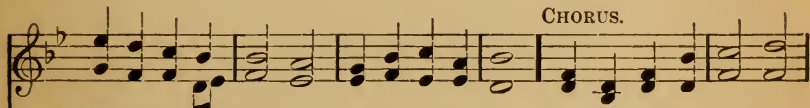
1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rersonward
2. Je-sus, Lord, and Master, At thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts rejoicing,
3. All our days di-rect us, In the way we go, Lead us on vic-to-rious
4. Then with Saints and Angels May we join above, Offering end-less prais-es



To their home on high; Journeying o'er the desert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
 See thy children meet; Oft-en have we left Thee, Oft-en gone a - stray,
 O - ver ev - ery foe; Bid thine angel shield us, When the storm-clouds lower,
 At thy throne of love; When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace,

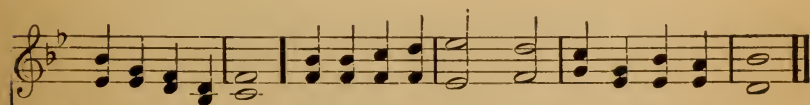
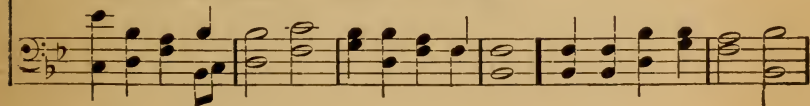


CHORUS.



And with hearts united, Take our heav'nward way.
 Keep us, mighty Sav-iour, In the narrow way.
 Pardon thou and save us In the last dread hour.
 Je-sus, in his beauty;—Songs that never cease.

Brightly gleams our banner,



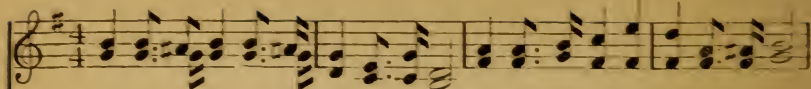
Point-ing to the sky, Waving wand'rerson - ward To their home on high.



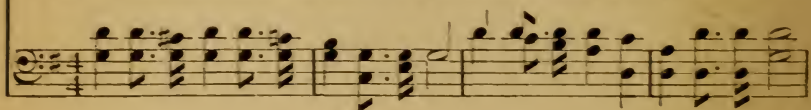
SATISFIED.

HORATIUS BONAR.

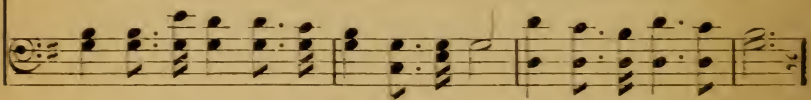
GEO. C. HUGG.



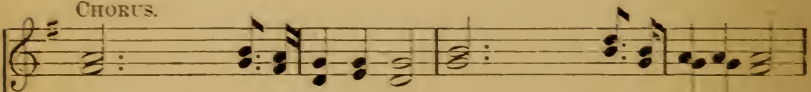
1. When I awake in the sweet morn of morns, After whose dawning night ne'er returns
2. When I shall meet with the ones I have lov'd, Clasp in my arms the long remov'd
3. When I shall gaze on the dear face of Him, Who died for me, with eye no more dia-



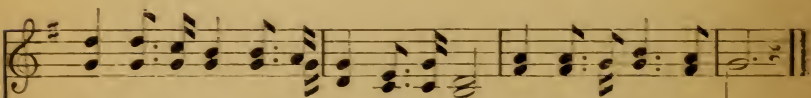
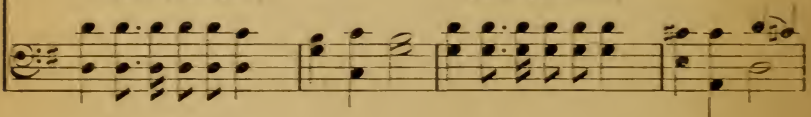
And with whose glory the day ev - er burns, I shall be sat - is - fied.
 And find how faithful the Lord then has proved, I shall be sat - is - fied.
 And praise Him ever with heaven's swelling hymn, I shall be sat - is - fied.



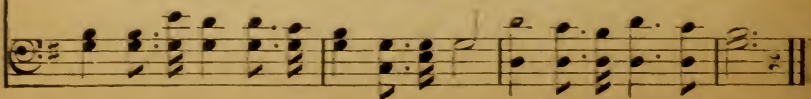
CHORUS.



I shall be sat - is - fied ; I shall be sat - is - fied ;
 I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied,

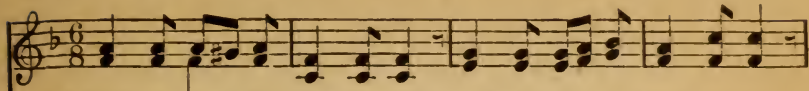


When in the like-ness of God I'm ar-rayed, I shall be sat - is - fied.

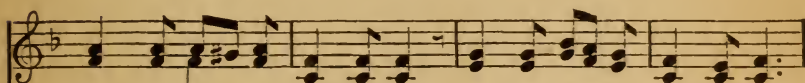
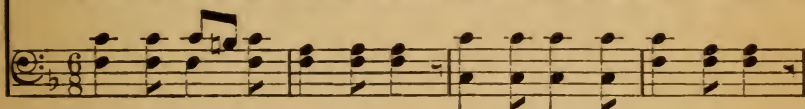


REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

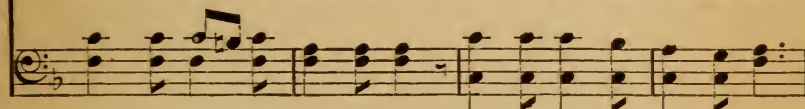
GEO. C. HUGG.



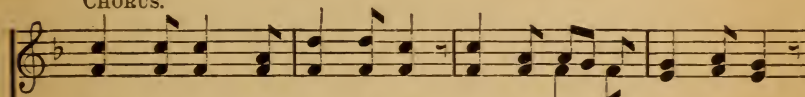
1. Since I made the Lord my choice, Since He made my heart re-joyce;
2. Oft, a-cross my path I see, Shad-ows that would fright-en me;
3. In the day or in the night, In the dark or in the light;
4. When I reach the Jor-dan's brink, Safe with Him I will not shrink;



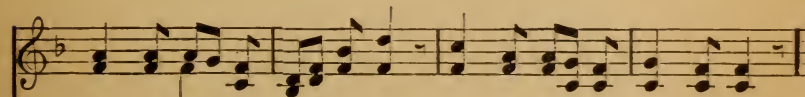
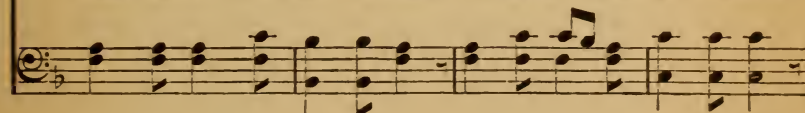
Ev - 'ry-where that I am led, Je - sus al - ways goes a-head.
 But of them I have no dread, Je - sus al - ways goes a-head.
 Safe - ly in His steps I tread, Je - sus al - ways goes a-head.
 O'er its tide a bridge is spread, Je - sus al - ways goes a-head.



CHORUS.



Praise the Lord I'm, not a-fraid, In dark hours, I'm not dismayed,



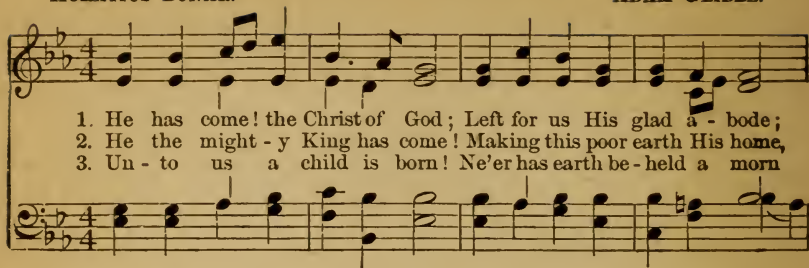
For I know where e'er I'm led, Je - sus al - ways goes a-head.



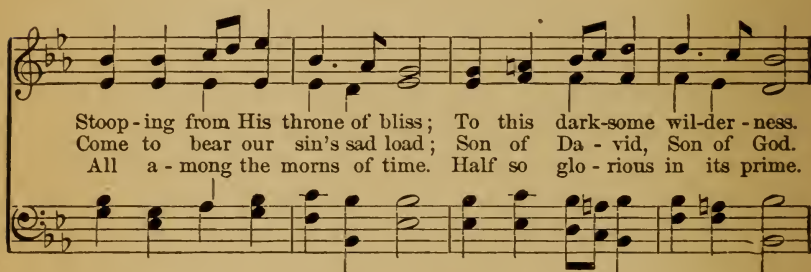
HE HAS COME.

HORATIUS BONAR.

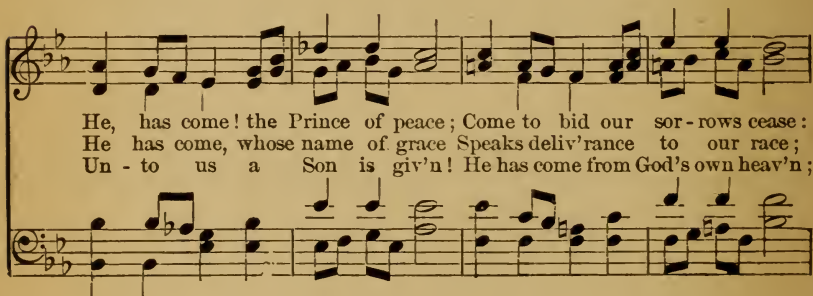
ADAM GEIBEL.



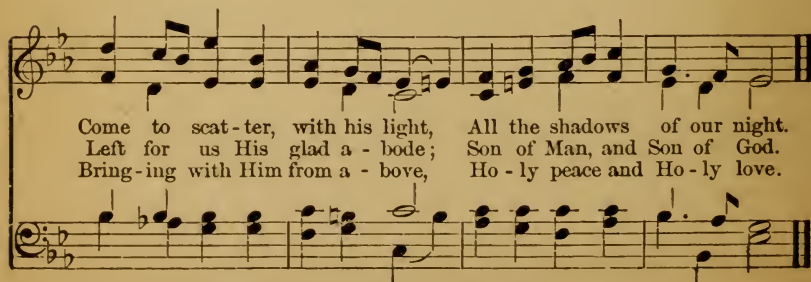
1. He has come! the Christ of God; Left for us His glad a - bode;
 2. He the might - y King has come! Making this poor earth His home,
 3. Un - to us a child is born! Ne'er has earth be - held a morn



Stoop - ing from His throne of bliss; To this dark - some wil - der - ness.
 Come to bear our sin's sad load; Son of Da - vid, Son of God.
 All a - mong the morns of time. Half so glo - rious in its prime.



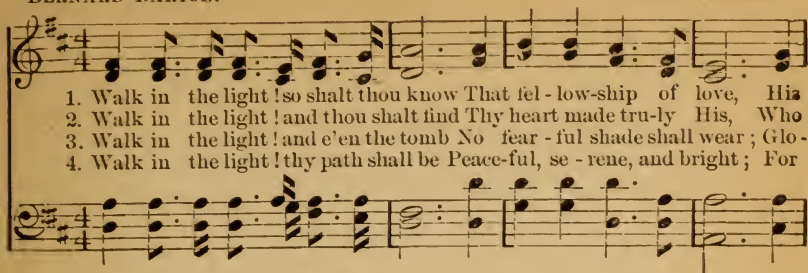
He, has come! the Prince of peace; Come to bid our sor - rows cease:
 He has come, whose name of grace Speaks deliv'rance to our race;
 Un - to us a Son is giv'n! He has come from God's own heav'n;



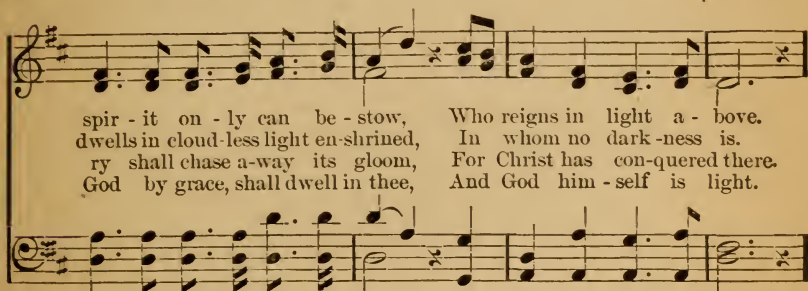
Come to scat - ter, with his light, All the shadows of our night.
 Left for us His glad a - bode; Son of Man, and Son of God.
 Bring - ing with Him from a - bove, Ho - ly peace and Ho - ly love.

BERNARD BARTON.

GEO. C. HUGG.



1. Walk in the light ! so shalt thou know That fel - low-ship of love, His
 2. Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru-ly His, Who
 3. Walk in the light ! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear ; Glo-
 4. Walk in the light ! thy path shall be Peace-ful, se - rene, and bright ; For

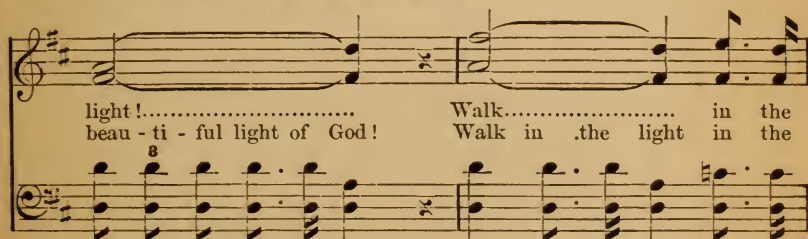


spir - it on - ly can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.
 dwells in cloud-less light en-shrined, In whom no dark-ness is.
 ry shall chase a-way its gloom, For Christ has con-quer-ed there.
 God by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God him - self is light.

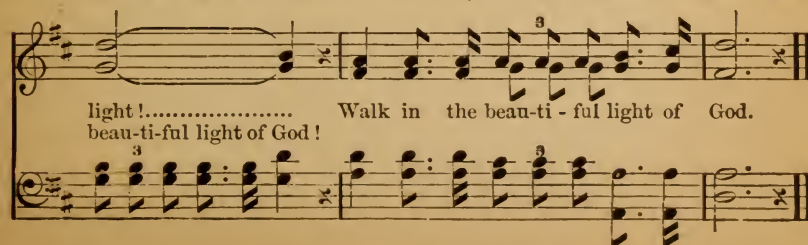
CHORUS.



Walk..... in the light !..... Walk..... in the
 Walk in the light, in the beautiful light of God ! Walk in the light, in the



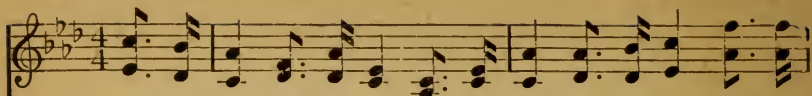
light !..... Walk..... in the
 beau - ti - ful light of God ! Walk in the light in the



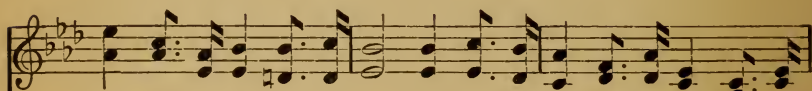
light !..... Walk in the beau-ti - ful light of God.
 beau-ti-ful light of God !

GEO. C. HUGG.

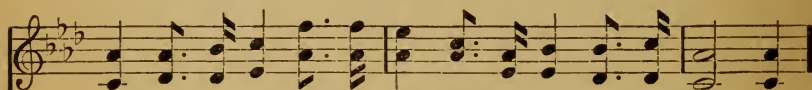
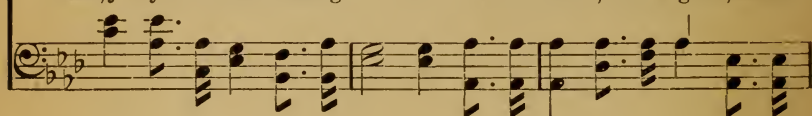
GEO. C. HUGG.



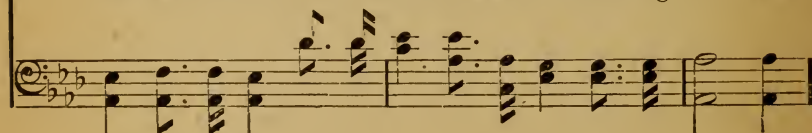
1. There's a great hap - py throng by the bright Jas - per sea! And there's
2. In that land, neith - er glow of the can - dle, or sun, Lights the
3. Nev - er fear, breth - ren dear, if the Lord should ap - pear, Say - ing,



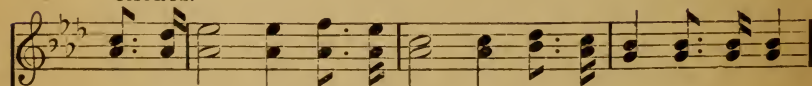
more ev - en now, crossing o - ver! And their theme is the love of the
way of the host crossing o - ver! Ho - ly rays from the face of our
haste, join your friends crossing o - ver! 'Twill be sweet, there to greet, at the



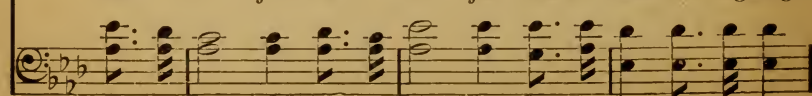
Lamb that was slain, And a greet - ing to those cross - ing o - ver!
God, and the Lamb, Guide the feet of our friends cross - ing o - ver!
dear Saviour's feet All our friends that are done cross - ing o - ver!



CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! hear the sweet flow - ing song



Of the great ransomed throng, In their lays they are prais - ing the

Lamb that was slain, And are greet-ing their friends crossing o - ver.

DUNDEE.

J. ADDISON.

G. FRANC.

1. When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,
2 O how can words with e - qual warmth The grat-i - tude de - clare,
3. When in the slip-p'ry paths of youth, With heedless steps I ran,
4. Through ev-'ry pe - riod of my life Thy good-ness I'll pur-sue ;

Trans-ported with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.
That glows with-in my rav-ished heart? But thou canst read it there.
Thine arm, un-seen, con-veyed me safe, And led me up to man.
And af-ter death, in dis-tant worlds, The pleas-ing theme re-new.

JUST THE SAME.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

GEO. C. HUGG

1. Thro' the yes - ter - day of a - ges, Je - sus, Thou hast been the same;
 2. Joy - ful - ly westand and wit - ness, Thou art still to - day the same;
 3. Gaz - ing down the great for - ev - er, Bright - er glows the onesweet Name,

Thro' our own life's chequered pa - ges, Still the one dear changeless name,
 In Thy per - feet, glo - rious fit - ness, Meet - ing ev' - ry need and claim,
 Stead - fast ra - diance, pal - ing nev - er, Je - sus, Je - sus! still the same,

Well may we in Thee con - fide, Faith - ful Sav - iour, proved and tried.
 Chief - est of ten thous - and, Thou! Sav - iour, O, most pre - cious now!
 Ev - er - more Thou shalt en - dure, Our own Sav - iour, strong and sure.

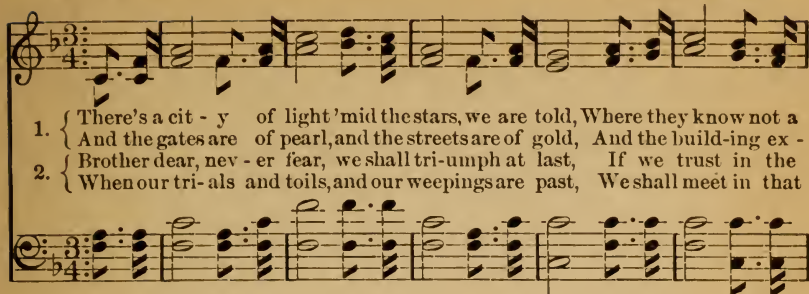
CHORUS.

Just the same Je - sus! The ver - y same Je - sus!

Thro' the cease - less, roll - ing a - ges, Je - sus, Thou art still the same.

A. S. K.

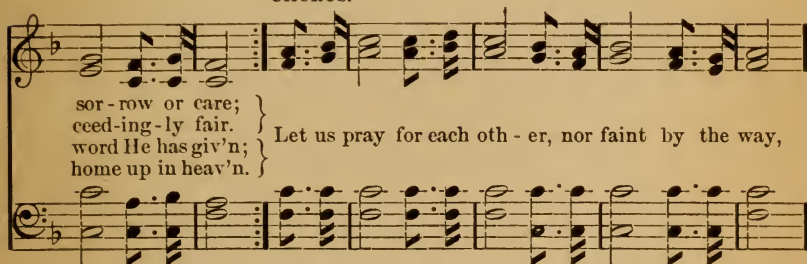
A. S. KIEFFER.



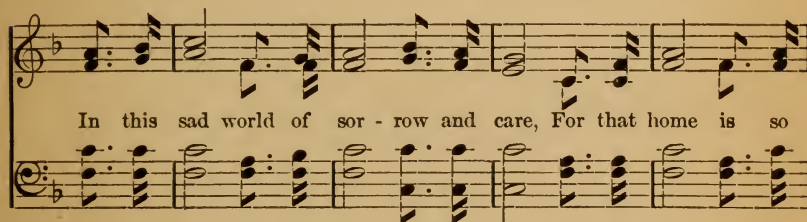
1. { There's a cit - y of light 'mid the stars, we are told, Where they know not a
And the gates are of pearl, and the streets are of gold, And the build - ing ex -

2. { Brother dear, nev - er fear, we shall tri - umph at last, If we trust in the
When our tri - als and toils, and our weepings are past, We shall meet in that

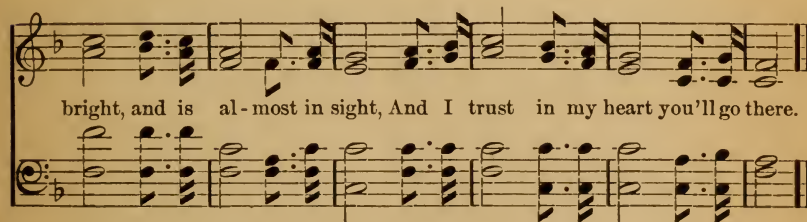
CHORUS.



sor - row or care; }
ceed - ing - ly fair. } Let us pray for each oth - er, nor faint by the way,
word He has giv'n; }
home up in heav'n. }



In this sad world of sor - row and care, For that home is so



bright, and is al - most in sight, And I trust in my heart you'll go there.

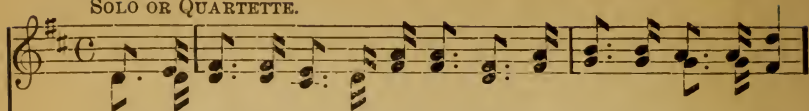
3. Sister dear, never fear,—for the Saviour is near,
With His hand He will lead you along;
And the way that is dark Christ will graciously clear,
And your mourning shall turn to a song.
4. Let us walk in the light of the gospel divine;
Let us ever keep near to the cross;
Let us love, watch, and pray, in our pilgrimage here;
Let us count all things else but as loss.

THERE'S A MANSION OVER YONDER.

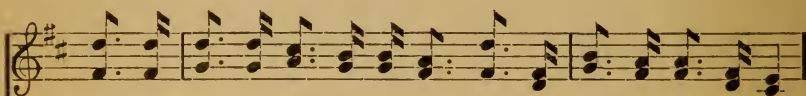
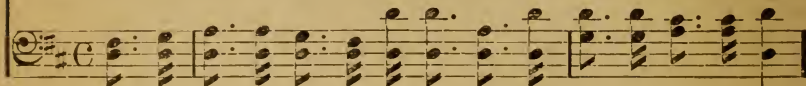
IDA L. REED.

ADAM GEIBEL.

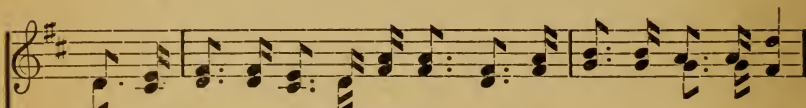
SOLO OR QUARTETTE.



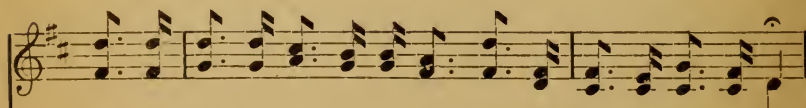
1. There's a man-sion o - ver yon-der, Long a - go pre-pared for me,
 2. There no trou-bled wea - ry warrings, Shall my heart with sor - row fill,



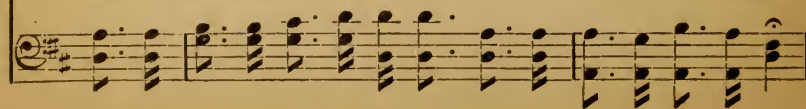
Read - y wait-ing for my com-ing, By the shin-ing crys-tal sea;
 Earth-ly griefs are past for-ev-er, Ev-'ry pain and ev-'ry ill;



Earth-ly homes too soon will crumble, Here I wan-der to and fro,
 There's a man-sion, o - ver yon-der, Home of sweet e - ter - nal rest,



But this stand-eth sure for-ev-er, I its end-less peace shall know.
 Read - y wait-ing for my com-ing, In the Cit - y of the blest.



CHORUS.

There's a man-sion for me wait-ing. O - ver yon - der on the shore,

By my Father's hands twas builded, It is mine for - ev - er more.

LABAN.

HEATH.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thous-and foes a - rise;
 2. Oh, watch, and fight and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
 3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine arm - or down;
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

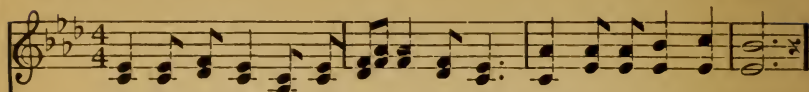
The hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 Re - new it bold-ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
 Thy arduous work will not be done Till thou ob - tain the crown.
 He'll take thee, at thy part-ing breath Up to His blest a - bode.

ARE YOU WAITING AND WATCHING?

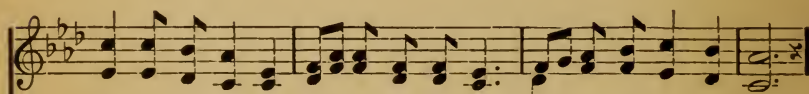
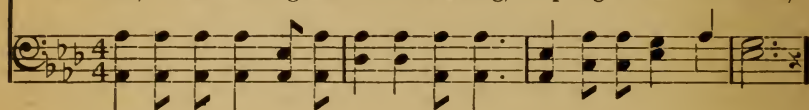
To F. A. BLACKMER, author of Numberless Host, Grand Review, etc.

W. E. PENN.

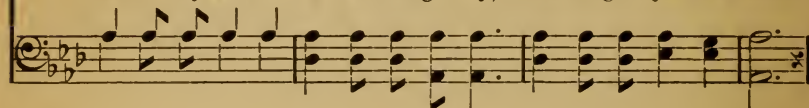
W. E. PENN.



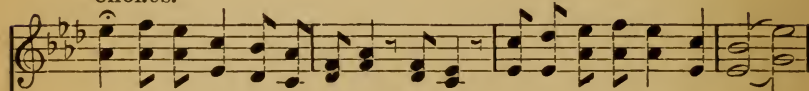
1. Should Je-sus come in the ear-ly morning, Or should He come at night?
2. Should Je-sus come with His ho-ly an-gels, With shouting in the air?
3. When Je-sus comes will He find us faith-ful, With garments pure and white,
4. Yes, I am wait-ing and ev-er watch-ing, Hop-ing to see Him come,



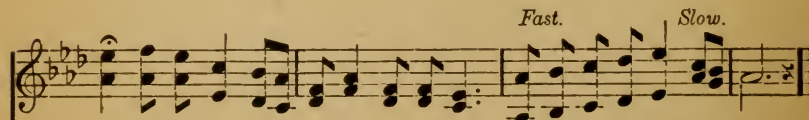
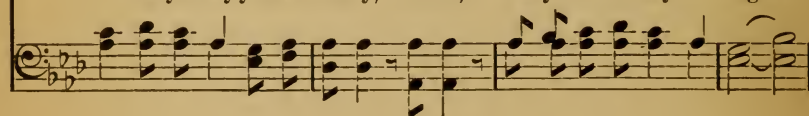
Say, will He find us waiting and watching With lamps all burning bright?
O who will then be waiting and watching, Who will His glo-ries share?
 With precious sheaves all garner'd and ready, To hail Him with de-light?
 That I may see Him in all His glo-ry, Gath'ring His jew-els home.



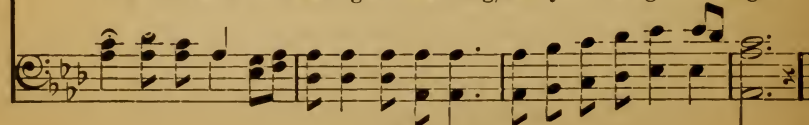
CHORUS.



O can you say you are read-y, brother, Ready either day or night?



O will He find us waiting and watching, Ready for the glo-rious sight?

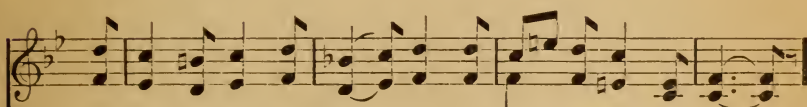
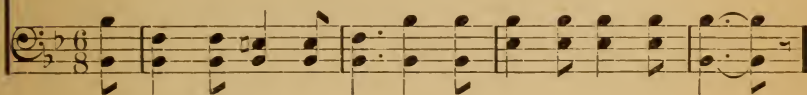


IDA L. REED.

ADAM GEIBEL.



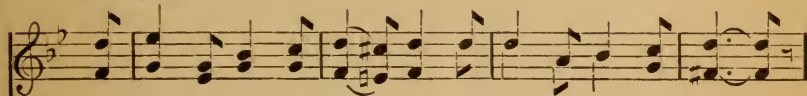
1. What tho' the days be drear - y, He cares, He cares for you;
2. Be brave the heavenly Fa - ther, Knows all that tries you here;
3. Then on His strong arm lean - ing, Go for - ward un - dis - may'd;
4. What e'er the days may bring thee, Know this He cares for thee;



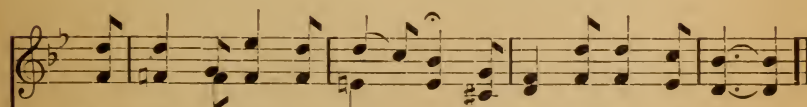
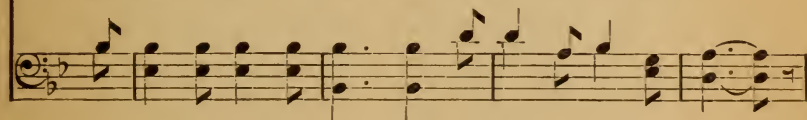
O broth - er, worn and wea - ry, Let this thy strength re - new.
 And tho' you walk in shad - ow, He's ev - er, ev - er near.
 Fear not to brave life's per - ils, For He will give thee aid.
 And tri - als oft bring bless - ings, And mer - cies rich and free.



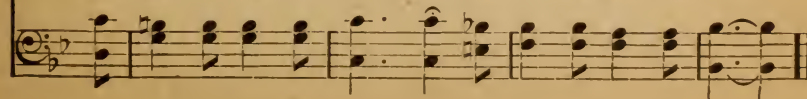
CHORUS.



For you, for you He car - eth, And tri - als by and by,



Will all be lost in tri - umphs, And joys that can - not die.



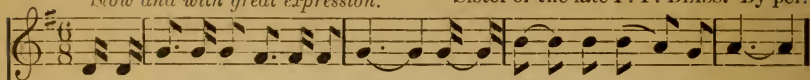
MY MOTHER'S HANDS.

MRS. M. E. W.

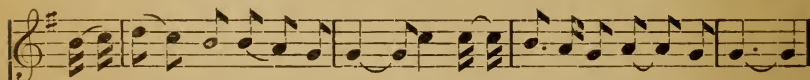
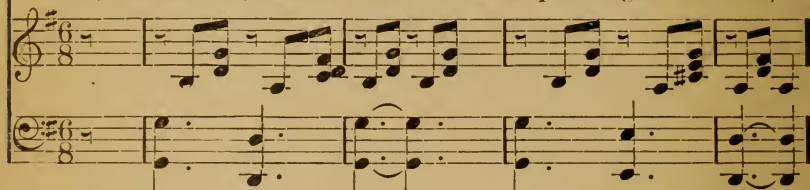
Slow and with great expression.

MRS. M. E. WILLSON.

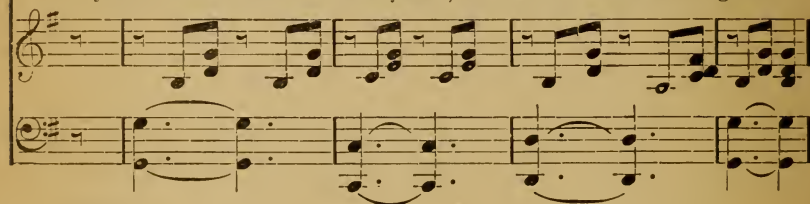
Sister of the late P. P. BLISS. By per.



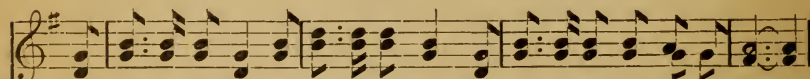
1. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Tho' they neither were white nor small,
2. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! How they cared for my in-fant days!
3. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! As they pressed my ach - ing brow;
4. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! Thin and wrinkled with age they grew;
5. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I stood by her cof-fin one day,
6. Oh, those beautiful, beautiful hands! I shall clasp them a-gain once more,



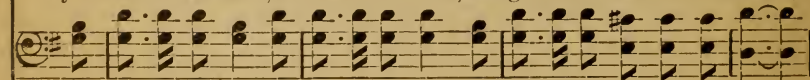
Yet my mother's hands were the fair - est, And love - li - est hands of all.
 They guided my feet into pleasant paths, And smoothed all the rugged ways.
 They cooled the fever and eased the pain, Me-thinks I can feel them now.
 But still they toiled on for the child so dear, And her love seemed more tender and true.
 And I kissed those hands so cold and white, As qui - et and peaceful she lay.
 As my feet touch the bank of the heav'ly land; We shall meet on that shining shore.



CHORUS.



My mother's dear hands, her beautiful hands, Which guided me safe o'er life's sands,



I bless God's name for the mem'ry Of mother's own beau - ti - ful hands.

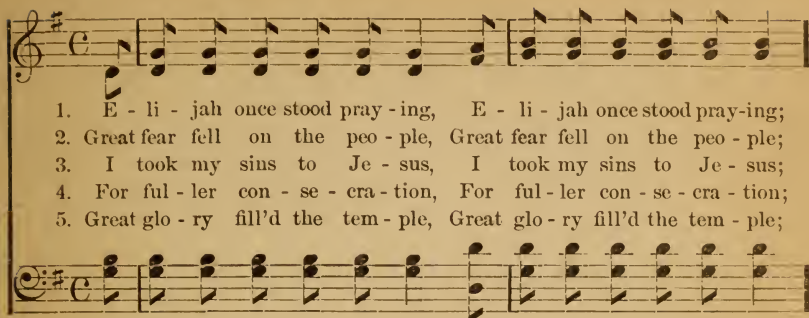


WHEN THE FIRE CAME DOWN.

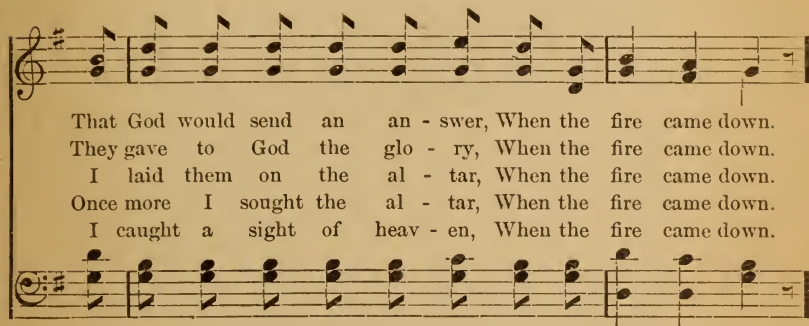
99

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

ADAM GEIBEL.

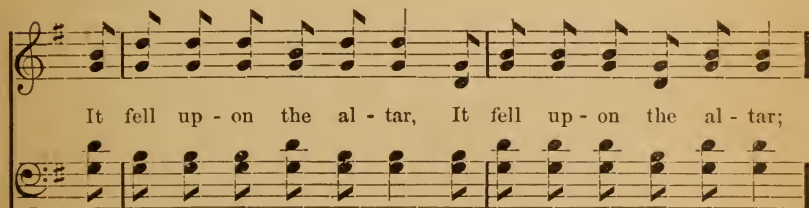


1. E - li - jah once stood pray - ing, E - li - jah once stood pray - ing;
 2. Great fear fell on the peo - ple, Great fear fell on the peo - ple;
 3. I took my sins to Je - sus, I took my sins to Je - sus;
 4. For ful - ler con - se - cra - tion, For ful - ler con - se - cra - tion;
 5. Great glo - ry fill'd the tem - ple, Great glo - ry fill'd the tem - ple;

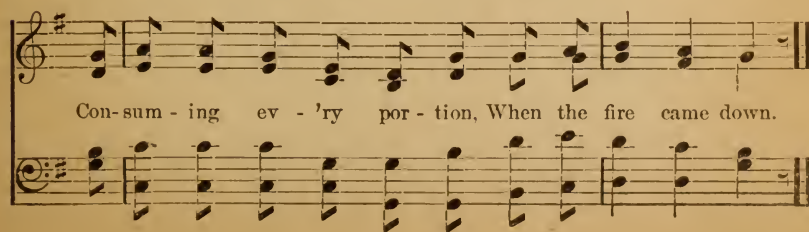


That God would send an an - swer, When the fire came down.
 They gave to God the glo - ry, When the fire came down.
 I laid them on the al - tar, When the fire came down.
 Once more I sought the al - tar, When the fire came down.
 I caught a sight of heav - en, When the fire came down.

CHORUS.



It fell up - on the al - tar, It fell up - on the al - tar;



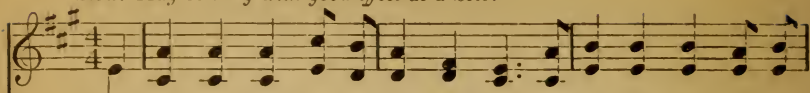
Con - sum - ing ev - 'ry por - tion, When the fire came down.

THE SHELTERING ROCK.

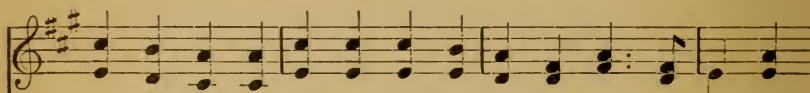
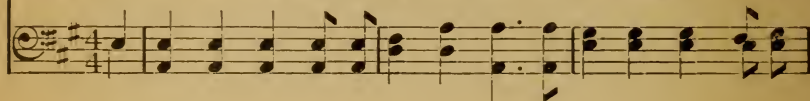
W. E. PENN.

ISAIAH 32: 2. 12: 3. 65: 10. COL. 1: 20.

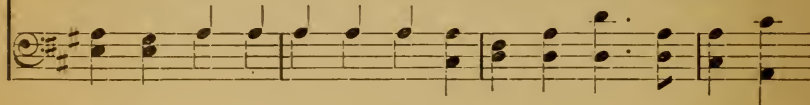
W. E. PENN.

Slow. May be sung with good effect as a Solo.

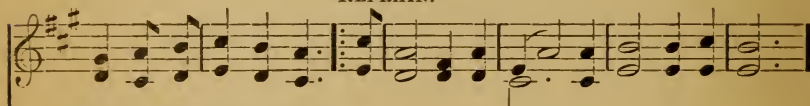
1. There is a Rock in a wea - y land, Its shad-ow falls on the
2. There is a Well in a des - ert plain, Its wa - ters call with en -
3. A great fold stands with its por - tals wide, The sheep a - stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Sav-iour died, His blood flow'd out in a



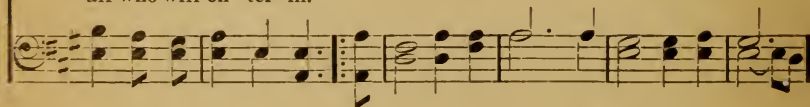
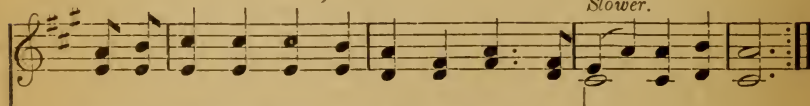
burn - ing sand, In - vit - ing pil - grims as they pass To seek a
treat - ing strain, "Ho, ev - 'ry thirst - ing sin - sick soul, Come, free - ly
mount - ain side, The Shepherd climbs o'er mountains steep, He's searching
crim - son tide A sac - ri - fice for sins of men, And free to



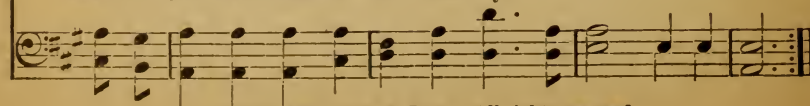
REFRAIN.



shade in the wil - der - ness,
drink, and thou shalt be whole." } Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die?
now for His wand'ring sheep.
all who will en - ter in.

*Slower.*

When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by?
When the liv - ing Well is so near by?
When the Shepherd's fold is so near by?
When the crim - son cross is so near by? } Oh! why will ye die?

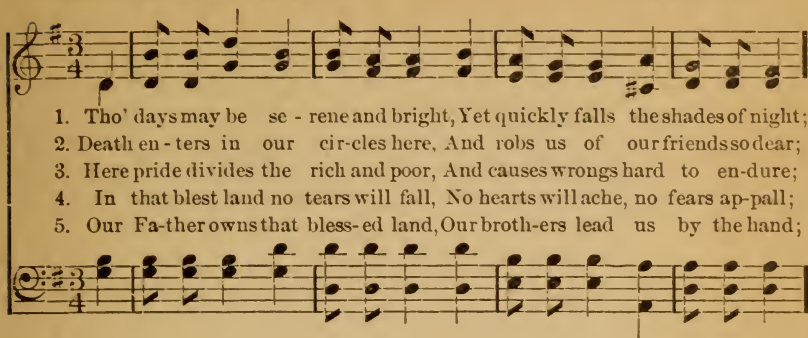


IT'S BETTER ON THE OTHER SIDE.

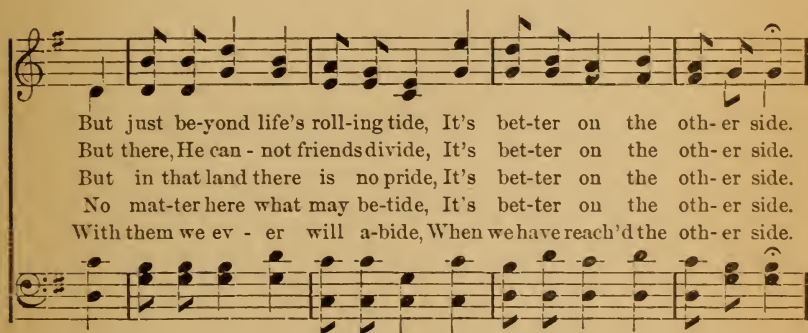
101

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

ADAM GEIBEL.

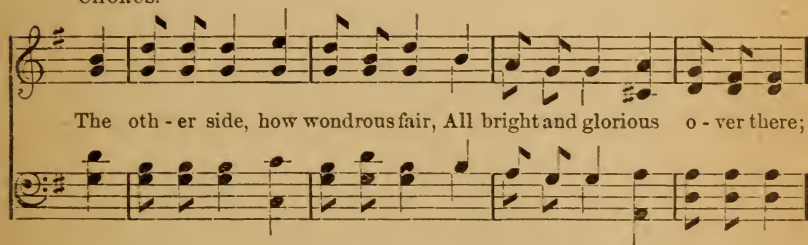


1. Tho' days may be se - rene and bright, Yet quickly falls the shades of night;
 2. Death en - ters in our cir - cles here, And robs us of our friends so dear;
 3. Here pride divides the rich and poor, And causes wrongs hard to en - dure;
 4. In that blest land no tears will fall, No hearts will ache, no fears ap - pall;
 5. Our Fa - ther owns that bless - ed land, Our broth - ers lead us by the hand;

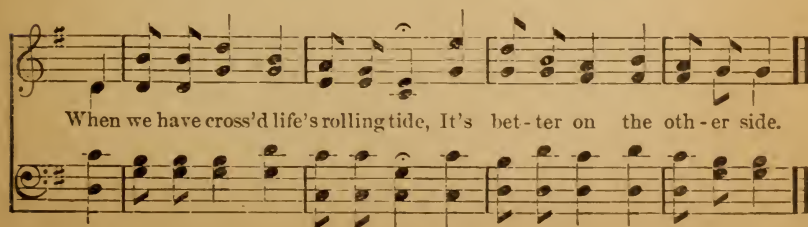


But just be - yond life's roll - ing tide, It's bet - ter on the oth - er side.
 But there, He can - not friends divide, It's bet - ter on the oth - er side.
 But in that land there is no pride, It's bet - ter on the oth - er side.
 No mat - ter here what may be - tide, It's bet - ter on the oth - er side.
 With them we ev - er will a - bide, When we have reach'd the oth - er side.

CHORUS.



The oth - er side, how wondrous fair, All bright and glorious o - ver there;



When we have cross'd life's rolling tide, It's bet - ter on the oth - er side.

JESUS HAS OPENED THE DOOR.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Wea-ry and la-den with sin,..... Striv-ing thy sins to give
 2. Pray-ing for grace day by day,..... Lov-ing Him still more and
 3. Af-ter life's struggles are past,..... Waits there a beau-ti-ful

o'er;..... Soul if thou would'st en-ter in,..... Je-sus has
 more;..... Rest in His courts on the way,..... Je-sus has
 shore;..... If thou wilt live there at last,..... Je-sus has

CHORUS. door;.....

o-pened the door..... } Je-sus has o-pened the door, the door;
 o-pened the door..... }
 o-pened the door..... }

Je-sus has o-pened the door,..... Free from all sin,

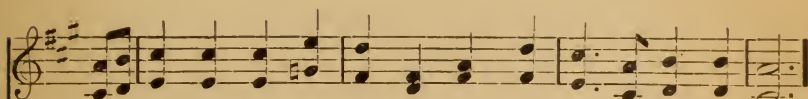
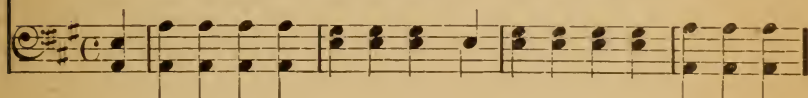
en-ter thou in, Je-sus has o-pened the door,.....

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

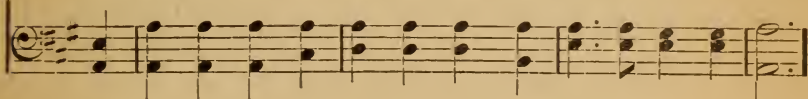
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Up - on the cross our Sav-iour died, On Calv'ry's brow was cru - ci - fied;
2. For you the thorns once pierced His brow, He drank the cup we know not how;
3. O sin-ner come to Him to-day, For He hath told you that you may;
4. No long-er then be temp-est toss'd, In Je - sus rest, He paid the cost;



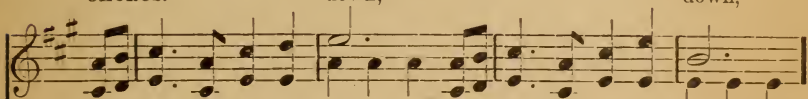
See from His hands, His feet, His side, His blood is drop-ping down.
 And for sal - va - tion ev - en now, His blood is drop-ping down.
 He'll wash your guilt and sin a - way, His blood is drop-ping down.
 And that your soul may not be lost, His blood is drop-ping down.



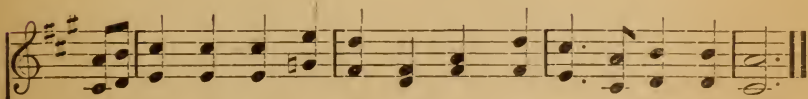
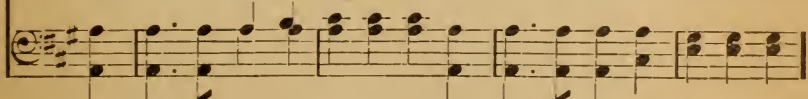
CHORUS.

down,

down,



His blood is dropping, dropping down, His blood is dropping, dropping down,



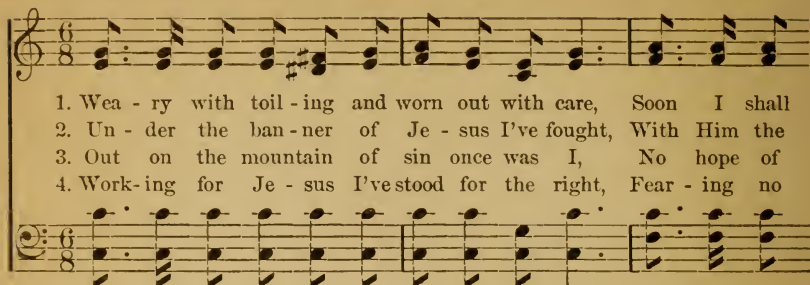
O sin - ner get be-neath the Cross, His blood is drop-ping down.



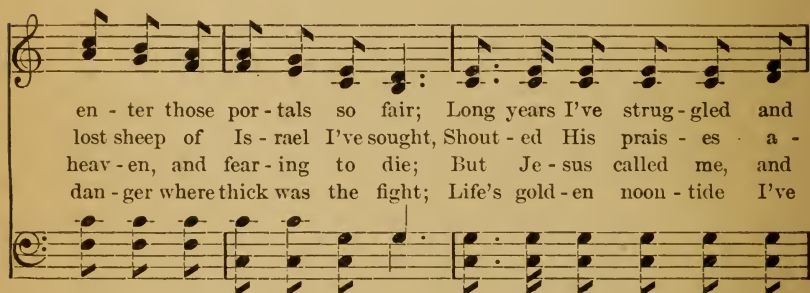
FLOATING IN ON THE TIDE OF TIME.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

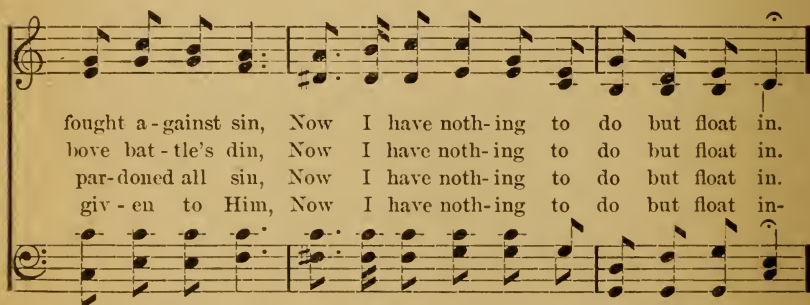
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Wea - ry with toil - ing and worn out with care, Soon I shall
 2. Un - der the ban - ner of Je - sus I've fought, With Him the
 3. Out on the mountain of sin once was I, No hope of
 4. Work - ing for Je - sus I've stood for the right, Fear - ing no

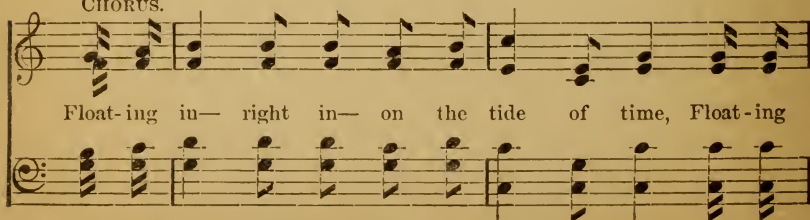


en - ter those por - tals so fair; Long years I've strug - gled and
 lost sheep of Is - rael I've sought, Shout - ed His prais - es a -
 heav - en, and fear - ing to die; But Je - sus called me, and
 dan - ger where thick was the fight; Life's gold - en noon - tide I've



fought a - gainst sin, Now I have noth - ing to do but float in.
 bove bat - tle's din, Now I have noth - ing to do but float in.
 par - doned all sin, Now I have noth - ing to do but float in.
 giv - en to Him, Now I have noth - ing to do but float in -

CHORUS.

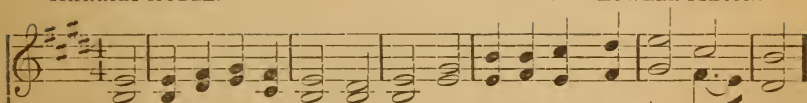


Float - ing in— right in— on the tide of time, Float - ing

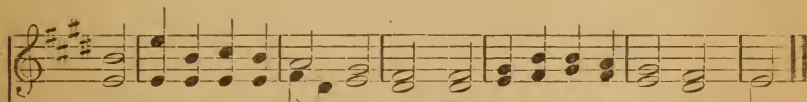
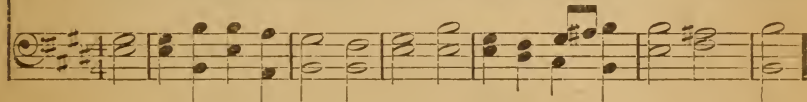
UXBRIDGE.

HARRIET AUPEE.

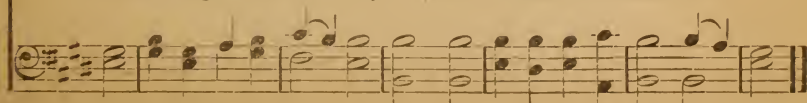
LOWELL MASON.



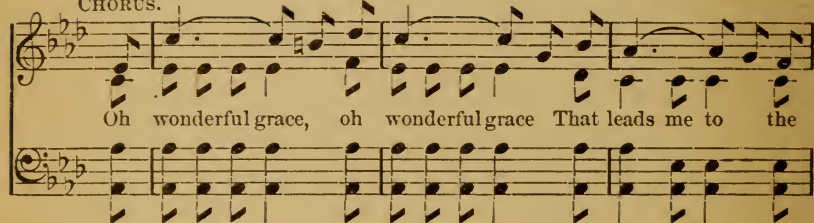
1. Ere mountains reared their formsublime, Or heav'n and earth in or - der stood;
2. A thousand a-ges in their flight, With thee are as a fleet-ing day;
3. But our brief life's a shadowy dream. A passing tho't, that soon is o'er,
4. To us, O Lord, the wisdom give Each passing mo-ment so to spend



Be-fore the birth of an - cient time, From ev-er-last-ing, Thou art God.
 Past, present, future to Thy sight At once their various scenes dis-play.
 That fades with morning's earliest beam, And fills the musing mind no more.
 That we at length with Thee may live, Where life and bliss shall never end.

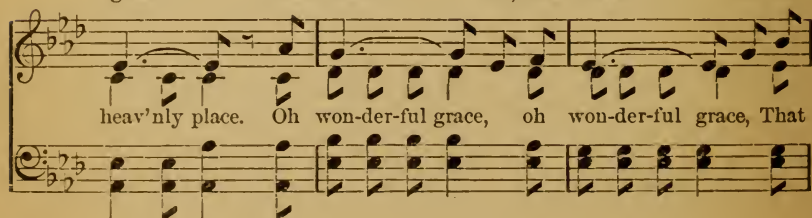


Oh won - - der-ful, won - - der-ful, won - der-ful
CHORUS.



Oh wonderful grace, oh wonderful grace That leads me to the

grace..... That leads..... me, that leads..... me to



heav'nly place. Oh won-der-ful grace, oh won-der-ful grace, That

you..... heav'nly place..... Oh won - - der-ful,
leads me to the heav'nly place. Oh won-der-ful love, oh

won - - der-ful, won - der-ful love,..... That
won-der-ful love, That leads me to the home a - bove, Oh

leads..... me to heav - en, my sweet..... home a - bove.....
wonderful love, oh wonderful love, That leads me to the home above.

ONE THERE IS ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

JOHN NEWTON.

BEETHOVEN.

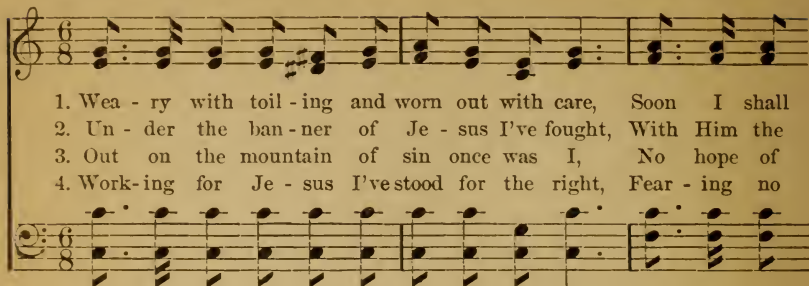
1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Well de-serves the name of Friend;
2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed His blood?
3. When He lived on earth a - bas - ed, Friend of sin - ners was His name;
4. Oh, for grace our hearts to soft - en! Teach us Lord, at length to love;

His is love be-yond a brother's Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.
But our Je - sus died to have us Rec - on-ciled in Him to God.
Now, a - bove all glo - ry rais - ed, He re - joi - ces in the same.
We, a - las! for-get too oft - en What a Friend we have a - bove.

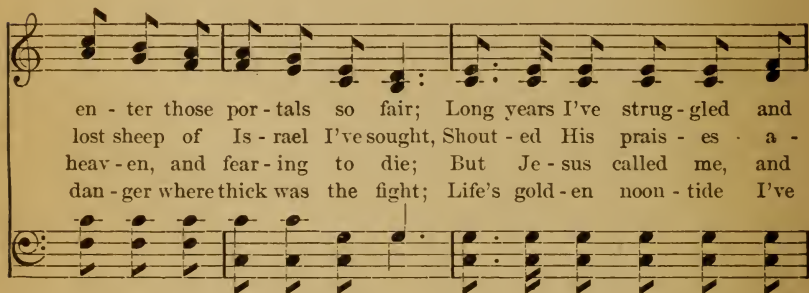
FLOATING IN ON THE TIDE OF TIME.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

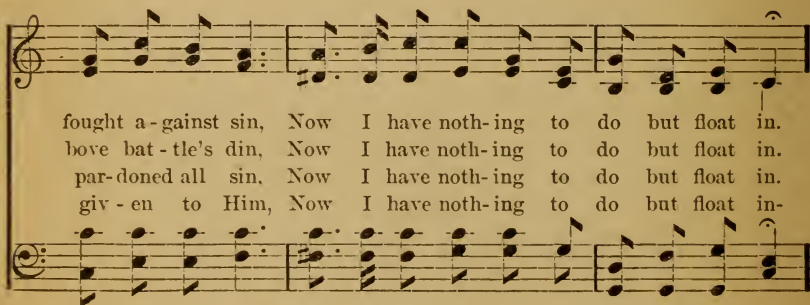
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Wea - ry with toil - ing and worn out with care, Soon I shall
 2. Un - der the ban - ner of Je - sus I've fought, With Him the
 3. Out on the mountain of sin once was I, No hope of
 4. Work - ing for Je - sus I've stood for the right, Fear - ing no

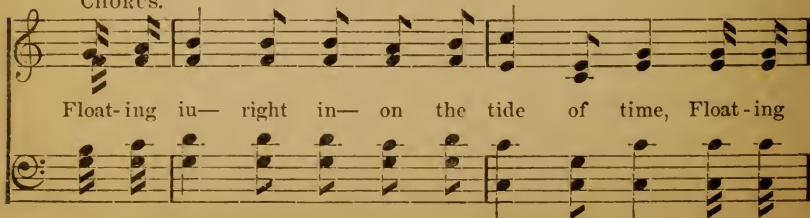


en - ter those por - tals so fair; Long years I've strug - gled and
 lost sheep of Is - rael I've sought, Shout - ed His prais - es a -
 heav - en, and fear - ing to die; But Je - sus called me, and
 dan - ger where thick was the fight; Life's gold - en noon - tide I've

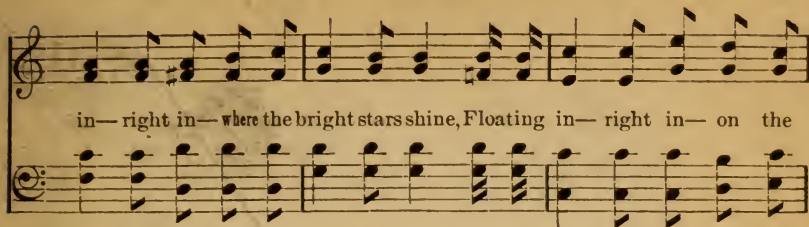


fought a - gainst sin, Now I have noth - ing to do but float in.
 bove bat - tle's din, Now I have noth - ing to do but float in.
 par - doned all sin, Now I have noth - ing to do but float in.
 giv - en to Him, Now I have noth - ing to do but float in -

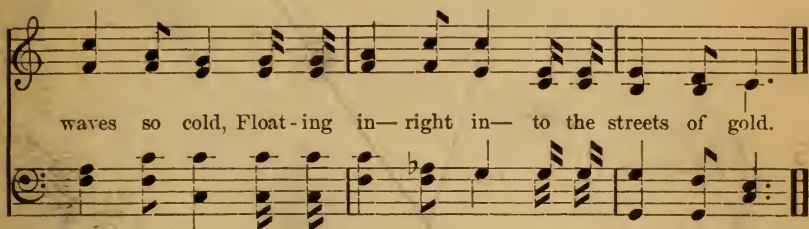
CHORUS.



Float - ing in— right in— on the tide of time, Float - ing



in— right in— where the bright stars shine, Floating in— right in— on the

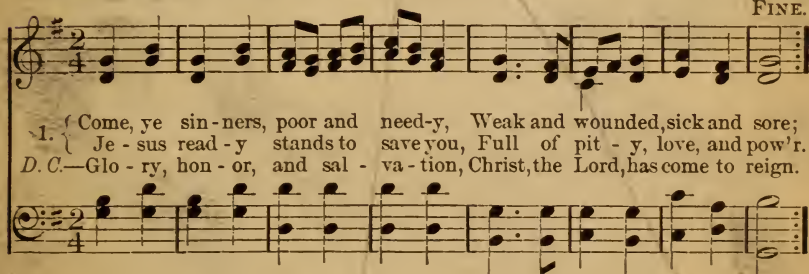


waves so cold, Float-ing in— right in— to the streets of gold.

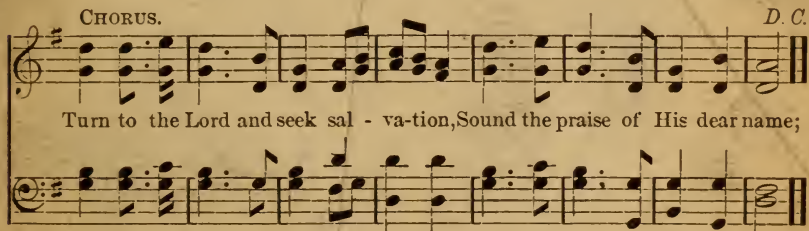
TURN TO THE LORD.

JOSEPH HART.

ANON.
FINE.



1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love, and pow'r.
D. C.—Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.



CHORUS. D. C.
Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

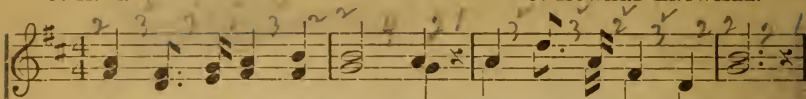
2. Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh.
3. Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;

- All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him.
4. Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

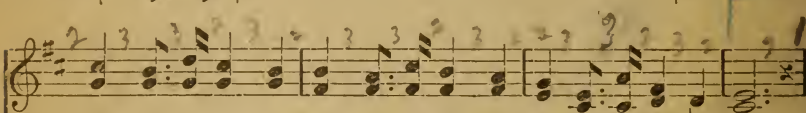
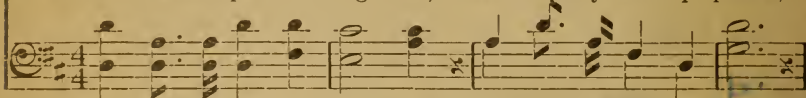
ON TO VICTORY.

J. H. E.

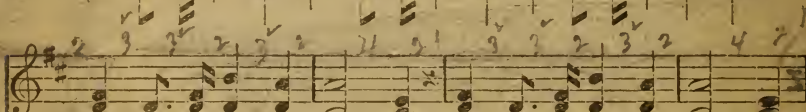
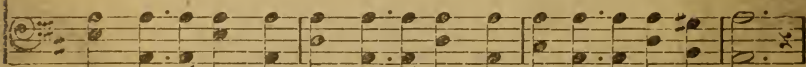
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



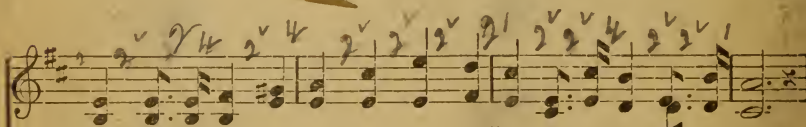
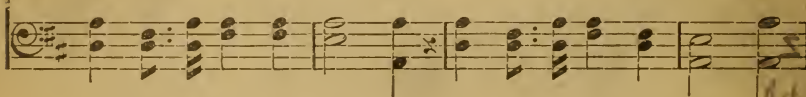
1. Hark! hark, the trumpet sound - ing, Rise at the break of day,
2. March - ing like val - iant sol - diers, Stead - y our steps and true,
3. Then shall the path be bright - er, No more by care op - press'd,



On to the front where sin is a - bound - ing, Forward the call o - bey,
 Faith in our Lead - er, no thought of dan - ger, Fear and alarm, a - dieu,
 Firm in our pur - pose, true in our motives, Hop - ing for what is best,



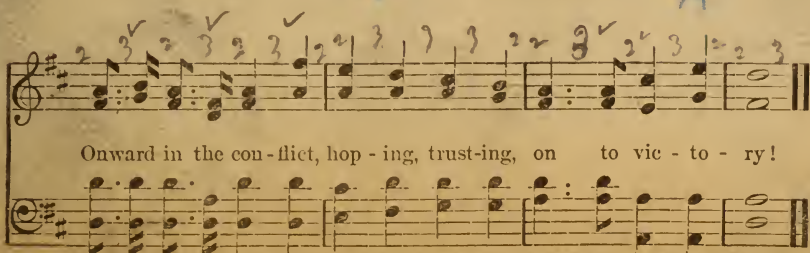
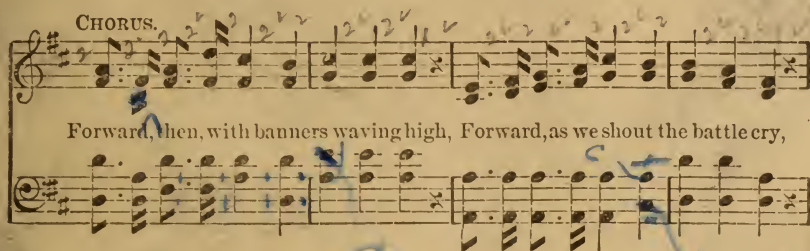
Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, Go forth in faith to con - quer,
 On, though the world op - press thee, On, though the foe dis - tress thee,
 Trust - ing the King of glo - ry, Tell - ing the old, old sto - ry,



Hear, hear the Captain's words in - spir - ing, "on, soldiers, on to the fray.
 Stead - fast and firm, keep moving on till fair Canaan's land stands in view.
 Wait - ing the Master's call to en - ter in - to the Ha - ven of Rest.



CHORUS.

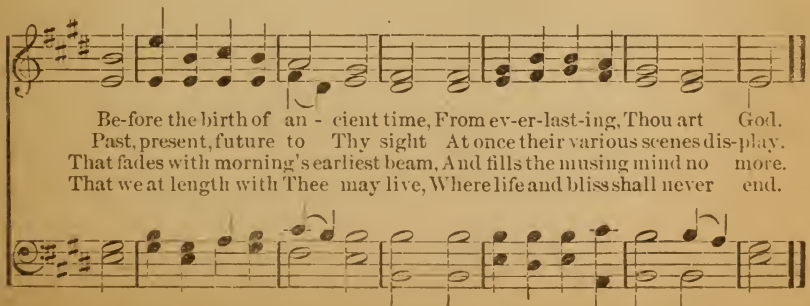
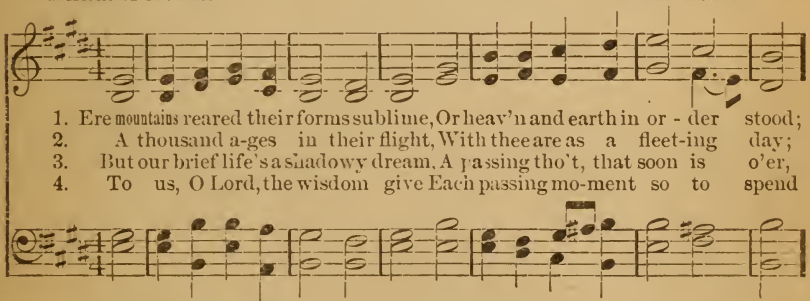


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UXBRIDGE.

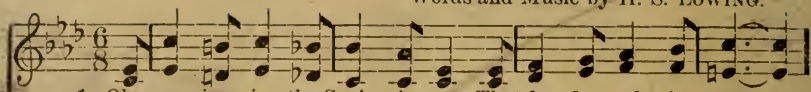
HARRIET AUPEE.

LOWELL MASON.

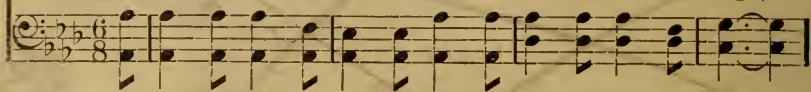


PRECIOUS GRACE.

Words and Music by H. S. LOWING.



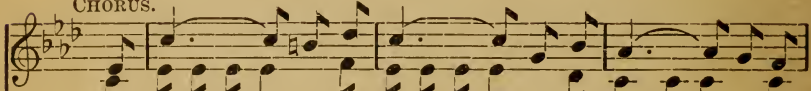
1. Oh pre-cious is the Saviour's grace, That found me when a - stray,
2. He guides me ev - 'ry day I live, Though I for-get to know
3. The clouds may hide His smiling face From my shortsight and view;
4. Oh precious grace, oh wondrous love, De-scend-ing from on high;



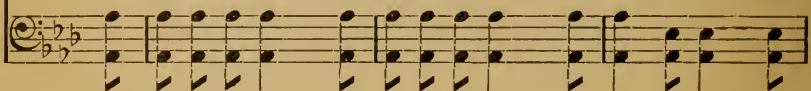
And drew me back in - to the path, The straight and narrow way.
 That o'er my path His watchful eye, Di - rects me as I go.
 But yet I feel His wondrous love Re - turn-ing ev - er new.
 Di - rect me by Thy will and pow'r To bliss be-yond the sky.



Oh won - - der-ful, won - - der-ful, won - der-ful
 CHORUS.



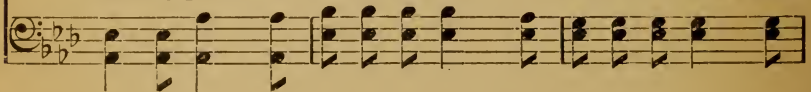
Oh wonderful grace, oh wonderful grace That leads me to the



grace..... That leads..... me, that leads..... me to



heav'nly place. Oh won-der-ful grace, oh won-der-ful grace, That



yon..... heav'nly place..... Oh won - - der-ful,
 leads me to the heav'nly place. Oh won-der-ful love, oh

won - - der-ful, won - der-ful love,..... That
 won-der-ful love, That leads me to the home a - bove, Oh

leads..... me to heav - en, my sweet..... home a - bove.....
 wonderful love, oh wonderful love, That leads me to the home above.

ONE THERE IS ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

JOHN NEWTON.

BEETHOVEN.

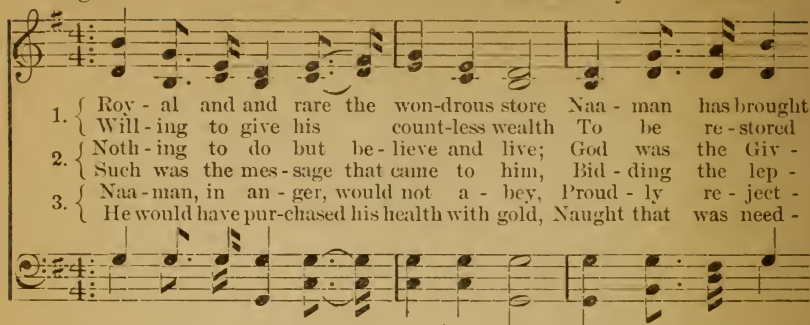
1. One there is a - bove all oth - ers, Well de-serves the name of Friend;
2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed His blood?
3. When He lived on earth a - bas - ed, Friend of sin - ners was His name;
4. Oh, for grace our hearts to soft - en! Teach us Lord, at length to love;

His is love be-yond a brother's Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.
 But our Je-sus died to have us Rec - on-ciled in Him to God.
 Now, a - bove all glo - ry rais - ed, He re - joi - ces in the same.
 We, a - las! for-get too oft - en What a Friend we have a - bove.

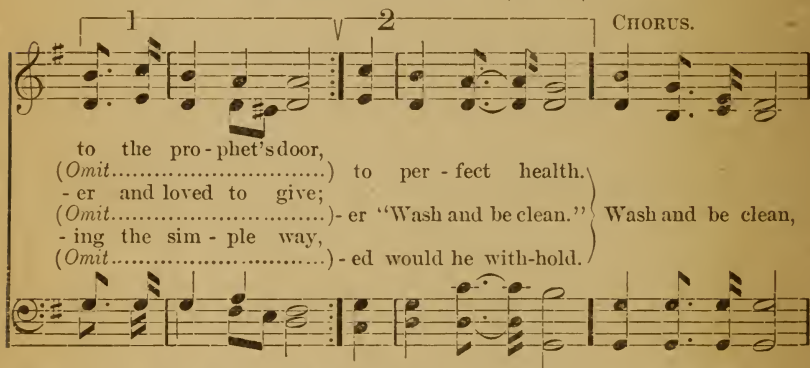
WASH AND BE CLEAN.

English.

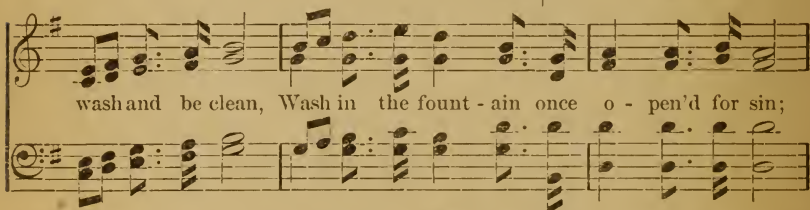
Chorus and Music by W. E. PENN.



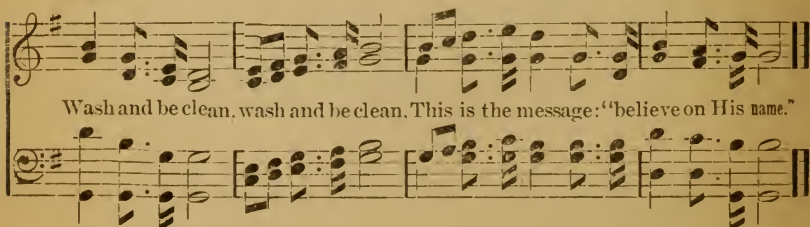
1. { Roy - al and and rare the won-drous store Naa - man has brought
 Will - ing to give his count-less wealth To be re - stored
 2. { Noth - ing to do but be - lieve and live; God was the Giv -
 Such was the mes - sage that came to him, Bid - ding the lep -
 3. { Naa - man, in an - ger, would not a - bey, Proud - ly re - ject -
 He would have pur - chased his health with gold, Naught that was need -



1 2 CHORUS.
 to the pro - phet's door,
 (Omit.....) to per - fect health.
 - er and loved to give;
 (Omit.....) - er "Wash and be clean." } Wash and be clean,
 - ing the sim - ple way,
 (Omit.....) - ed would he with-hold.



wash and be clean, Wash in the fount - ain once o - pen'd for sin;



Wash and be clean, wash and be clean. This is the message: "believe on His name."

4.
 Humbled at last was the ruler's pride,
 Slowly he journeyed to Jordan's tide,
 Health, joy and peace from his gracious
 Lord,
 Came thro' believing the prophet's word.

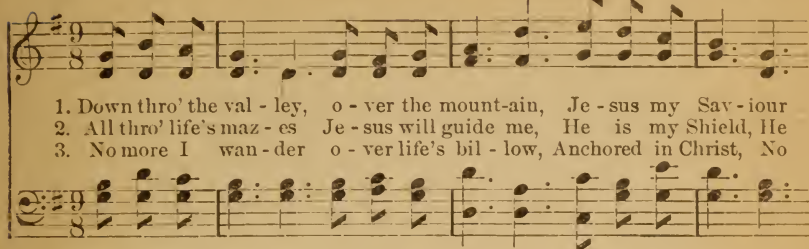
5.
 Sinner, would'st thou be cleansed from sin?
 Heed the command: "Go, wash and be
 clean."
 Wash in the blood of the Lamb to-day,
 God hath decreed—there's no other way.

BLESSED SALVATION.

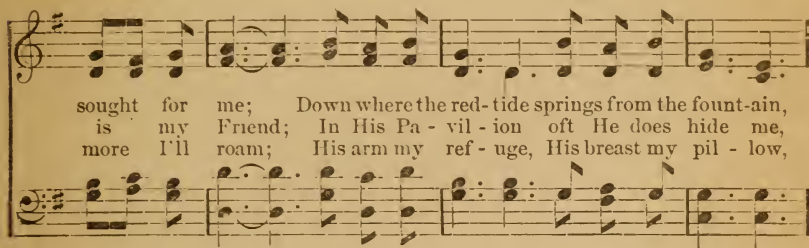
111

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

Music and Chorus by
REV. W. J. STUART, A.M.

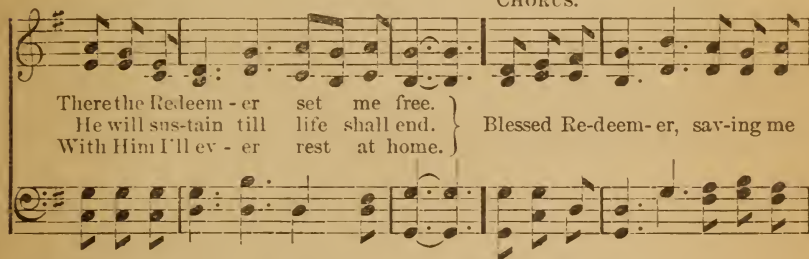


1. Down thro' the val - ley, o - ver the mount-ain, Je - sus my Sav - iour
2. All thro' life's maz - es Je - sus will guide me, He is my Shield, He
3. No more I wan - der o - ver life's bil - low, Anchored in Christ, No

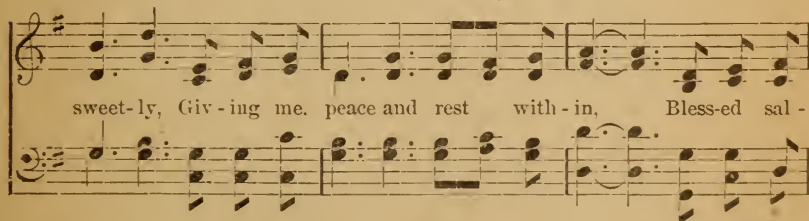


sought for me; Down where the red - tide springs from the fount-ain,
is my Friend; In His Pa - vil - ion oft He does hide me,
more I'll roam; His arm my ref - uge, His breast my pil - low,

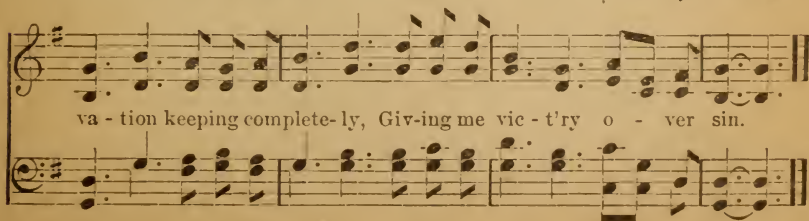
CHORUS.



There the Redeem - er set me free. }
He will sus - tain till life shall end. } Blessed Re - deem - er, sav - ing me
With Him I'll ev - er rest at home. }



sweet - ly, Giv - ing me, peace and rest with - in, Bless - ed sal -

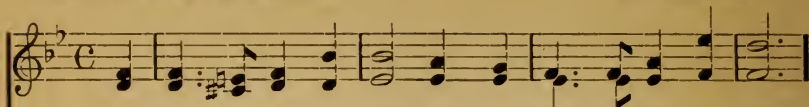


va - tion keeping complete - ly, Giv - ing me vic - t'ry o - ver sin.

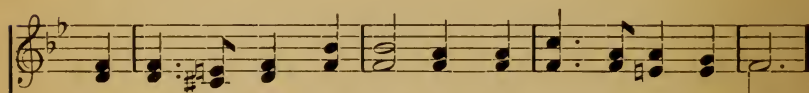
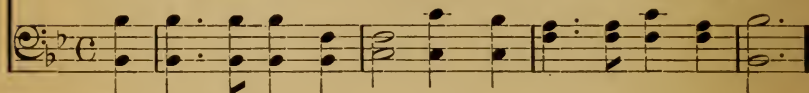
THE SAVIOUR NOW IS CALLING.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

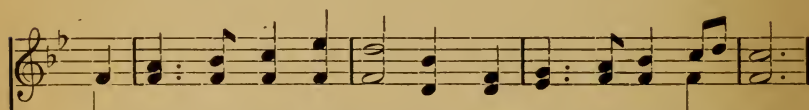
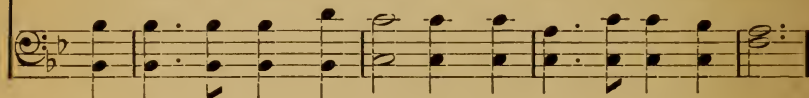
ADAM GEIBEL.



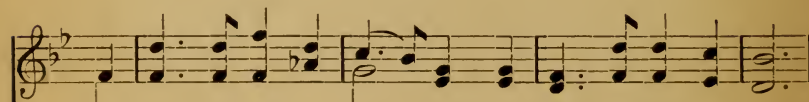
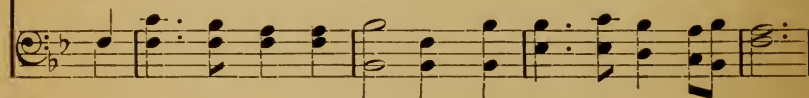
1. The Sav - iour now is call - ing, O don't you hear His voice?
2. To show His love for sin - ner's, He bare their shame and died;
3. Drawn is the sword of jus - tice, To cut you to the ground,



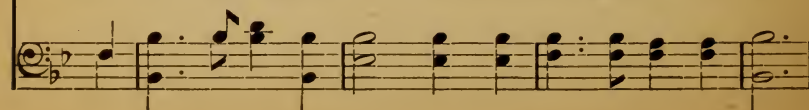
He on - ly wants a wel - come, To make your heart re - joice;
 Up - on the cross dis - tend - ed, Our Lord was cru - ci - fied;
 In Christ a - lone is par - don, No oth - er help is found;



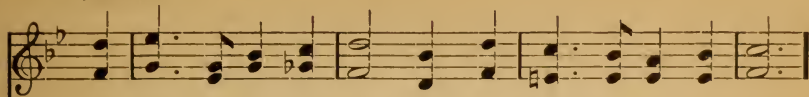
Long He has stood there knock - ing, Knock - ing with bleed - ing hand;
 He died your soul to ran - som, He died to par - don sin;
 Mer - cy for you is plead - ing, Her eyes with tears are dim;



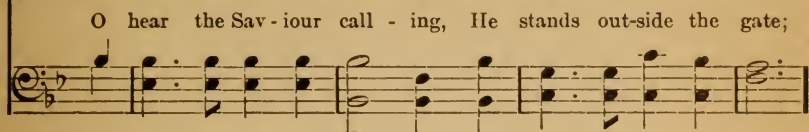
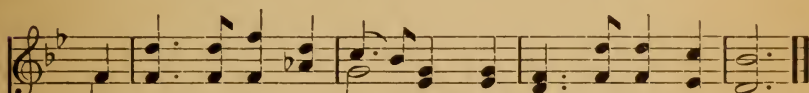
How long will you re - ject Him? How long such love with - stand.
 O haste, throw wide the por - tals, And let the Sav - iour in.
 Now, bid the Sav - iour en - ter, And give your life to Him.



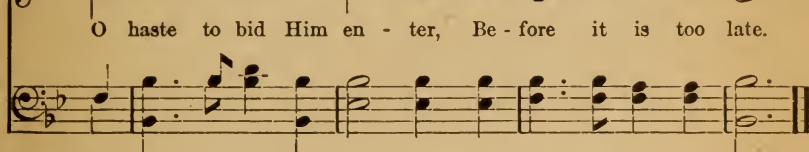
CHORUS.



O hear the Sav-iour call - ing, He stands out-side the gate;

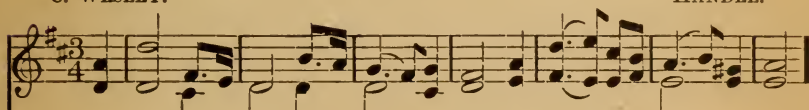
O haste to bid Him en - ter, Be - fore it is too late.



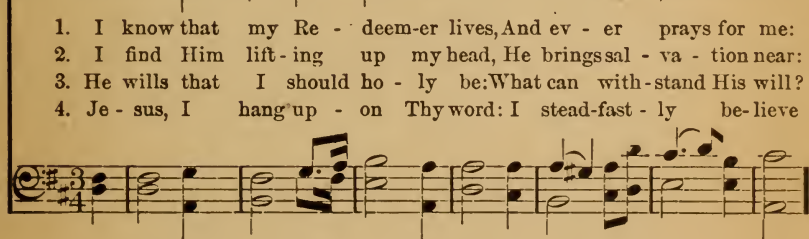
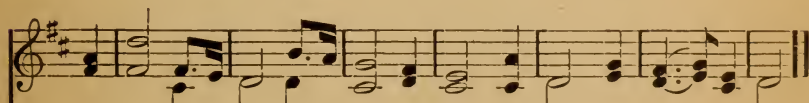
BRADFORD.

C. WESLEY.

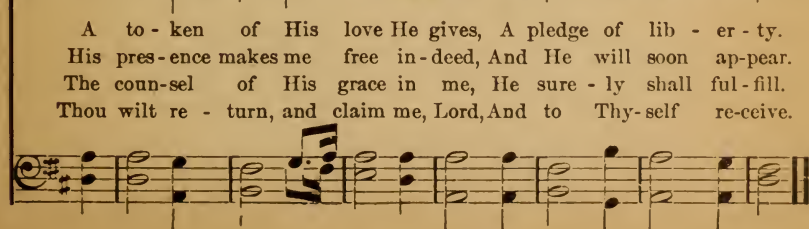
HANDEL.



1. I know that my Re - deem-er lives, And ev - er prays for me:
2. I find Him lift-ing up my head, He bringssal - va - tion near:
3. He wills that I should ho - ly be: What can with-stand His will?
4. Je - sus, I hang up - on Thy word: I stead-fast - ly be-lieve

A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
 His pres-ence makes me free in-deed, And He will soon ap-pear.
 The coun-sel of His grace in me, He sure - ly shall ful-fill.
 Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy-self re-ceive.



FATHER, LEAD ME DAY BY DAY.

GEORGE EDWARD SMITH.

Grazioso.

1. Fa - ther, lead me day by day, Ev - er in Thine our sweet way;
 2. When I'm tempted to do wrong, Make me stead-fast, make me strong;
 3. When my work seems hard and dry, May I press on cheer - i - ly;

Teach me to be pure and true, Show me what I ought to do.
 And when all a - lone I stand, Shield me with Thy might - y hand.
 Help me pa - tient - ly to bear, Pain and hard-ship, toil and care.

When in dan - ger make me brave; Make me know that Thou canst save:
 When my heart is full of glee, Help me to re - mem - ber Thee,—
 May I do the good I know, Be Thy lov - ing child be - low,

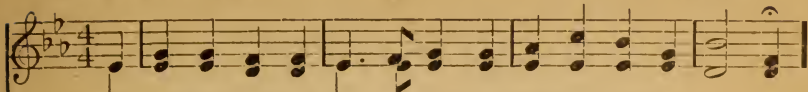
Keep me safe by Thy dear side; Let me in Thy love a-bide.
 Hap - py most of all to know, That my Fa - ther loves me so.
 Then at last go home to Thee, Ev - er more Thine own to be.

HER SAILS ARE SPREAD FOR GLORY.

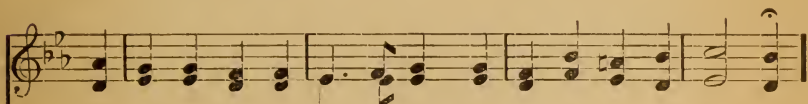
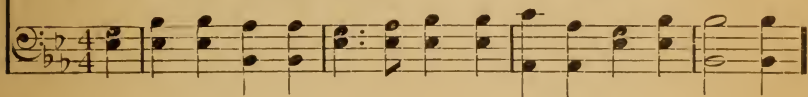
115

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

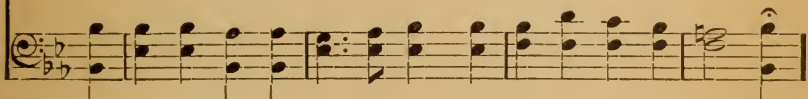
REV. S. M. VANSANT.



1. My soul keeps sing-ing all day long, One sweet, one bless-ed sto - ry;
2. Our par-ents on this same ship sail'd, We've heard them tell the sto - ry;
3. This ship has car-ried mil-lionso'er, Her sails with age are hoar - y;
4. I'll meet you on the oth - er side, Where we'll talk o'er the sto - ry;



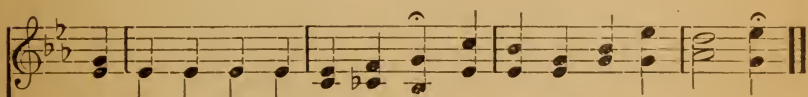
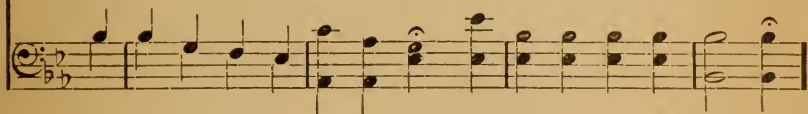
I'm on a ship which ne'er goes wrong, Whose sails are spread for glo - ry.
And how the Cap-tain nev - er fail'd, To bring all safe to glo - ry.
But there is room for million's more, O come and sail for glo - ry.
Of how we cross'd life's o - cean wide, And land - ed all in glo - ry.



CHORUS.



It's hal - le - lu - jah all the way, O sing and shout the sto - ry;



I'm on the good old ship to - day, Her sails are spread for glo - ry.

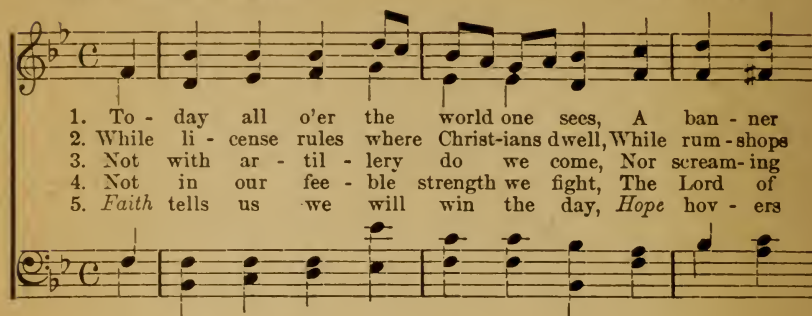


FOR GOD, FOR HOME, AND EVERY LAND.

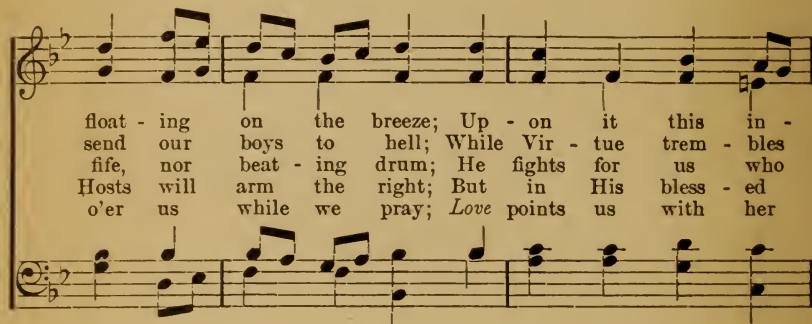
Dedicated to the W. C. T. U. of America.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

ADAM GEIBEL.



1. To - day all o'er the world one sees, A ban - ner
 2. While li - cense rules where Christ - ians dwell, While rum - shops
 3. Not with ar - til - lery do we come, Nor scream - ing
 4. Not in our fee - ble strength we fight, The Lord of
 5. *Faith* tells us we will win the day, *Hope* hov - ers

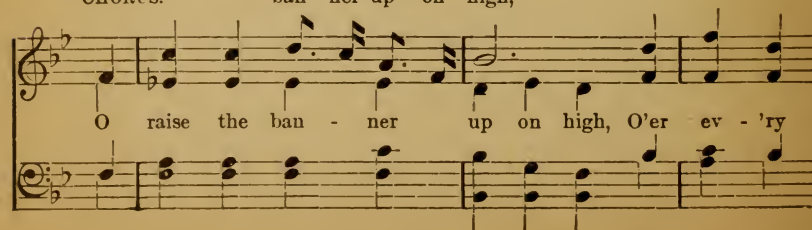


float - ing on the breeze; Up - on it this in -
 send our boys to hell; While Vir - tue trem - bles
 fife, nor beat - ing drum; He fights for us who
 Hosts will arm the right; But in His bless - ed
 o'er us while we pray; *Love* points us with her



crip - tion grand, "For God, and home, and ev - 'ry land."
 we will band, "For God, and home, and ev - 'ry land."
 has com - mand, "For God, and home, and ev - 'ry land."
 name we stand, "For God, and home, and ev - 'ry land."
 gold - en wand, To "God, and home, and ev - 'ry land."

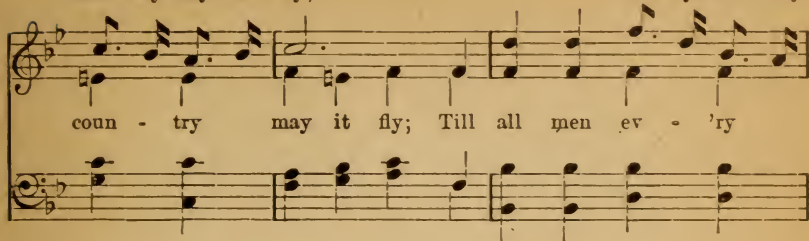
CHORUS. ban - ner up on high,



O raise the ban - ner up on high, O'er ev - 'ry

coun - try may it fly;

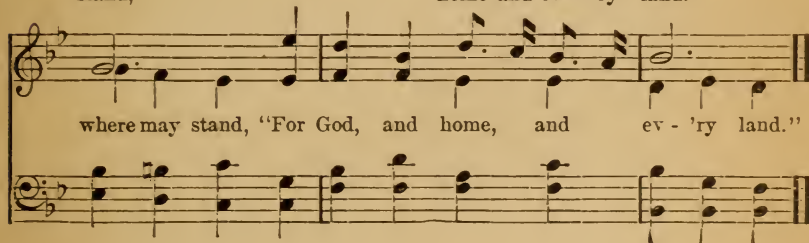
ev - 'ry where may



coun - try may it fly; Till all men ev - 'ry

stand,

home and ev - 'ry land.

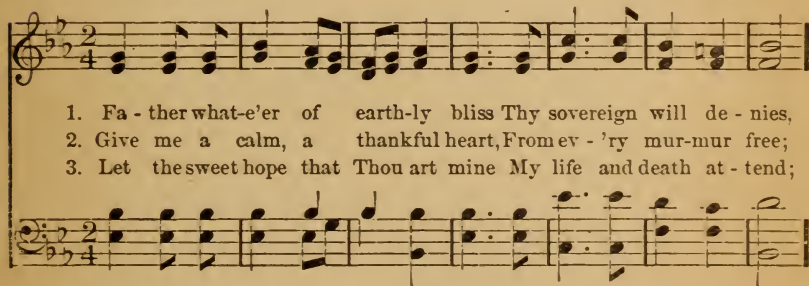


where may stand, "For God, and home, and ev - 'ry land."

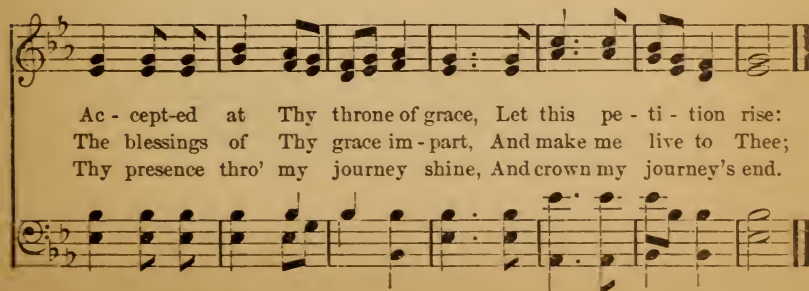
NAOMI.

ANNIE STEELE.

H. G. NAGELI.



1. Fa - ther what-e'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de - nies,
2. Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From ev - 'ry mur-mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death at - tend;

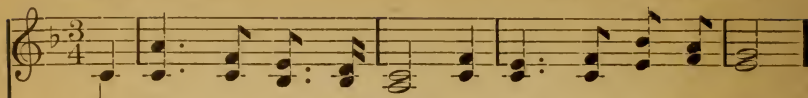


Ac - cept-ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:
 The blessings of Thy grace im - part, And make me live to Thee;
 Thy presence thro' my journey shine, And crown my journey's end.

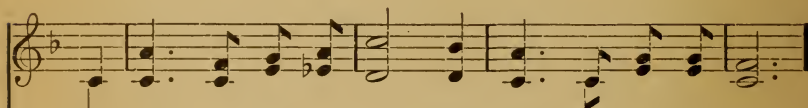
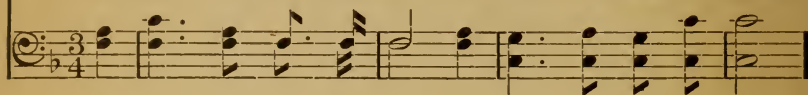
THE LORD MY SHEPHERD IS.

EMMA A. TIFFANY.

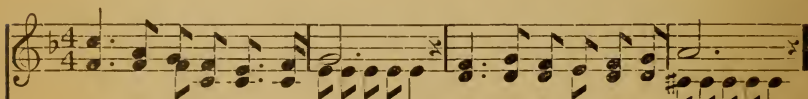
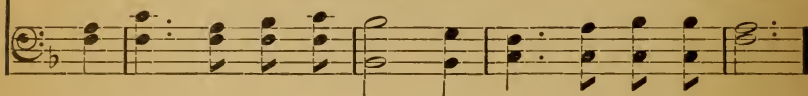
REV. S. M. VANSANT.



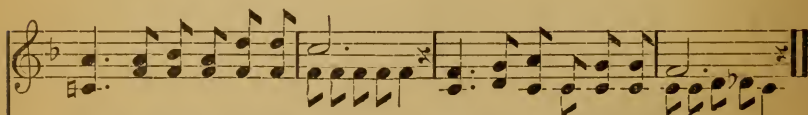
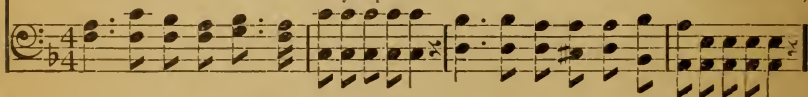
1. The Lord my Shep - herd is; He doth with me a - bide;
2. The winds may sweep the vale, And loud the temp - est rage;
3. Once I by sin op - press'd, Roam'd o'er the des - ert wild;
4. The Lord my Shep - herd is; Oh, bless - ed, peace - ful thought;



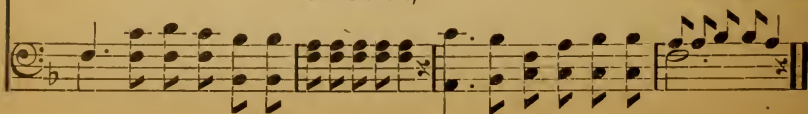
No fears a - larm me now, Safe shel - ter'd by His side.
 But He the winds can calm, The tem - pest's might as - suage.
 He crush'd the hands of sin, And owned me for His child.
 'Tis won - der - ful and strange, The change by mer - cy wrought.

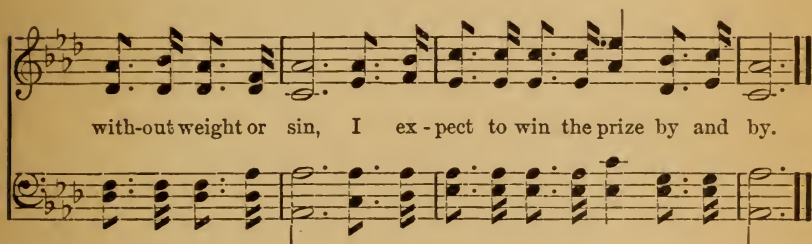
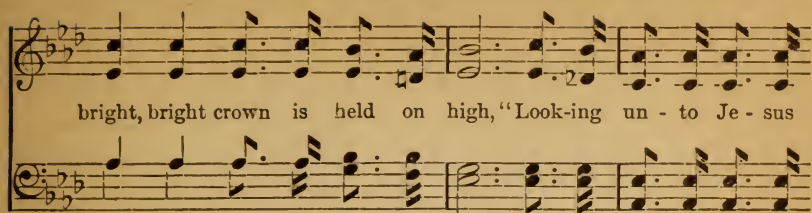


Christ, the Lord my Shepherd is; He is mine, and I am His;
 my Shepherd is; and I am His;



Oh, His grace suf - ficient is, Since He's mine and I am His.
 sufficient is, and I am His.

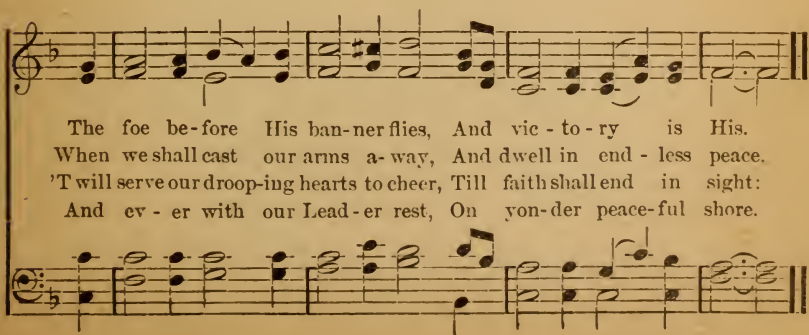
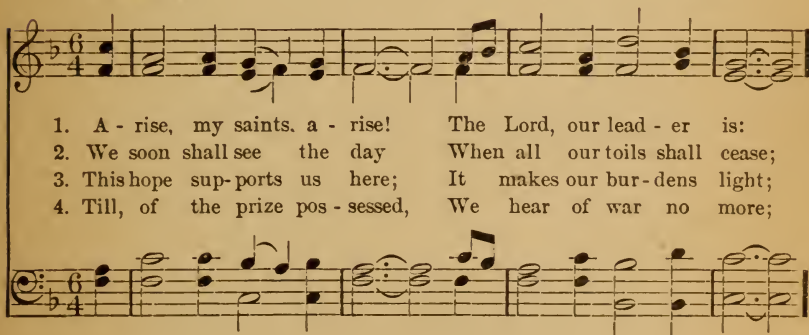




VIGIL.

THOS. KELLEY.

PEISELLO.



JESUS SAVES ME!

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. LAWRENCE ELBERSON.

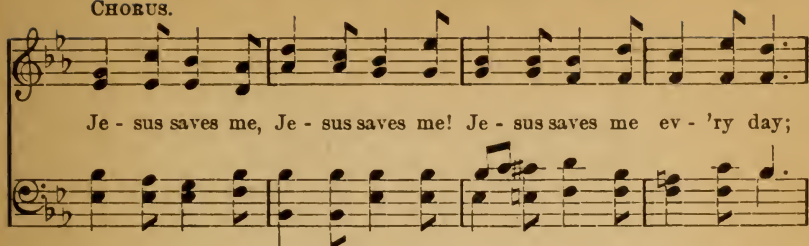
1. Once I heard my Sav-iour call-ing, Come, and I will give you rest;
 2. Now no more my heart I'll hard-en, Nev-er more it's door will close;
 3. Just a-head I see the land-ing, Where the boat of death doth wait;

At His feet I soon was fall-ing, Soon my faint-ing soul was blessed;
 For it is my Sav-iour's gar-den, Where the rose of Shar-on grows;
 Ver-y soon I will be stand-ing, Just be-fore His i-cy gate;

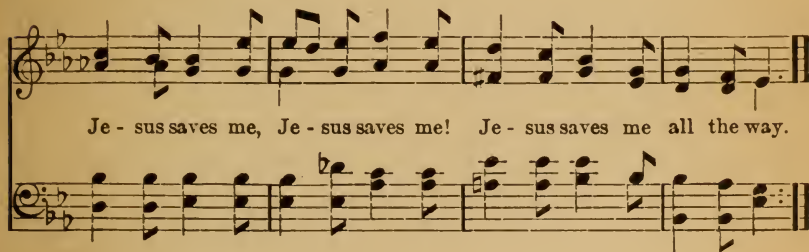
O, I'm glad that Je-sus found me, Brought me to the liv-ing spring;
 With His pres-ence there to cheer me, Harps of an-gels seem to sing;
 But my Sav-iour once did meet him, And from him re-moved his sting;

Since He threw His arms a-round me, Ev-'ry day I now can sing.
 Heav-en seems so ver-y near me, That I lift my voice and sing.
 So no more I'll fear to greet him, But in face of death I'll sing.

CHORUS.



Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me! Je - sus saves me ev - 'ry day;

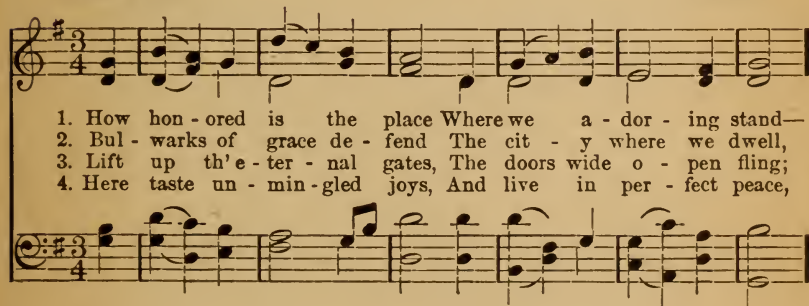


Je - sus saves me, Je - sus saves me! Je - sus saves me all the way.

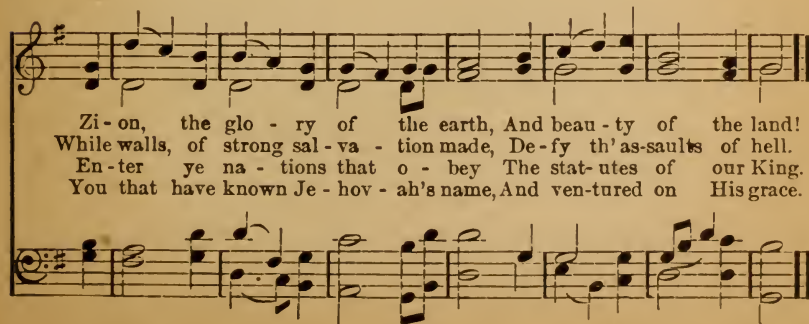
THATCHER.

ISAAC WATTS.

HANDEL.



1. How hon - ored is the place Where we a - dor - ing stand -
 2. Bul - warks of grace de - fend The cit - y where we dwell,
 3. Lift up th'e - ter - nal gates, The doors wide o - pen fling;
 4. Here taste un - min - gled joys, And live in per - fect peace,

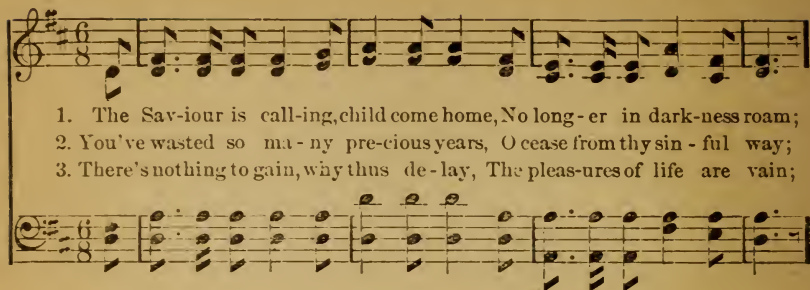


Zi - on, the glo - ry of the earth, And beau - ty of the land!
 While walls, of strong sal - va - tion made, De - fy th'as - saults of hell.
 En - ter ye na - tions that o - bey The stat - ues of our King.
 You that have known Je - hov - ah's name, And ven - tured on His grace.

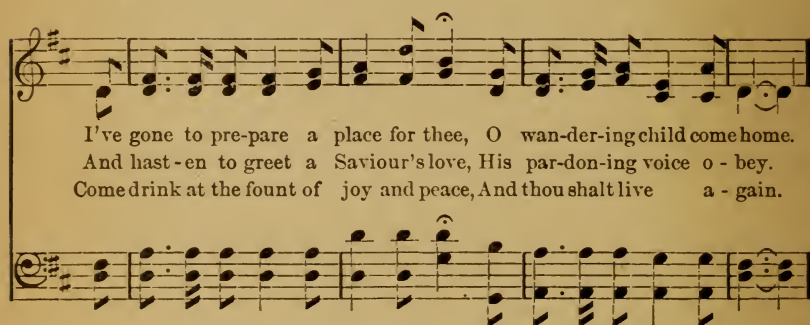
COME HOME, MY CHILD.

W. S.

WM. STONE.

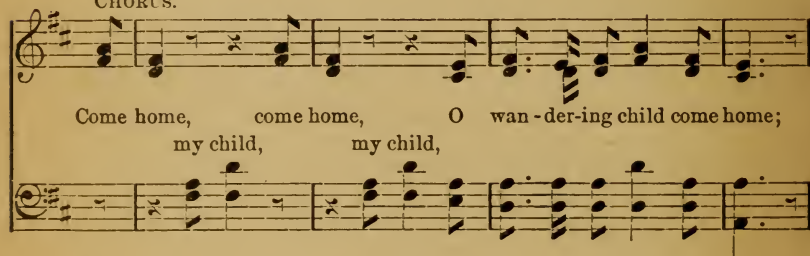


1. The Sav-iour is call-ing, child come home, No long-er in dark-ness roam;
 2. You've wasted so ma-ny pre-cious years, O cease from thy sin-ful way;
 3. There's nothing to gain, why thus de-lay, The pleas-ures of life are vain;

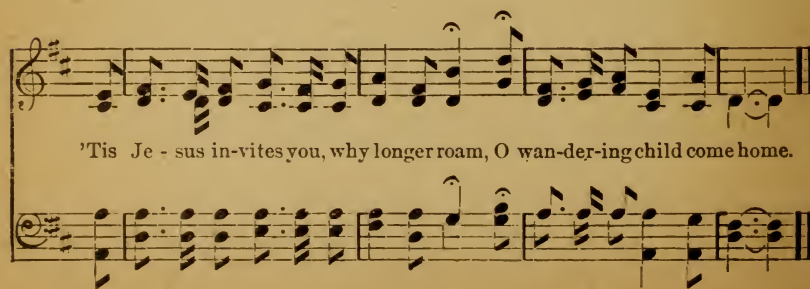


I've gone to pre-pare a place for thee, O wan-der-ing child come home.
 And hast-en to greet a Saviour's love, His par-don-ing voice o - bey.
 Come drink at the fount of joy and peace, And thou shalt live a - gain.

CHORUS.



Come home, come home, O wan-der-ing child come home;
 my child, my child,



'Tis Je - sus in-vites you, why longer roam, O wan-der-ing child come home.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.


1. When the tempt-er's coils are round thee, Loose him, and let him go;
2. Broth-er cut the cords that bind thee, Loose him, and let him go;
3. Do not be by sa-tan driv-en, Loose him, and let him go;
4. Let him whis-per to you nev-er, Loose him, and let him go;

The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is written on a single staff with a treble clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The notation includes eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and a repeat sign at the end of the system.

When his pres - ence seems to bound thee, Loose him, and let him go.
 Bid the tempt - er get be - hind thee, Loose him, and let him go.
 Send a fer - vent pray'r to heav - en, Loose him, and let him go.
 Would you hap - py be for - ev - er, Loose him, and let him go.

CHORUS.

CHORUS.



CHORUS.

Loose him, and let him go, Loose him, and let him go;

The first system of the musical score is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation consists of several measures, each containing a pair of eighth notes beamed together. The notes are placed on the first, second, and third lines of the staff, corresponding to the notes G, A, and B in the key of F major. The system concludes with a double bar line.

'Tis the voice of Je - sus say - ing, Loose him, and let him go.

The first system of musical notation for 'The Rose Tree' is written on a single five-line staff. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some notes beamed together. There are several rests throughout the system. The system ends with a double bar line.

"ALL'S WELL! ALL'S WELL!"

BIRDIE BELL.

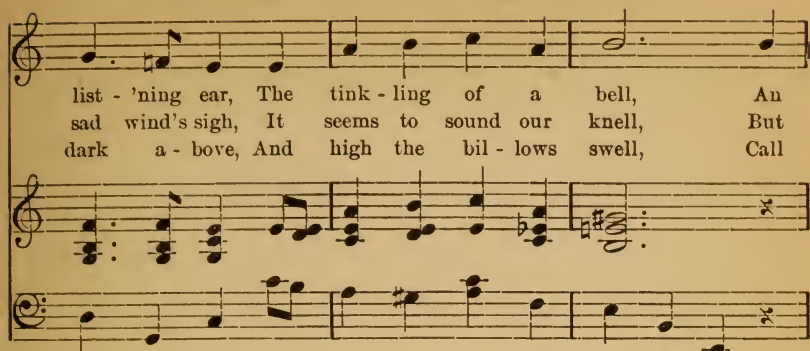
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *With expression.*

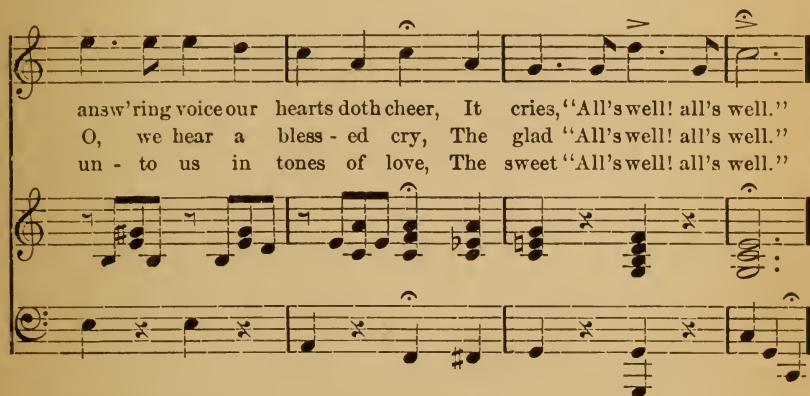
1. No star shines o'er the rest - less seas, Yet on the ship doth
 2. And so we sail up - on life's sea, Some-times the skies are
 3. O heav'n-ly Pi - lot, be our guide, Up - on time's chang - ing

ride, We hear the moan - ing of the breeze, The
 dark, No star the anx - ious eye can see, Waves
 sea, When o'er the wa - ters smooth we glide, And

surg - ing of the tide; A sound breaks on the
 toss our fra - gile bark; We shud - der at the
 hearts are glad and free; Or when the skies grow



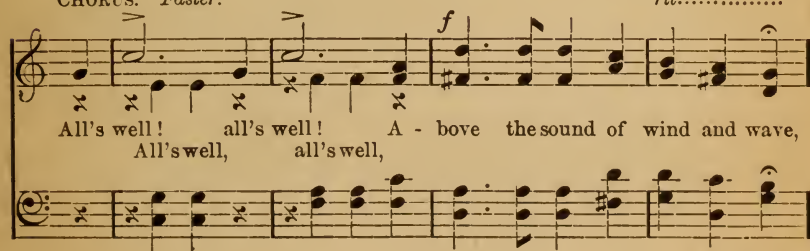
list - 'ning ear, The tink - ling of a bell, An
sad wind's sigh, It seems to sound our knell, But
dark a - bove, And high the bil - lows swell, Call



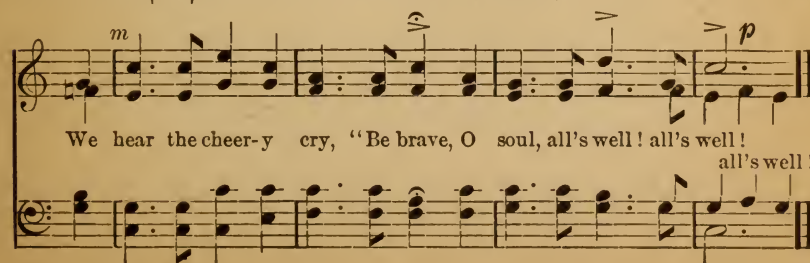
answ'ring voice our hearts doth cheer, It cries, "All's well! all's well."
O, we hear a bless - ed cry, The glad "All's well! all's well."
un - to us in tones of love, The sweet "All's well! all's well."

CHORUS. *Faster.*

rit.....



All's well! all's well! A - bove the sound of wind and wave,
All's well, all's well,

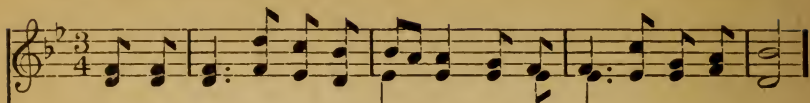


m We hear the cheer-y cry, "Be brave, O soul, all's well! all's well!"
p all's well!

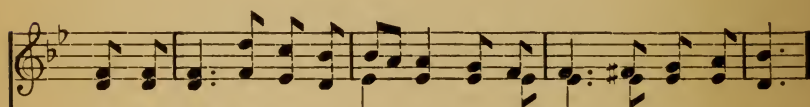
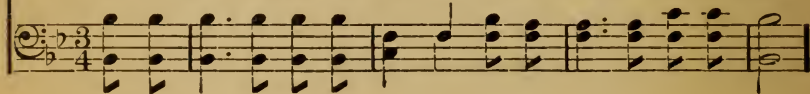
I SHALL KNOW HIM BY THE NAIL-PRINTS.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

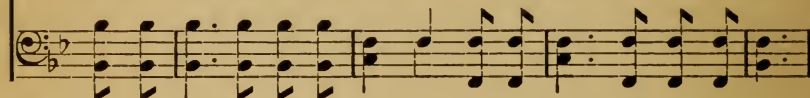
GEO. C. HUGG.



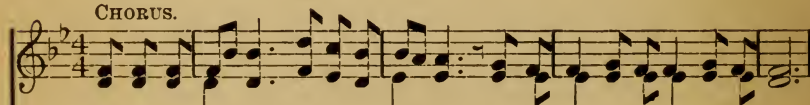
1. When I reach the gold-en cit - y, In the glo-rioussummer land;
2. I shall stand with saints and an - gels, In that com - pa - ny so grand;
3. So I'll sing the praise of Je - sus, Till I reach that gold-en strand;



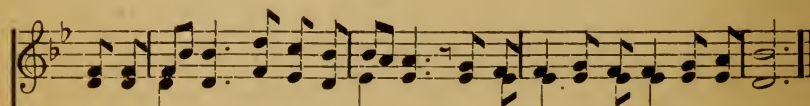
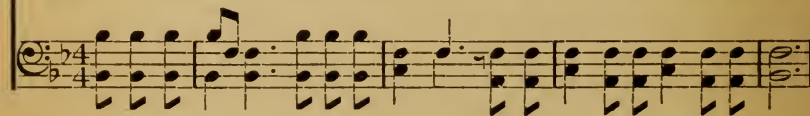
I shall know my precious Sav-iour, By the nail - prints in His hand.
 But I'll ev - er look t'ward Je - sus, With the nail - prints in His hand.
 Then I'll stand and gaze with rapt-ure, At the nail - prints in His hand.



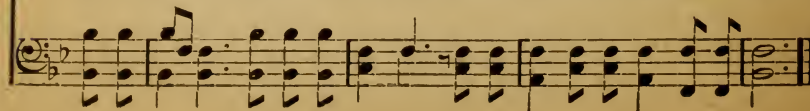
CHORUS.



With arms extended I'll long to enfold Him, When I stand in that great blood-wash'd band;



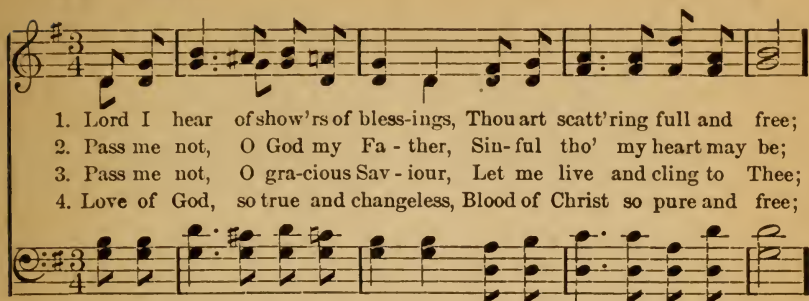
For I'll know Him when I behold Him, By the prints of the nails in His hand.



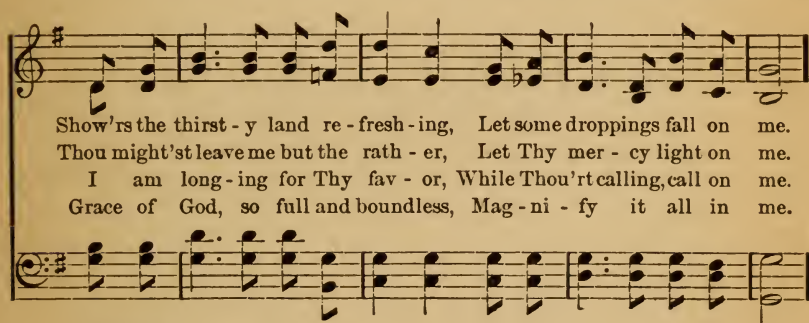
"Bless me, even me also, O my Father."—GEN. 27: 38.

MRS. E. CODNER.

J. H. HALL.

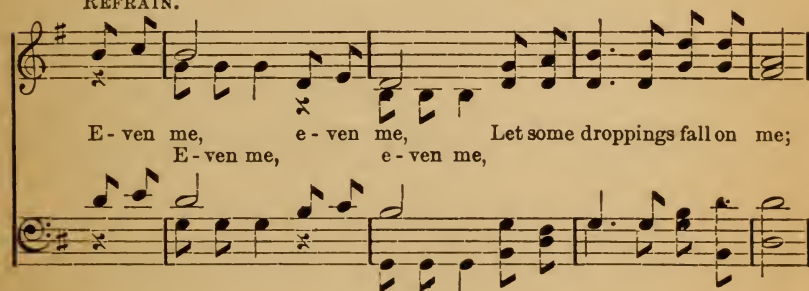


1. Lord I hear of show'rs of bless-ings, Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
 2. Pass me not, O God my Fa - ther, Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;
 3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav - iour, Let me live and cling to Thee;
 4. Love of God, so true and changeless, Blood of Christ so pure and free;

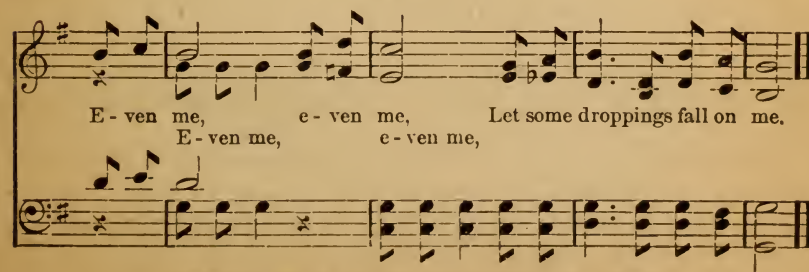


Show'rs the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing, Let some droppings fall on me.
 Thou might'st leave me but the rath-er, Let Thy mer-cy light on me.
 I am long-ing for Thy fav-or, While Thou'rt calling, call on me.
 Grace of God, so full and boundless, Mag-ni-fy it all in me.

REFRAIN.



E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some droppings fall on me;
 E-ven me, e-ven me,

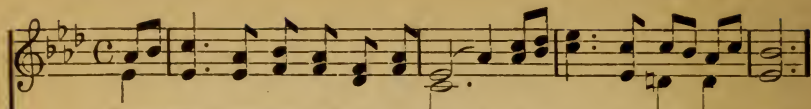


E-ven me, e-ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.
 E-ven me, e-ven me,

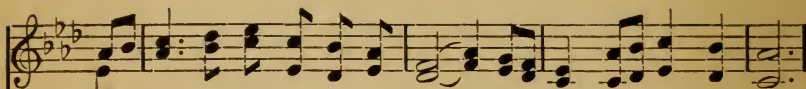
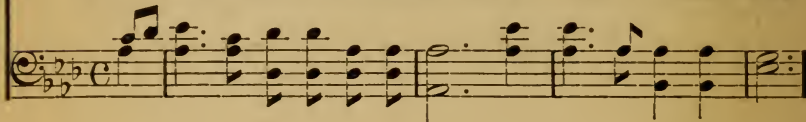
GRACIOUS NAME.

JOHN NEWTON.

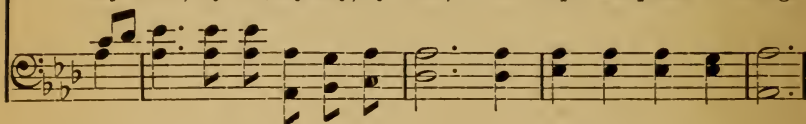
REV. W. J. STUART, A. M.



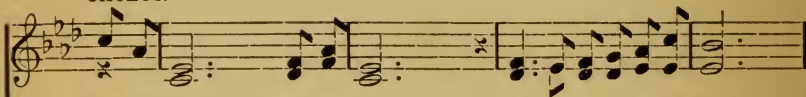
1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast;
3. Dear name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place,
4. Je - sus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King,



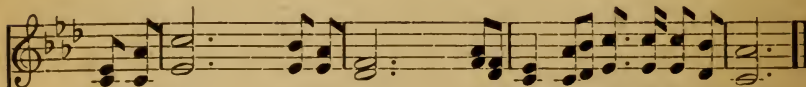
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry rest.
 My nev - er - fail - ing treasury, filled With boundless stores of grace.
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end, — Ac - cept the praise I bring.



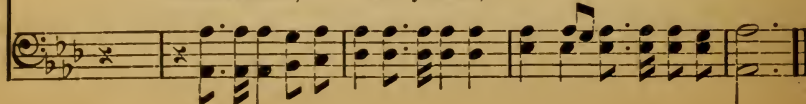
CHORUS.



Gracious name, sweetest name, Ev - er in it I will trust;
 Gracious name, sweetest name, I will trust;



Blessed name, Ho - ly name, A - dored by all the heav' - nly host.
 Blessed name, Ho - ly name,



JESUS ONLY.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—MATT. 17: 8.

REV. ELISHA H. HOFFMAN.

J. H. HALL.

DUET. SOPRANO AND TENOR.

1. "Je - sus on - ly!" this the watchword, Guiding, like a star, my way;
 2. "Je - sus on - ly!" when the sun-shine, Floods with gold the way I go;
 3. "Je - sus on - ly!" when the shadows, Dark - ly o'er my pathway fall,
 4. "Je - sus on - ly!" when I'm sinking In - to the em-brace of death;

He the friend that walks be-side me, Cheer-ing ev - 'ry pass-ing day.
 Then He is to me the dear-er For the joy He doth be-stow.
 He the light that shines in dark-ness, He my Sav-iour and my all.
 He my Sav-iour will be with me, To my last ex - pir - ing breath.

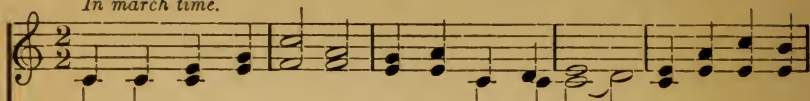
CHORUS.

"Je - sus on - ly!" "Je - sus on - ly!" He the dear-est friend and best;

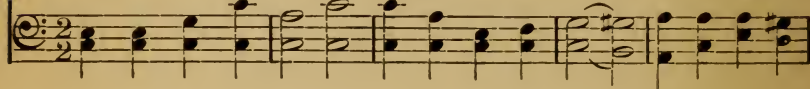
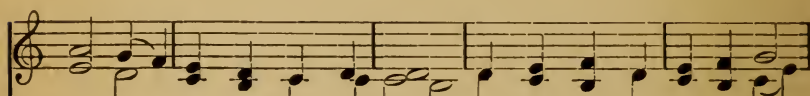
Hav - ing Him to walk be-side me, Oh, my soul is tru - ly blest.

WHITHER ART THOU GOING?

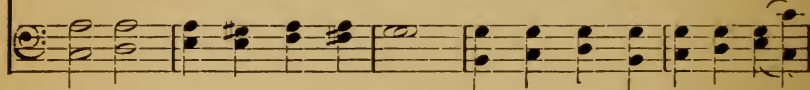

GEORGE EDWARD SMITH.

In march time.


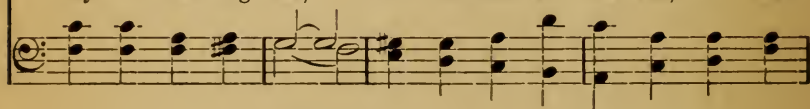
1. Whith-er are you go-ing, pil-grims of a day? Tar-ry but a
 2. You will soon be wea-ry, pil-grims of a day, Tri-als are be
 3. Pil-grims are you go-ing, where the an-gels' song, O'er the fields of
 4. May we jour-ney with you, pil-grims of a day? Will you help us

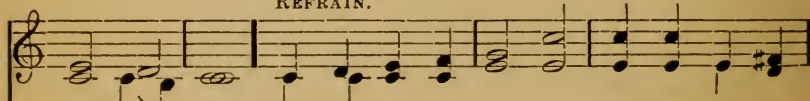
mo-ment, rest you on your way; No, we can-not lin-ger here,
 fore you, dan-gers on your way; Still by faith we'll journey on!
 glo-ry, gent-ly flows a-long? Yes, we seek the bet-ter land,
 on-ward, in the heav'n-ly way? Come, we glad-ly bid you come,

day is wan-ing fast; We must reach the ha-ven, ere the
 tho' our path be drear; If the Sav-iour leads us, what have
 love-ly, pure and fair; Where no grief can en-ter—will you
 day is wan-ing fast, We must reach the ha-ven, ere the

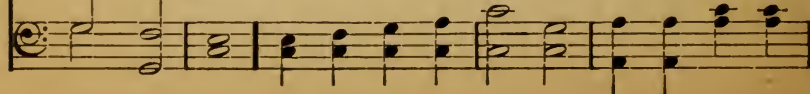


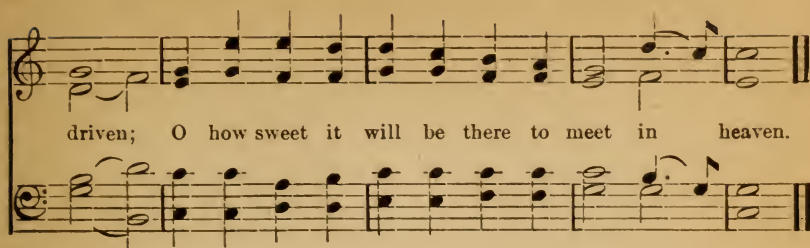
REFRAIN.



night is past.
 we to fear?
 meet us there?
 light is past.

} On-ward, ev-er on-ward, though by tem-pest



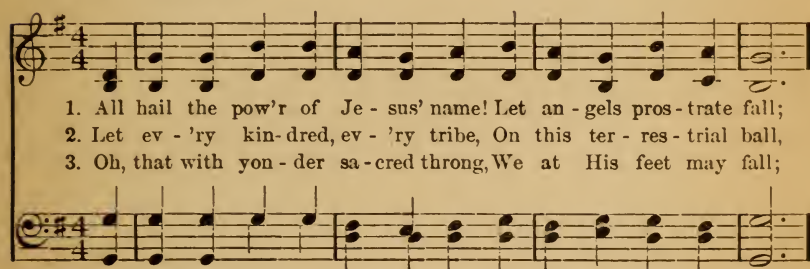


driven; O how sweet it will be there to meet in heaven.

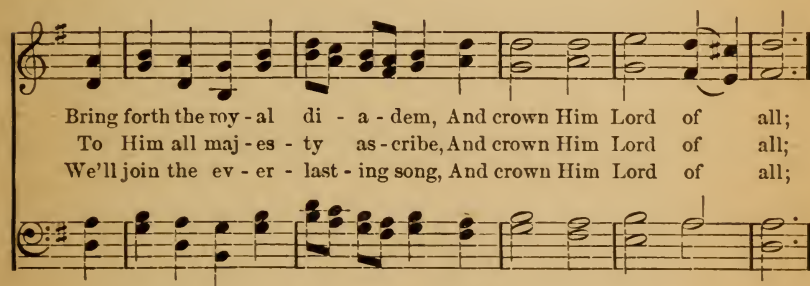
ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME.

REV. E. PEBBONET

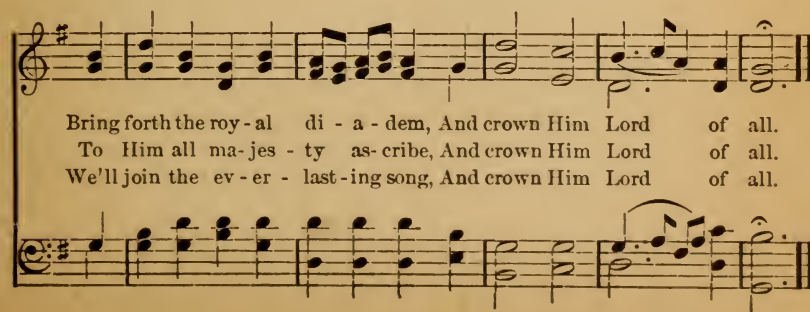
O. HOLDEN.



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at His feet may fall;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

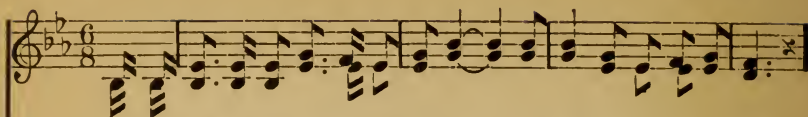


Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all ma - jes - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

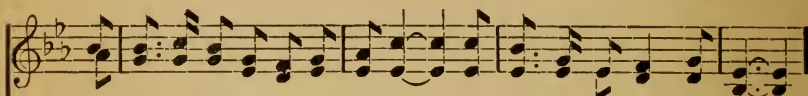
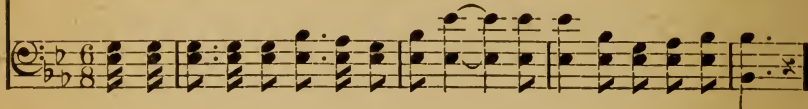
I MUST GO AND TELL JESUS.

W. S.

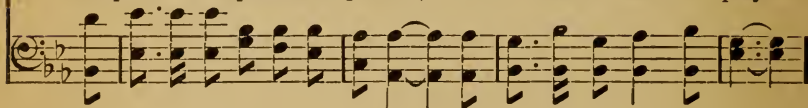
WM. STONE.



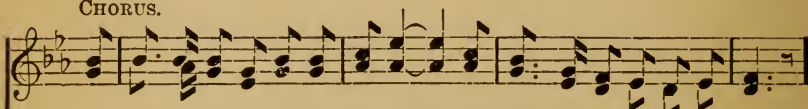
1. I must go and tell Je-sus my sor-row, My heart is fill'd with despair;
2. I must go lay up-on Him this bur-den, 'Tis more than my heart can bear;
3. I must go and tell Je-sus my weakness, With trembling I'll meet Him there;
4. I must go and tell Je-sus I'm a sinner, My sin and guilt I'll de-clare;



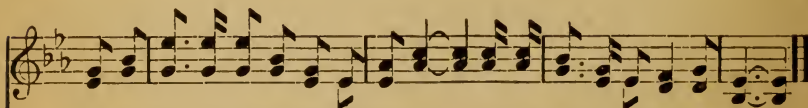
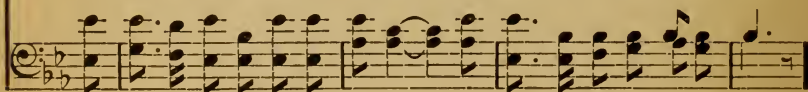
I know that He's ready to hear me, Yes, will-ing to an-swer pray'r.
 I know that He's willing to bear it, Yes, wait-ing to an-swer pray'r.
 In in-fi-nite love He will greet me, Yes, anx-ious to an-swer pray'r.
 He's promised the penitent to par-don, Yes! cer-tain to an-swer pray'r.



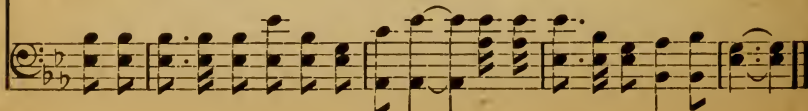
CHORUS.



I'll go, yes, I'll go and tell Je-sus, My sor-row I nev-er can bear;

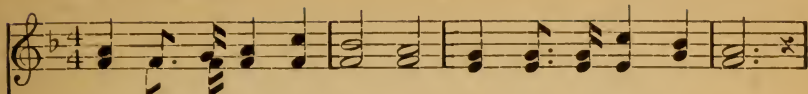


He is will-ing, yes, waiting to hear me, And I know He will answer pray'r.

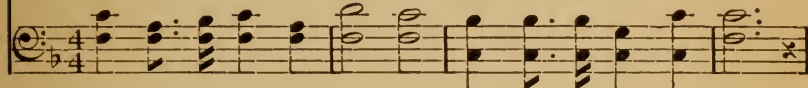
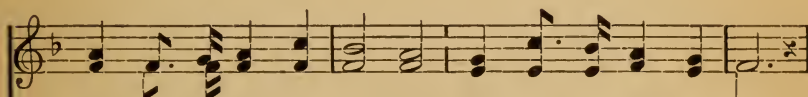


JOHN W. THOMAS.

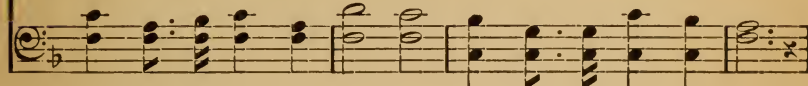
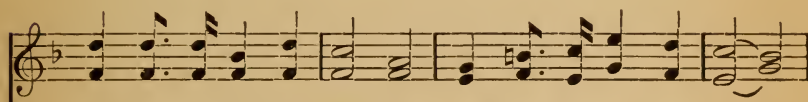
THOS. EVANS.




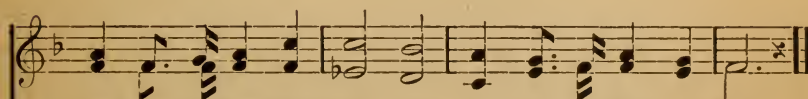
1. Je - sus, the friend of child - ren, Je - sus, the Sav - iour dear,
 2. Lead us be - side still wa - ters, Thy con - stant care be - stow,
 3. "Suf - fer the lit - tle child - ren," Thus spake He once to men,

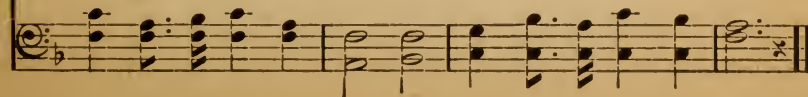
We of - fer Thee our prais - es, For Thou, we know art here.
 Show us the right and du - ty, Let us in wis - dom grow.
 And with a heart o'er flow - ing, Thus does He speak a - gain.

Send us Thy joy - ful bless - ing O, shed it full and free;
 We would be like the Christ-child, Pure as the driv - en snow;
 Sing then with voic - es blend - ing, With those of ev - 'ry land;

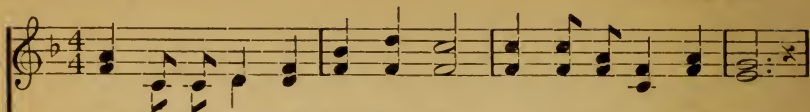
Thou, Thou a - lone canst help us, Je - sus, we ask of Thee.
 Seek - ing to spread the gos - pel, As thro' the world we go.
 Praise to our Lord and Sav - iour, Je - sus, the child - ren's friend.



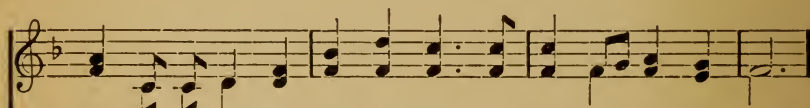
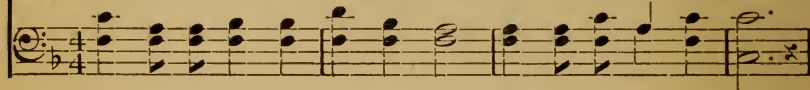
SEED TIME AND HARVEST SHALL NOT FAIL.

EMMA A. TIFFANY.

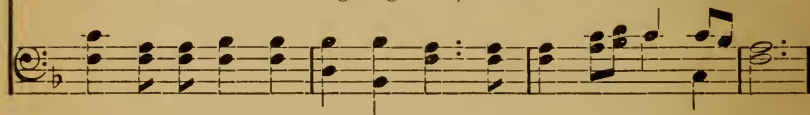
GEO. C. HUGG.



1. Seed time and har-vest shall not fail, 'Tis writ-ten in His word;
2. Tem-pests in old-en time He stayed, He still a-bides with Thee;
3. Ten-der and true, He loves His own, And guards with watchful eye;
4. Seed time and har-vest shall not fail, Blends with the a-ge's chime;



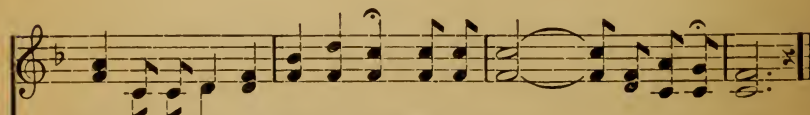
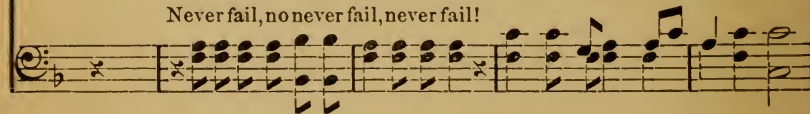
Cast to the winds thy doubts and fears, Be-lieve and trust the Lord.
 Still His all-power-ful voice can soothe, To rest the trou-bled sea.
 Faint-hearted trembling soul look up, He will not pass you by.
 Nev-er shall cease its ring-ing voice, Till riven the bands of time.



CHORUS.



Nev-er fail,..... no nev-er fail! Ech-o it loud o'er hill and vale;
 Never fail, no never fail, never fail!



Seed time and harvest shall not fail, Nev-er fail,..... no nev-er fail.
 Nev-er fail,



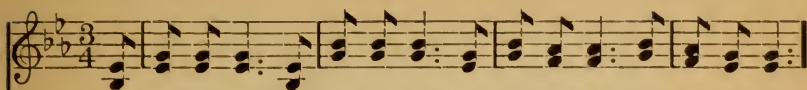
SEND THE POWER.

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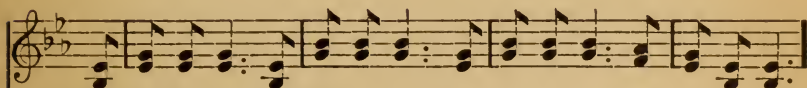
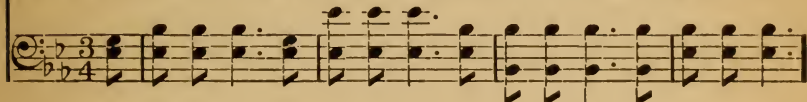
Dedicated to the Cross and Crown Movement.

Chorus by W. S.

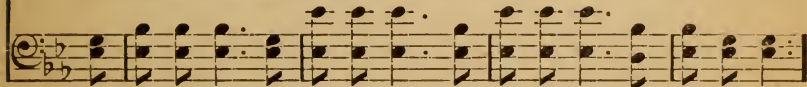
WM. STONE.



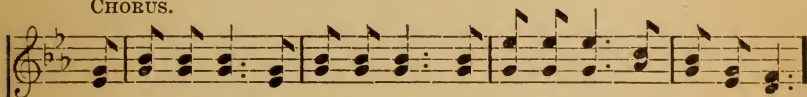
1. O for that flame of liv-ing fire, Which shone so bright in saints of old;
2. Where is that spir - it, Lord, which dwelt, In Abrah'm's breast, and seal'd him Thine;
3. Is not Thy grace as might-y now, As when E - li - jah felt its pow'r;
4. Re-mem-ber, Lord, the ancient days, Re-new Thy work; Thy grace re-store,



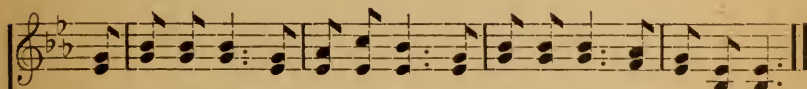
Which bade their souls to heav'n aspire, Calm, in dis-tress, in dan-ger bold.
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt, And glow with en-er - gy di-vine!
When glo-ry beamed from Mos-es' brow, Or Job endured the try-ing hour?
And while to Thee our hearts we raise, On us Thy Ho - ly spir - it pour.



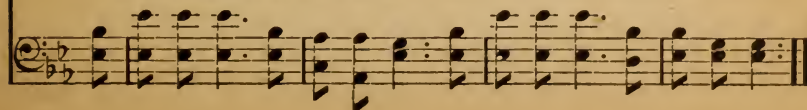
CHORUS.



Come Ho - ly Ghost, re - fin - ing fire, Come purge my heart and that en - tire;



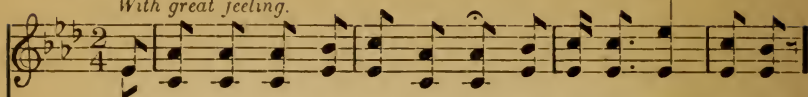
I want the pow'r of long a - go, Up - on me Lord, this pow'r be-stow.



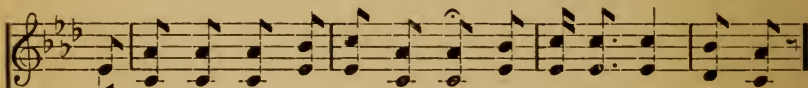
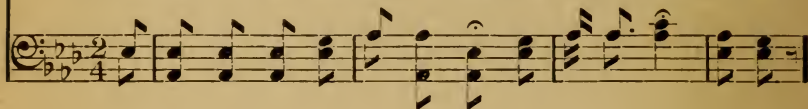
THE LOVING NAME—JESUS.

WM. R. WINTERS.

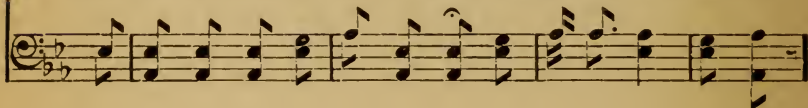
GEO. C. HUGG.

With great feeling.

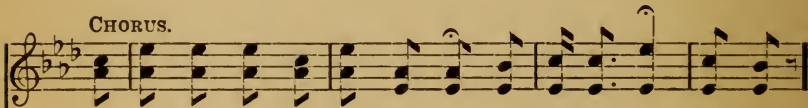
1. It fell up - on a sin - ner's ear, That sweetest name—Je - sus!
2. 'Twas whispered to a wea - ried heart, That cheering name—Je - sus!
3. It brought the wanderer back to God, That ten - der name—Je - sus!
4. 'Tis dear - er far than fame or wealth, That lov - liest name—Je - sus!



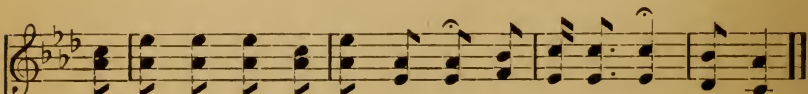
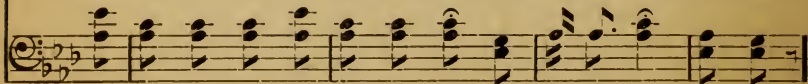
It ban - ished all His doubts and fears, That mightest name—Je - sus!
 It bade all gloom and care de - part, That bless - ed name—Je - sus!
 It guid - eth to you blest a - bode; That precious name—Je - sus!
 'Twill res - cue from e - ter - nal death, That sav - ing name—Je - sus!



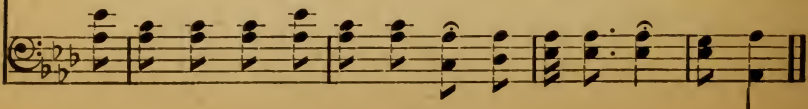
CHORUS.



Then sound it out on hill and plain, That wondrous name—Je - sus!

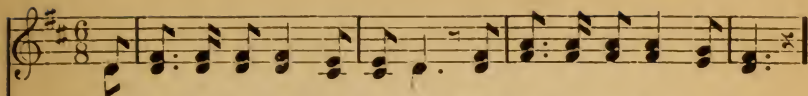


Ech - o it o'er and o'er a - gain, That glo - rious name—Je - sus!

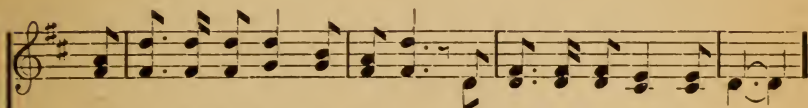
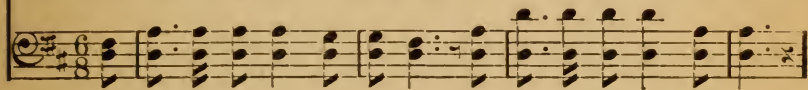


W. S.

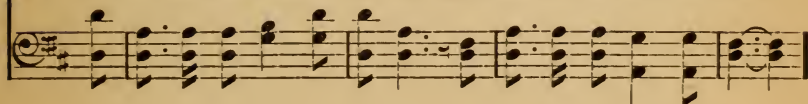
WM. STONE.



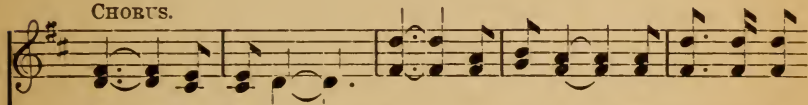
1. I'm bound for the heav'nly kingdom, My treas-ure is set on high;
2. I'm bound for the heav'nly kingdom, Where there's not a tear nor sigh;
3. I'm bound for the heav'nly kingdom, I've lov'd ones beyond the sky;
4. I'm bound for the heav'nly kingdom, O sin-ner why don't you try;



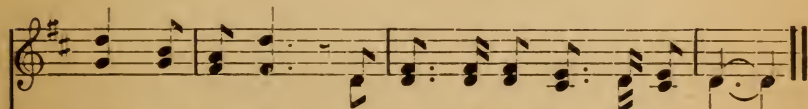
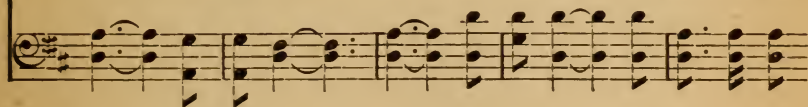
With Je - sus I'll live in glo - ry, Yes, that is the rea - son why.
 My Fa - ther in heav'n has told me, Yes, that is the rea - son why.
 Some day I shall go to meet them, Yes, that is the rea - son why.
 For a home of e - ternal glo - ry, Yes, that is the rea - son why.



CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm bound for the



heav'n - ly king - dom, And Je - sus will wel - come me there.



CLEARLY THE LIGHT IS DAWNING.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

REV. W. J. STUART, A.M.

1. Clear-ly the light is dawn-ing, Swift-ly the shad-ows flee;
 2. Prais-es to God are ring-ing, O-ver the hills and dells;
 3. Praise Him of life the giv-er, Praise Him ye earth and sky;

Breaks now a glo-rious morn-ing, Light-ing the land and sea;
 Voic-es of chris-tians sing-ing, O-ver the wood-land swells;
 Praise ye the Lord for-ev-er, Praise Him while a-ges fly;

Sin-ners from sleep are wak-ing, Turn-ing from paths of wrong;
 An-gel-ic notes are blend-ing, Join-ing the cho-rus strong;
 While breath to you is giv-en, Ev-er His praise pro-long;

Bulwarks of sin are shak-ing, While rolls the new, new song.
 While from the earth as-cend-ing, Rolls there the new, new song.
 Then with His saints in heav-en, Join in the new, new song.

CHORUS.

"Glo-ry to God be giv-en, Ru-ler of earth and sky;

Glo - ry from earth and heav - en, Glo - ry to God on high."

HOME, HOME, SWEET HOME.

1. { 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea - ture com - plaints,
How sweet to my soul is com - mun - ion with saints!
2. { An al - ien from God, and a stran - ger to grace,
I wan - dered thro' earth, its gay pleas - ures to trace;
3. { The pleas - ures of earth I have seen fade a - way;
They bloom for a sea - son, but soon they de - cay;

To find at the ban - quet of mer - cy there's room, And feel in the
In path - ways of sin I con - tin - ued to roam, Un - mind - ful, a -
But pleas - ures more last - ing in Je - sus are giv'n, Sal - va - tion on

D.S.—Pre - pare me, dear

FINE. *D.S.*

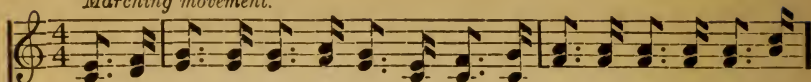
pres - ence of Je - sus at home.
las! that it led me from home. } Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
earth, and a man - sion in heav'n. }

Sav - iour, for glo - ry, my home.

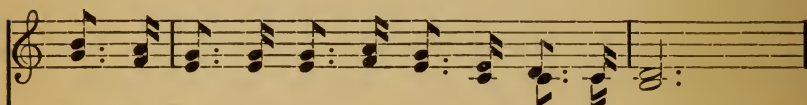
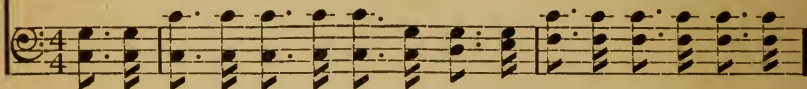
I AM MARCHING.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

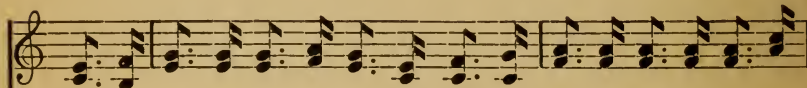
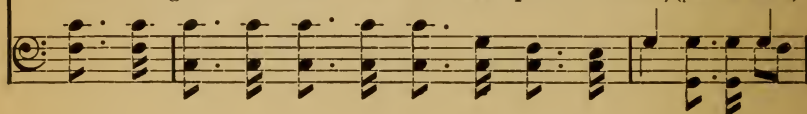
REV. W. J. STUART, A. M.

Marching movement.

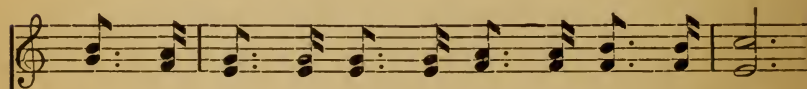
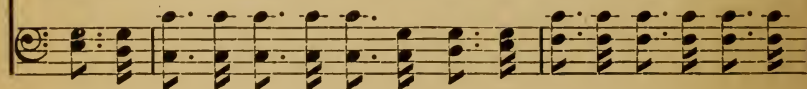
1. I have join'd the blood-wash'd army, I'm a vol - un - teer for ser - vice,
2. We're u - ni - ted in this ar - my, For we all love one an - oth - er,
3. Soon the bat - tle will be o - ver, And the con - flict will be end - ed,



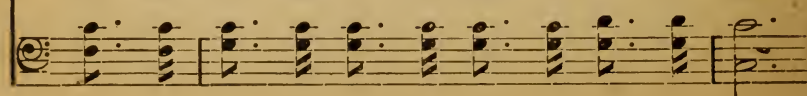
And I'm march - ing 'neath the ban - ner of the cross; (of the cross;)
 And the on - ly thing we hate on earth is sin; (hate is sin;)
 Then we'll ground our arms on Ca - naan's peace - ful shore; (peace - ful shore;)



In the path the myr - tyrs fol - lowed, I ex - pect to walk with Je - sus;
 'Tis the aim of ev - 'ry sol - dier, To lift up a fal - len bro - ther;
 Where we'll join in songs of vic - t'ry, With the saints who have as - cend - ed;



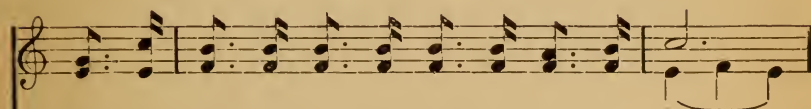
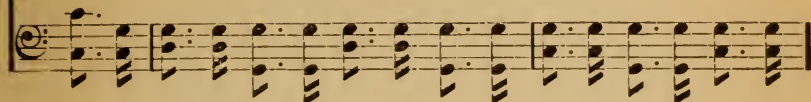
And like them, His ban - ner I'll de - fend from loss.
 And through pray'r, and faith in God, we're sure to win.
 And with Je - sus we will rest for - ev - er more.



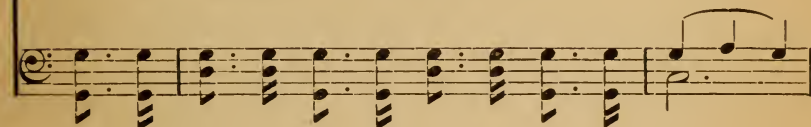
CHORUS.



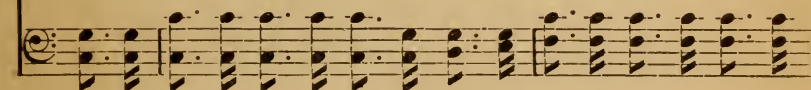
I am marching, yes, I'm marching, With the arm - y, bless - ed arm - y,



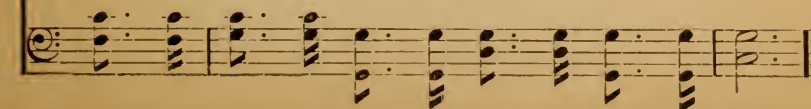
And our Cap - tain is the might - y Lord of Hosts;.....



We shall nev - er be de - feat - ed, For He nev - er lost a bat - tle,

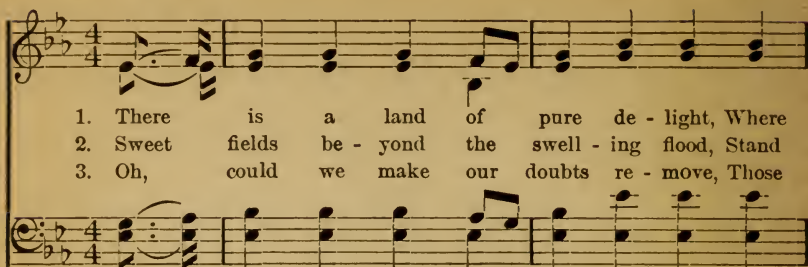


But we'll win and I'll die fight - ing at my post.

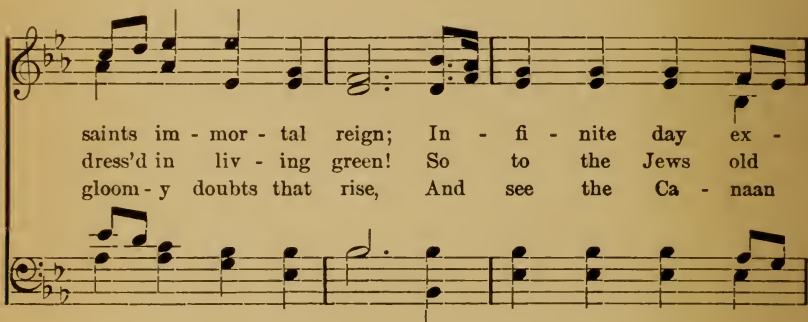


ISAAC WATTS.

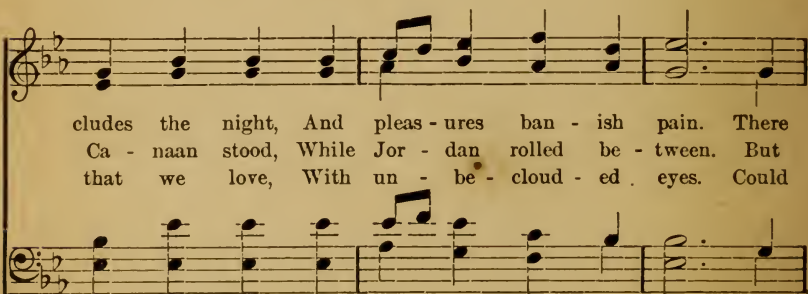
W. A. OGDEN.



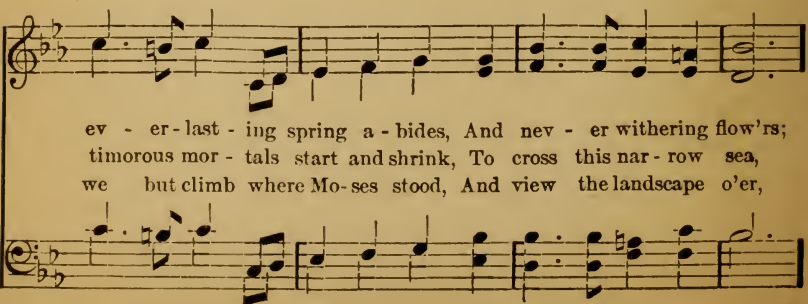
1. There is a land of pure de - light, Where
 2. Sweet fields be - yond the swell - ing flood, Stand
 3. Oh, could we make our doubts re - move, Those



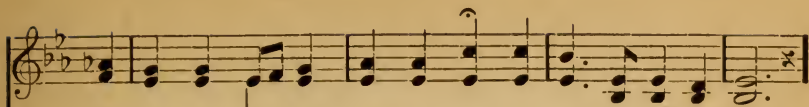
saints im - mor - tal reign; In - fi - nite day ex -
 dress'd in liv - ing green! So to the Jews old
 gloom - y doubts that rise, And see the Ca - naan



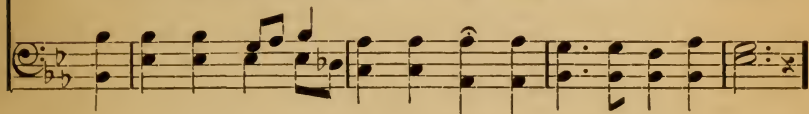
cludes the night, And pleas - ures ban - ish pain. There
 Ca - naan stood, While Jor - dan rolled be - tween. But
 that we love, With un - be - cloud - ed eyes. Could



ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er withering flow'rs;
 timorous mor - tals start and shrink, To cross this nar - row sea,
 we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the landscape o'er,



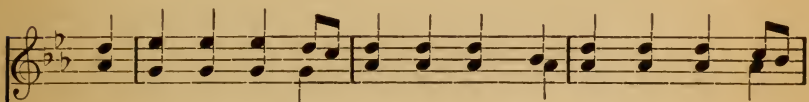
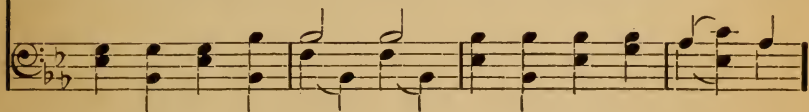
Death, like a nar - row sea di - vides, This heav'nly land from ours.
And lin - ger, shivering, on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.
Not Jor - dan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.



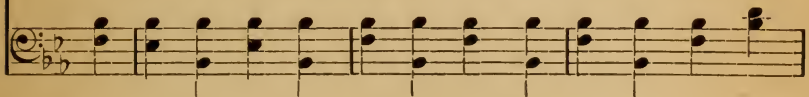
CHORUS.



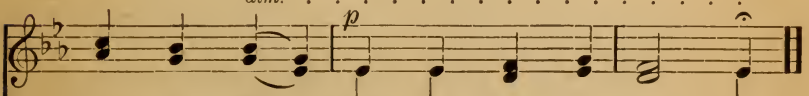
Land so bright and ver - nal, Land of spring e - ter - nal;



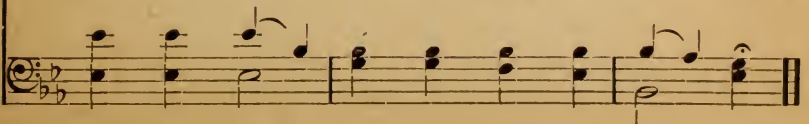
We long to gain Thy gold - en shore, Where lov'd ones meet to



dim.



part no more: Land of spring e - ter - nal.



THE GOSPEL TRAIN.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. There's a train that runs from the earth to the sky, And
 2. There is naught to pay for a ride on this train, For
 3. This train makes no noise as it runs thro' the land, For it
 4. This train has nev - er been wreck'd on the road, But

ev - 'ry one may ride if they will, It starts from that fountain that
 Christ has paid the fare for us all, The poor and the need - y, the
 travels on the road-bed of love, Its crew is composed of a
 land - ed all hersouls in the sky, It can take all the world at a

nev - er runs dry, And it stops on the heav - en - ly hill.
 blind and the lame, Can all go, if on Christ they will call.
 heav - en - ly band, And its motor pow'r is faith from a - bove.
 sin - gle load, Get on board, bid earth's tri - als good - by.

CHORUS.

O sin - ner get on board of the gos - pel train, For it

runs straight a-head, nev-er back; It starts on the schedule 'midst the
wind or the rain, And it nev-er runs off of the track.

HOPE. L. M.

J. NEWTON.

BEETHOVEN.

1. As, when the wea - ry travel - er gains The height of
2. Thus, when the Chris - tian pil - grim views By faith his
3. The thought of heav'n his spir - it cheers, No more he
4. Je - sus, on Thee our hopes we stay, To lead us

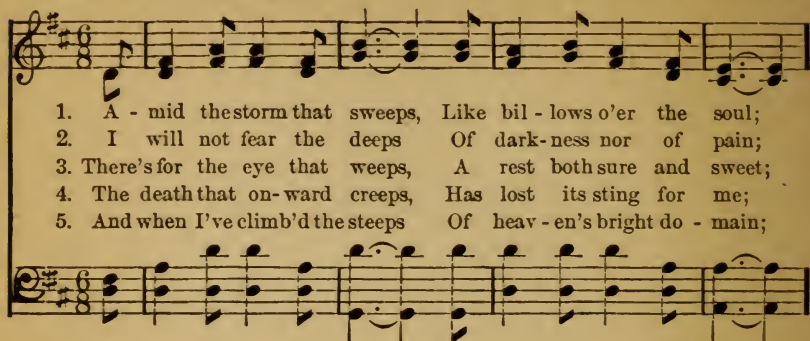
some com - mand - ing hill, His heart re - vives, if o'er the
man - sion in the skies, The sight his faint - ing strength re -
grieves for tro - bles past; Nor an - y fu - ture tri - al
on to Thine a - bode; As - sured Thy love will far o'er -

plains He sees his home, tho' dis - tant still.
news, And wings his speed to reach the prize.
fears So he may safe ar - rive at last.
pay The hard - est la - bours of the road. A - MEN.

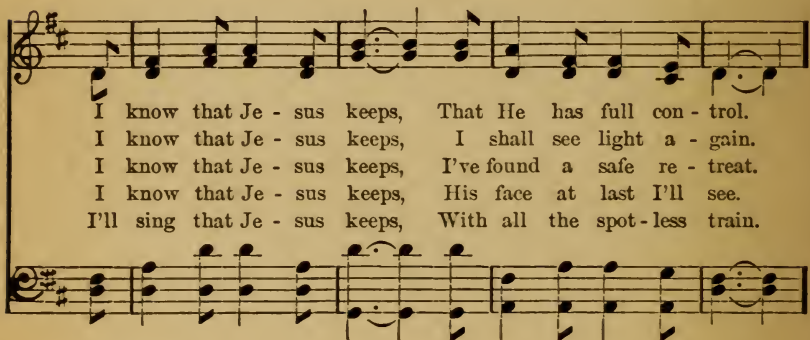
I KNOW THAT JESUS KEEPS.

REV. W. J. STUART, A. M.

GEO. C. HUGG.

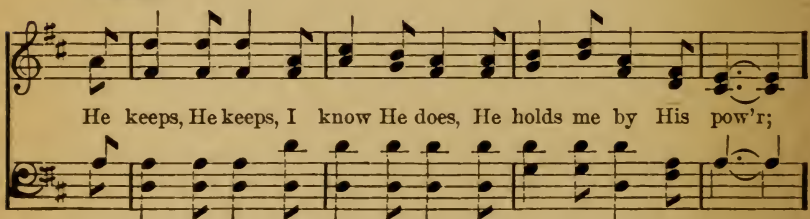


1. A - mid the storm that sweeps, Like bil - lows o'er the soul;
 2. I will not fear the deeps Of dark-ness nor of pain;
 3. There's for the eye that weeps, A rest both sure and sweet;
 4. The death that on-ward creeps, Has lost its sting for me;
 5. And when I've climb'd the steeps Of heav - en's bright do - main;

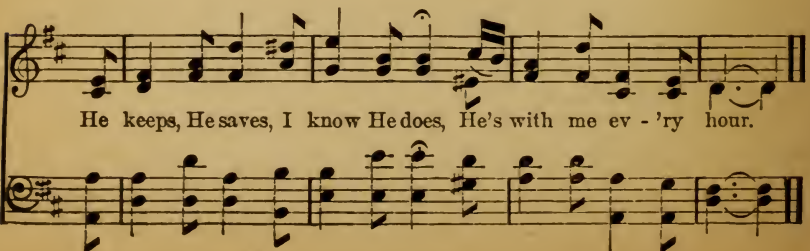


I know that Je - sus keeps, That He has full con - trol.
 I know that Je - sus keeps, I shall see light a - gain.
 I know that Je - sus keeps, I've found a safe re - treat.
 I know that Je - sus keeps, His face at last I'll see.
 I'll sing that Je - sus keeps, With all the spot - less train.

CHORUS.



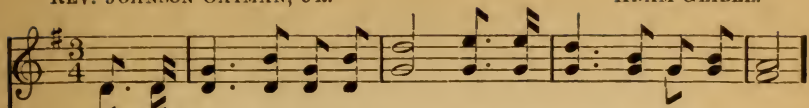
He keeps, He keeps, I know He does, He holds me by His pow'r;



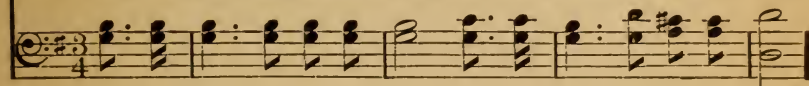
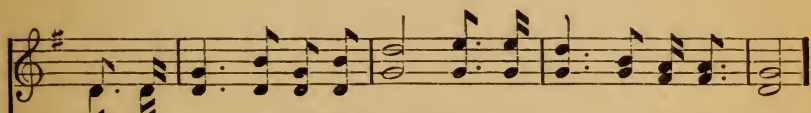
He keeps, He saves, I know He does, He's with me ev - 'ry hour.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

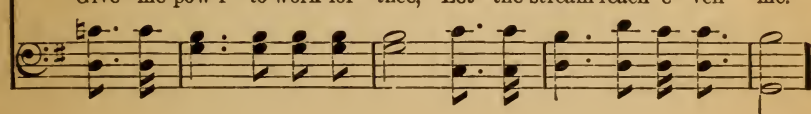
ADAM GEIBEL.



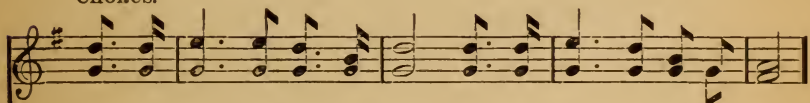
1. All a - round this ver - y hour, Falls there streams of heav'nly pow'r;
 2. Send us show'rs of heav'nly grace, Let Thy pres - ence fill this place;
 3. Thou a - lone this pow'r can'st give, With-out which I dare not live;

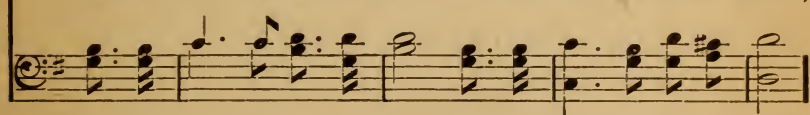
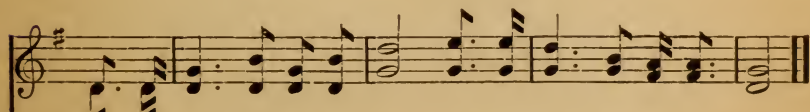
Fall - ing now so full and free, Praise the Lord, it's fill - ing me.
 Speak the word and it shall be, That thy show - ers fall on me.
 Give me pow'r to work for thee, Let the stream reach e - ven me.



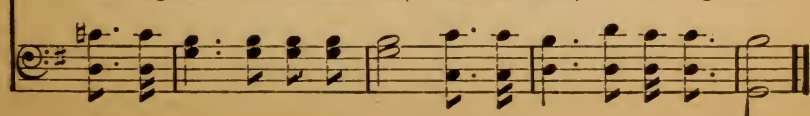
CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! feel the pow'r, Fall - ing like a mighty show'r;

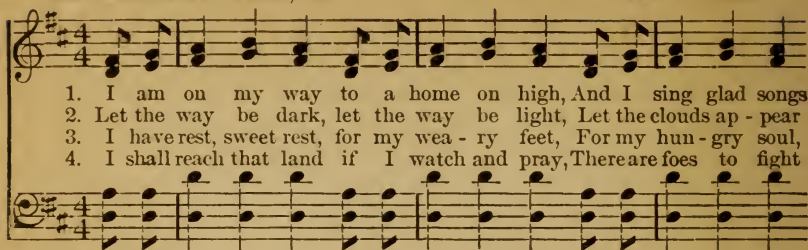
Com - ing now so full and free, Praise the Lord, it's fill - ing me.



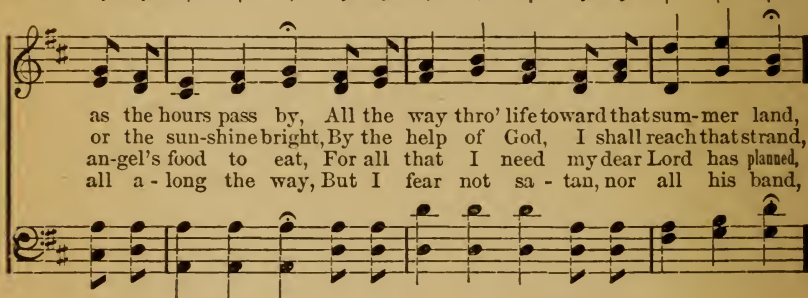
MY FATHER'S HAND.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

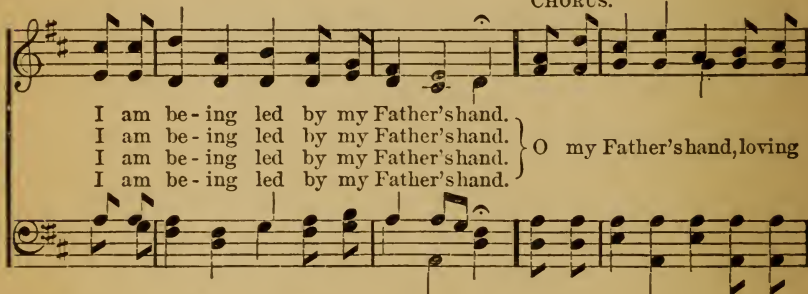


1. I am on my way to a home on high, And I sing glad songs
 2. Let the way be dark, let the way be light, Let the clouds ap - pear
 3. I have rest, sweet rest, for my wea - ry feet, For my hun - gry soul,
 4. I shall reach that land if I watch and pray, There are foes to fight

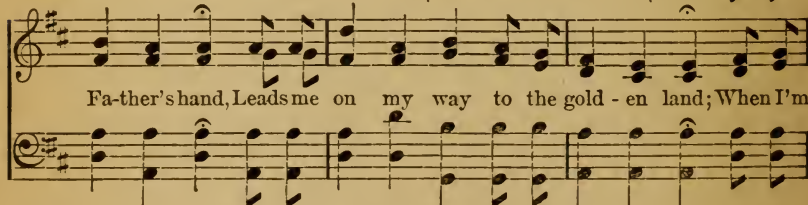


as the hours pass by, All the way thro' life toward that sum - mer land,
 or the sun - shine bright, By the help of God, I shall reach that strand,
 an - gel's food to eat, For all that I need my dear Lord has planned,
 all a - long the way, But I fear not sa - tan, nor all his band,

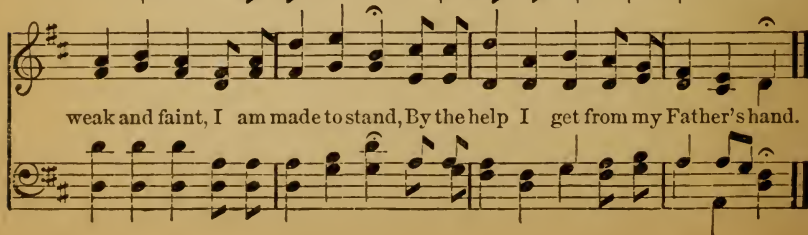
CHORUS.



I am be - ing led by my Father's hand.
 I am be - ing led by my Father's hand.
 I am be - ing led by my Father's hand.
 I am be - ing led by my Father's hand. } O my Father's hand, loving



Fa - ther's hand, Leads me on my way to the gold - en land; When I'm



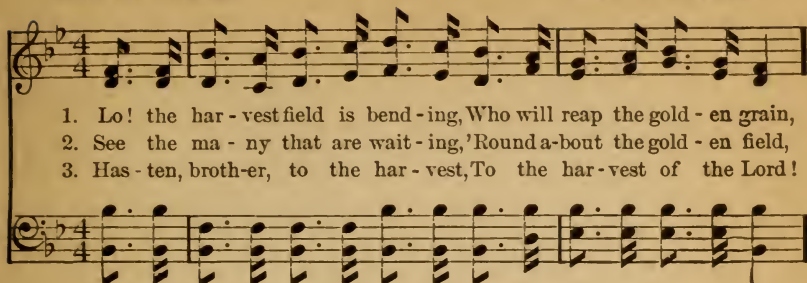
weak and faint, I am made to stand, By the help I get from my Father's hand.

WHO WILL GATHER.

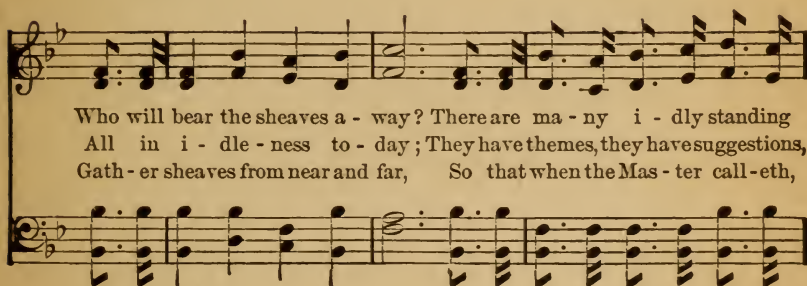
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CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

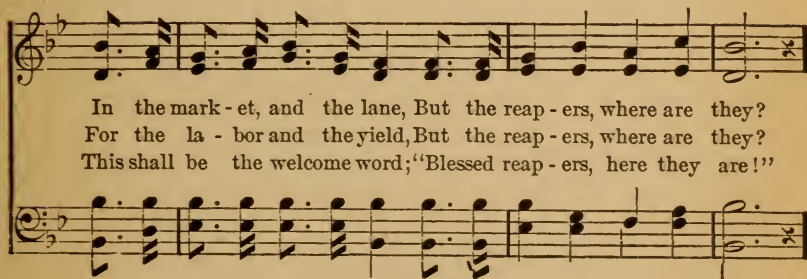
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Lo! the har - vest field is bend - ing, Who will reap the gold - en grain,
2. See the ma - ny that are wait - ing, 'Round a - bout the gold - en field,
3. Has - ten, broth - er, to the har - vest, To the har - vest of the Lord!

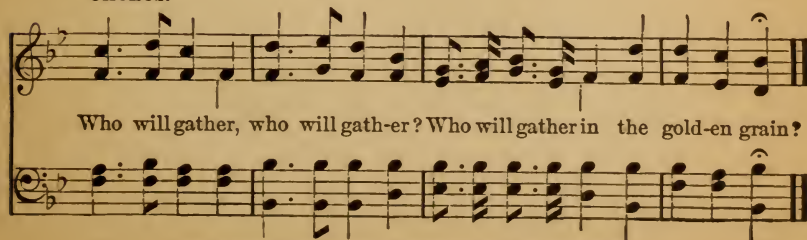


Who will bear the sheaves a - way? There are ma - ny i - dly standing
All in i - dle - ness to - day; They have themes, they have suggestions,
Gath - er sheaves from near and far, So that when the Mas - ter call - eth,



In the mark - et, and the lane, But the reap - ers, where are they?
For the la - bor and the yield, But the reap - ers, where are they?
This shall be the welcome word; "Blessed reap - ers, here they are!"

CHORUS.



Who will gather, who will gath - er? Who will gather in the gold - en grain?

THE BLOOD UPON THE DOOR.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow, and with great expression.

1. When the Lord pass'd over E-gypt, There was weeping ev-'ry-where, For the
2. We are in a land of danger, And death lurks on ev-'ry hand, But that
3. Not the blood of lambs or cat-tle, Sprinkled o - ver an - y part, But the

an-gel smote the first-born, Of each family dwelling there, But some hous-es
soul has per-fect safe-ty, Who obeys the Lord's command, For se-cure in
blood of Christ the Saviour, Can re-deem a hu-man heart, Then when death these

he pass'd o - ver, As his word had said be-fore, And death entered not the
God's pa - vil - ion, He can watch life's breakers roar, For God's angels guard that
ties shall sever, And we walk on earth no more, We may live with Christ for -

CHORUS.

por-tals, Where the blood was on the door. } Pre-cious blood up - on the door, Sav-ing
dwelling, Where the blood is on the door. }
ev-er, If His blood is on the door. }

blood up-on the door, O my soul there is no danger, When the blood is on the door.

SIR HENRY W. BAKER.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. I am not worth-y, Ho - ly Lord, That Thou shouldst come to me;
 2. I am not worth-y, cold and bare, The lodg - ing of my soul;
 3. I am not worth-y, yet my God, How can I say Thee nay;
 4. O come! in the di - vin - est hour, Feed me with food di - vine;

Speak but the word, one gra - cious word Can set the sin - ner free.
 How canst thou deign to en - ter there? Lord, speak, and make me whole.
 Thee who didst give Thy flesh and blood, My ran - som price to pay.
 And fill with all Thy love and pow'r, This worth-less heart of mine.

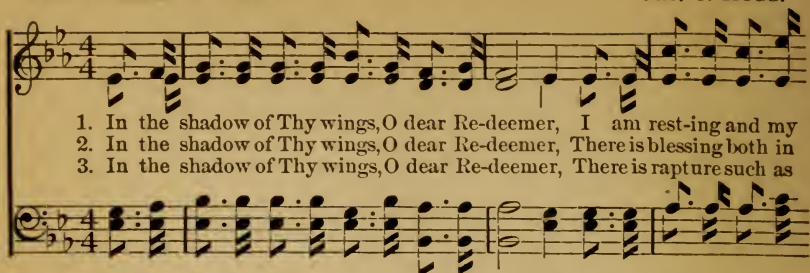
CHORUS.

I am not worthy, O no, not worthy That Thou shouldst come to me;

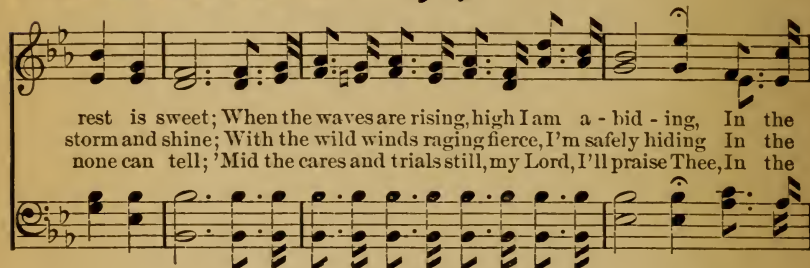
Speak but the word, one gra - cious word Can set the sin - ner free.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

GEO. C. HUGG.

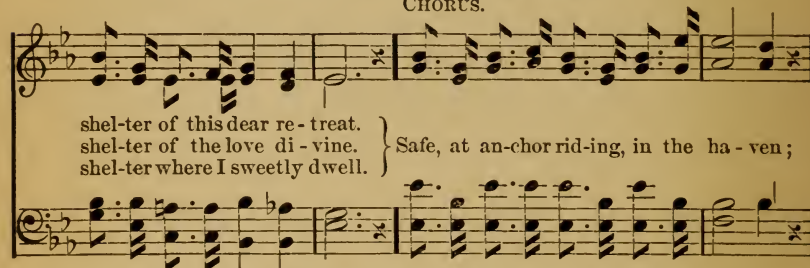


1. In the shadow of Thy wings, O dear Re-deemer, I am rest-ing and my
 2. In the shadow of Thy wings, O dear Re-deemer, There is blessing both in
 3. In the shadow of Thy wings, O dear Re-deemer, There is rapture such as

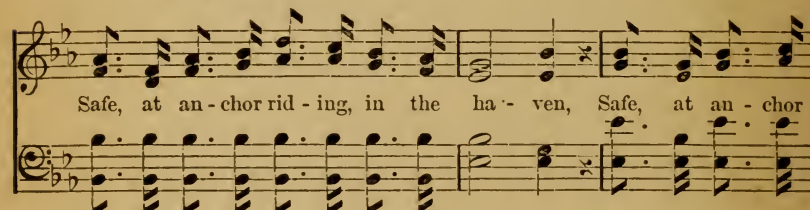


rest is sweet; When the waves are rising high I am a - bid - ing, In the
 storm and shine; With the wild winds raging fierce, I'm safely hiding In the
 none can tell; 'Mid the cares and trials still, my Lord, I'll praise Thee, In the

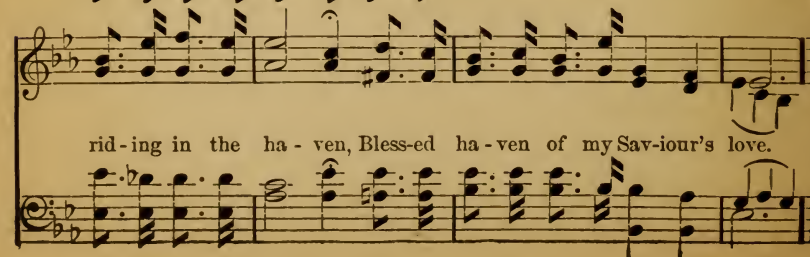
CHORUS.



shel-ter of this dear re-treat.
 shel-ter of the love di-vine. } Safe, at an-chor rid-ing, in the ha-ven;
 shel-ter where I sweetly dwell. }



Safe, at an-chor rid-ing, in the ha-ven, Safe, at an-chor



rid-ing in the ha-ven, Bless-ed ha-ven of my Sav-iour's love.

MAKE ROOM.

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GEO. C. HUGG.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Make room for the Blessed Phy - si - cian, Who healeth the pal-sied and
 2. Make room for the Blessed Phy - si - cian, Who healeth the sick and the
 3. He com-fort-eth, healeth, and cheereth, He bringeth sal - va - tion this

lame, Who cast-eth out spir - its, and dev - ils, And rais - eth the
 blind, Re - liev - ing dis - tress - es and sor - row, With pow - er, and
 day, Come in - to our hearts, blessed Je - sus, Yea come, and a -

CHORUS.

dead from the grave. } He com-eth! He com-eth! Sal - va - tion pro-
 heal - ing di - vine. }
 bide Thou al - way. }

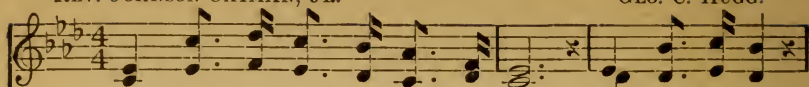
claim - ing, The Heal - er is pass - ing this way; He com-eth! He

cometh! The lost ones reclaiming, He com-eth! He com-eth! to - day.

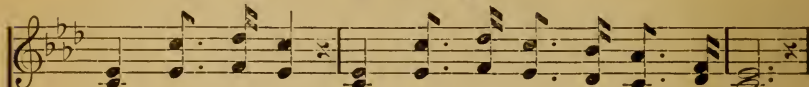
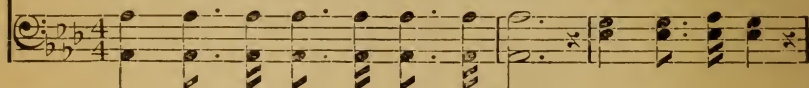
HEAR US WHILE WE PRAY.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

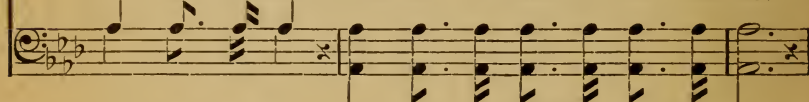
GEO. C. HUGG.



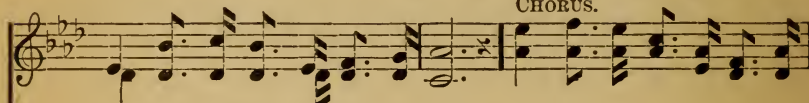
1. Sav - iour we come to Thee this hour, Need - ing Thy grace,
 2. Sav - iour speak peace to ev - 'ry heart, Calm ev - 'ry breast
 3. Sav - iour be Thou our friend and guide, Cast out all sin,
 4. Sav - iour reach out to us Thy hand, With - out Thy help



need - ing Thy pow'r; Close by Thee we would ev - er stay,
 be - fore we part; Turn all our dark - ness in - to day,
 cast out all pride; Teach us Thy man - dates to o - bey,
 we can - not stand; Lead us to realms of end - less day,

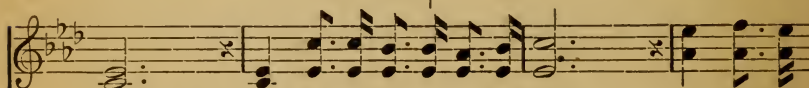
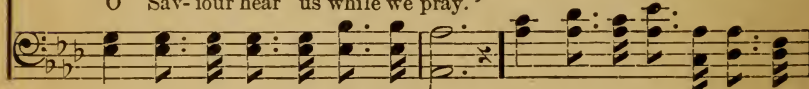


CHORUS.

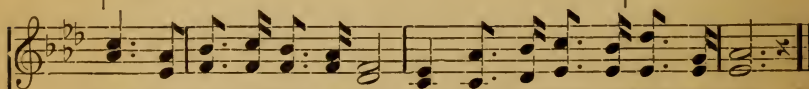
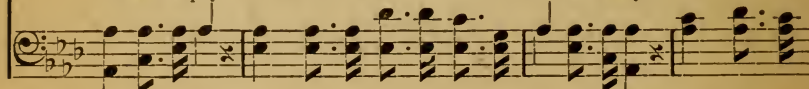


O Sav - iour hear us while we pray.
 O Sav - iour hear us while we pray.
 O Sav - iour hear us while we pray.
 O Sav - iour hear us while we pray.

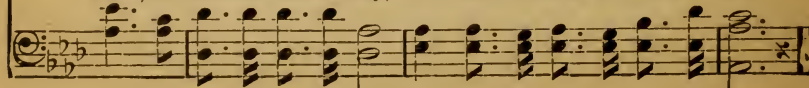
O Sav-iour hear us while we



pray, Draw near, and turn us not a - way; Poor, need - y,
 while we pray, not a way;

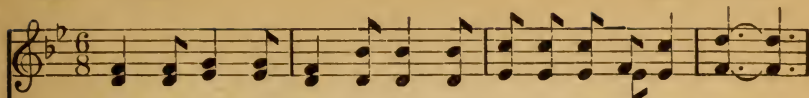


weak, we come to Thee to-day, O Sav - iour hear us while we pray.

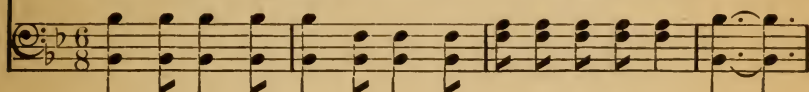
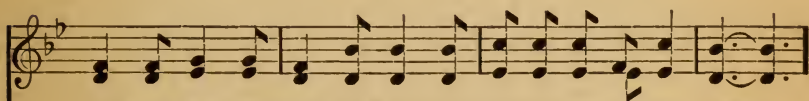


GEO. C. HUGG.

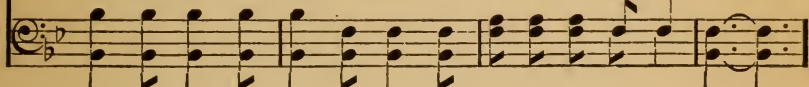
GEO. C. HUGG.



1. O be-liev - er, now rejoice, God's children are coming home!
 2. Out of dark-ness, in - to light God's children are coming home!
 3. Out of bond-age, and despair, God's children are coming home!
 4. Out of sin - ful - ness and strife God's children are coming home!

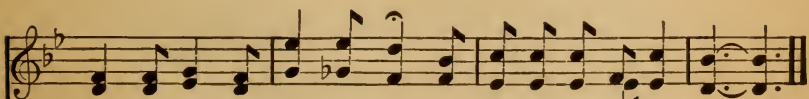
Lift the heart, and raise the voice, God's children are coming home.
 Out of blind-ness in - to sight, God's children are coming home.
 In - to re - gions bright and fair, God's children are coming home.
 In - to ev - er - last - ing life, God's children are coming home.




CHORUS,



Com - ing, com - ing home, Com - ing, com - ing home,

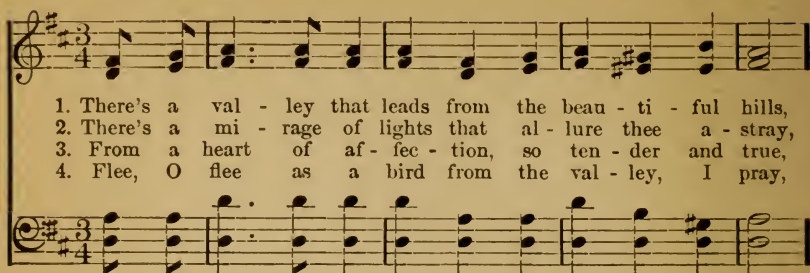
All a-long the King's highway, God's children are coming home.



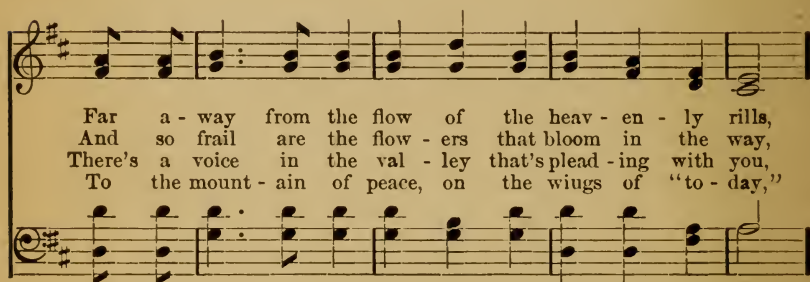
THE VALLEY OF "NOT TO-DAY."

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

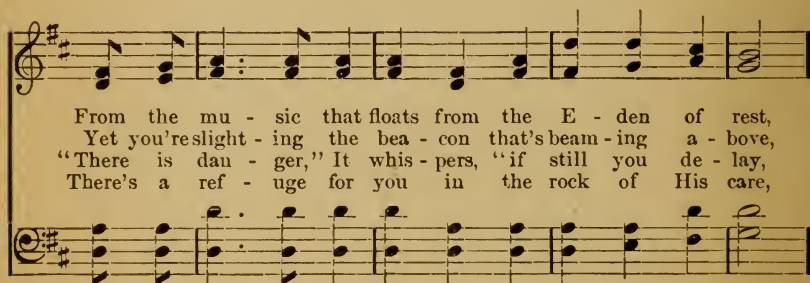
ADAM GEIBEL.



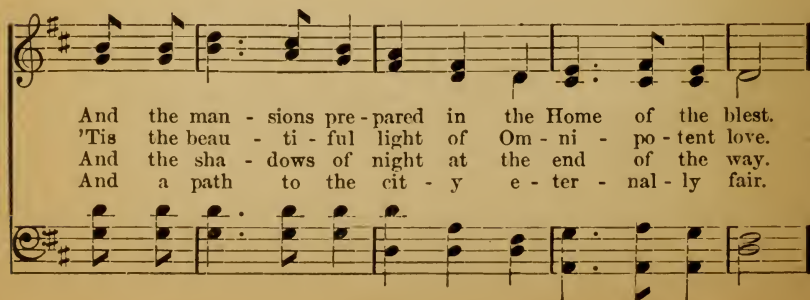
1. There's a val - ley that leads from the beau - ti - ful hills,
 2. There's a mi - rage of lights that al - lure thee a - stray,
 3. From a heart of af - fec - tion, so ten - der and true,
 4. Flee, O flee as a bird from the val - ley, I pray,



Far a - way from the flow of the heav - en - ly rills,
 And so frail are the flow - ers that bloom in the way,
 There's a voice in the val - ley that's plead - ing with you,
 To the mount - ain of peace, on the wings of "to - day,"



From the mu - sic that floats from the E - den of rest,
 Yet you're sligh - ting the Bea - con that's beam - ing a - bove,
 "There is dan - ger," It whis - pers, "if still you de - lay,
 There's a ref - uge for you in the rock of His care,



And the man - sions pre - pared in the Home of the blest.
 'Tis the beau - ti - ful light of Om - ni - po - tent love.
 And the sha - dows of night at the end of the way.
 And a path to the cit - y e - ter - nal - ly fair.

CHORUS.

'Tis the val-ley of "Not to-day,"..... That is lead-ing thy
soul a-stray,..... O the seed that is sown, And the
tares that have grown, In the val-ley of "Not to-day."...

I'M GOING HOME TO DIE NO MORE.

WM. HUNTER, D. D.

Arranged.

1. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there; }
 { Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly man-sion shall be mine. }

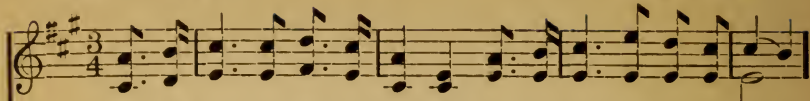
CHO. { I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more! }
 { To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more! }

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky:
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.</p> <p>3. While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.</p> | <p>4. Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.</p> <p>5. Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.</p> |
|--|--|

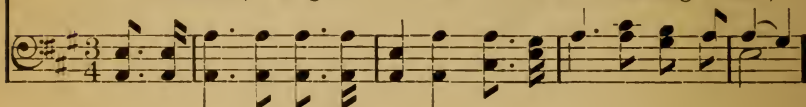
JESUS COMES.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Je - sus comes, Love's greatest treasure, Bringing joys that nev - er cease;
2. Je - sus comes to sweet-ly guide us, In the dark-ness or the light;
3. Je - sus comes to soothe our sor - row, When our hearts are sore with grief;
4. Je - sus comes when we are drift-ing, Out up - on death's si - lent sea;
5. Je - sus comes, O sing it o - ver! 'Tis the sweet-est song to me;



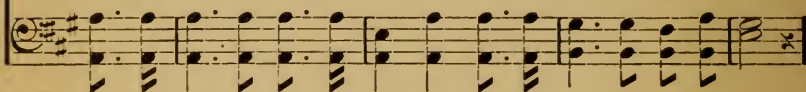
Bright-est star 'mid pain or pleas-ure, Je - sus comes, the Prince of Peace.

Je - sus comes whate'er be-tide us, Comes to lead our steps a - right.

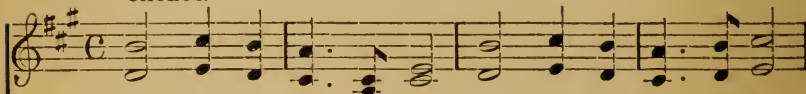
Whis-pers of a glad to-mor-row, Je - sus comes to bring re - lief.

When the mys - tic veil is lift - ing, He will come to wel-come me.

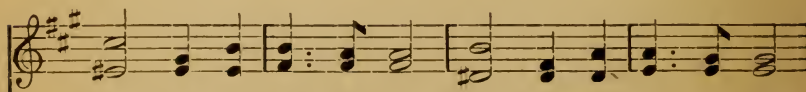
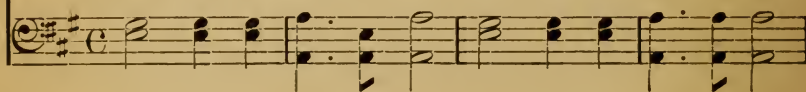
In this world and in the oth - er, Je - sus I will sing of Thee.



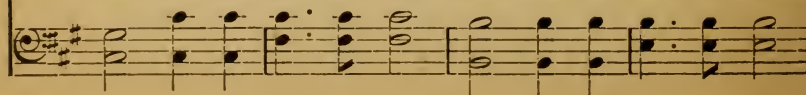
CHORUS.



O! what He brings to me, Love that is full and free,



Hope, when the night is long, Faith makes my spir - it strong,



And when the morn - ing breaks, Joy for the heart that aches;

On calm or storm - y sea, Je - sus I cling to Thee.

HIGHLANDS OF HEAVEN.

SCOTCH MELODY.

FINE.

1. { Sin - ner, go, will you go, To the high-lands of heav-en?
Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long sum-mer's giv - en:
2. { Where the saints robed in white, Cleans'd in life's flow - ing fount-ain;
Shin - ing beau - teous and bright, They in - hab - it the mountain,
3. { He's pre-pared thee a home—Sin - ner, canst thou be - lieve it?
And in - vites thee to come, Sin - ner, wilt thou re - ceive it?

D.C.—And the leaves of the bow'rs, In the breez-es are flit - ting.
D.C.—Will be felt for a day, Nor be fear'd for the mor-row.
D.C.—And the Sav - iour will soon And for - ev - er cease plead-ing.

Where the bright bloom - ing flow'rs Are their o - dors e - mit - ting,
Where no sin nor dis - may, Nei - ther trou - ble nor sor - row,
Come, O come, sin - ner come, For the tide is re - ced - ing,

BEAUTIFUL LAND WITH JASPER WALLS.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow, and expressive.

1. There's a beau - ti - ful land that a - waits the just, When these
 2. There the an - gel's are twang - ing their harps of gold, Sing - ing
 3. There the ran-somed are sing - ing re - demp-tion's song, And the
 4. To that beau - ti - ful land I will some - time go, Where love,

bod - ies of clay have re - turned to dust, Don't you see o'er the riv - er those
 o - ver the sto - ry that ne'er grows old, They are rais - ing glad shouts while the
 cho - rus is ring - ing both loud and strong, Of the blood that for - ev - er from
 joy, and sweet peace will eternally flow, With my Je - sus I'll dwell where no

state - ly halls? In that beau - ti - ful land with the Jas - per walls.
 har - mo - ny falls, In that beau - ti - ful land with the Jas - per walls.
 Cal - va - ry calls, To that beau - ti - ful land with the Jas - per walls.
 e - vil be - falls, In that beau - ti - ful land with the Jas - per walls.

CHORUS.

O that beau - ti - ful land, that beau - ti - ful land, I've a home o - ver

there at the Lord's right-hand; I've a man-sion se-cure when this

poor tent falls, In that beau-ti-ful land of the Jas-per walls.

WHEN THE POWER CAME DOWN.

JAMES STOCKTON.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Once the Dis-ci-ples wait-ed, Once the Dis-ci-ples wait-ed;
 2. Then Pe-ter preach'd a ser-mon, Then Pe-ter preach'd a ser-mon;
 3. Once my poor heart was heav-y, Once my poor heart was heav-y;
 4. We had a great re-vi-val, We had a great re-vi-val;
 5. It made old Sa-tan trem-ble, It made old Sa-tan trem-ble;
 6. I left the world be-hind me, I left the world be-hind me;

D. C.—Like wind with rush-ing might-y, Came down the Ho-ly Spir-it;

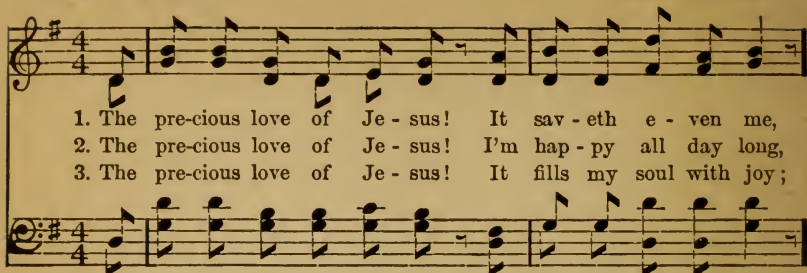
'Twas in the up-per cham-ber, When the pow'r came down.
 Three thou-sand were con-ver-ted, When the pow'r came down.
 But Je-sus took my bur-den, When the pow'r came down.
 And ma-n-y were con-ver-ted, When the pow'r came down.
 Be-cause his chain was bro-ken, When the pow'r came down.
 I start-ed out for glo-ry, When the pow'r came down.

O there was great re-joic-ing, When the pow'r came down.

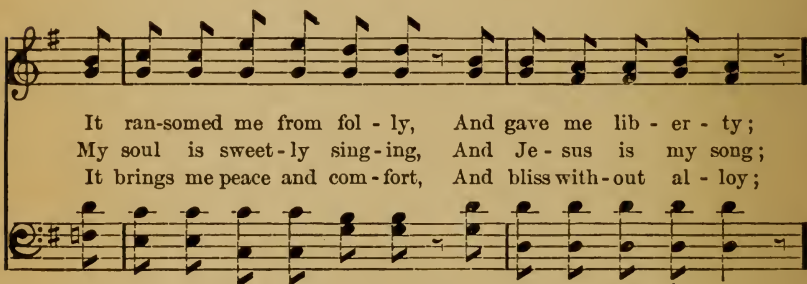
PRECIOUS LOVE OF JESUS.

GEO. C. HUGG.

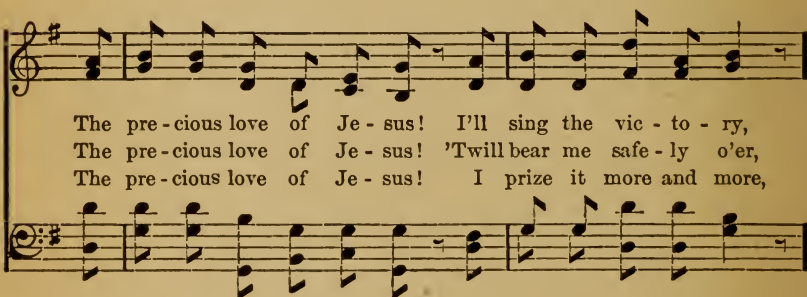
GEO. C. HUGG.



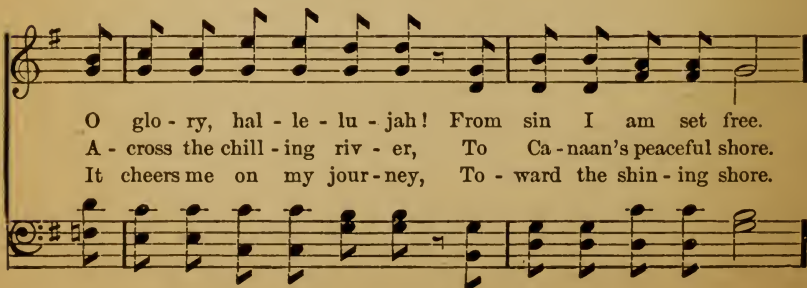
1. The pre-cious love of Je - sus! It sav - eth e - ven me,
 2. The pre-cious love of Je - sus! I'm hap - py all day long,
 3. The pre-cious love of Je - sus! It fills my soul with joy;



It ran-somed me from fol - ly, And gave me lib - er - ty;
 My soul is sweet - ly sing - ing, And Je - sus is my song;
 It brings me peace and com - fort, And bliss with - out al - loy;

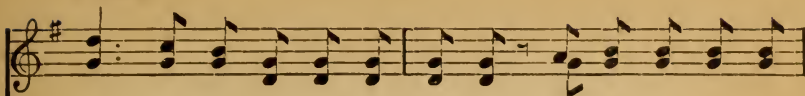


The pre-cious love of Je - sus! I'll sing the vic - to - ry,
 The pre-cious love of Je - sus! 'Twill bear me safe - ly o'er,
 The pre-cious love of Je - sus! I prize it more and more,

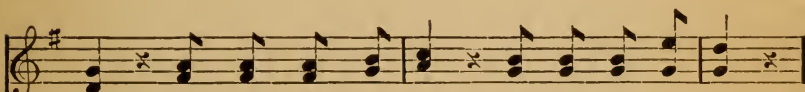


O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! From sin I am set free.
 A - cross the chill - ing riv - er, To Ca - naan's peaceful shore.
 It cheers me on my jour - ney, To - ward the shin - ing shore.

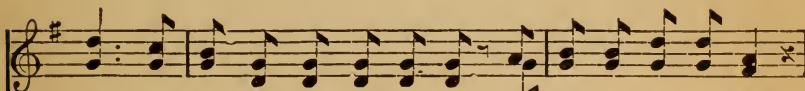
CHORUS.



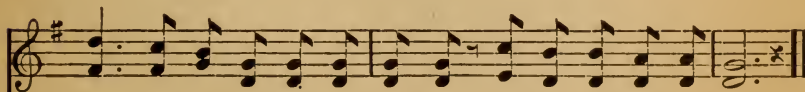
O the pre-cious love of Je-sus, It sav-eth e-ven



me, Sav-eth e-ven me, Sav-eth e-ven me,



Oh, the pre-cious love of Je-sus! It sav-eth e-ven me,



Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! It sav-eth e-ven me.

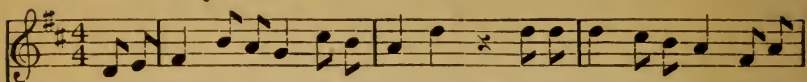
ETERNITY'S SHORE.

TO REV. H. D. LOWING.

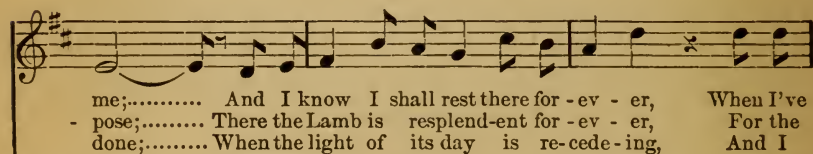
ADAM GEIBEL.

ADAM GEIBEL.

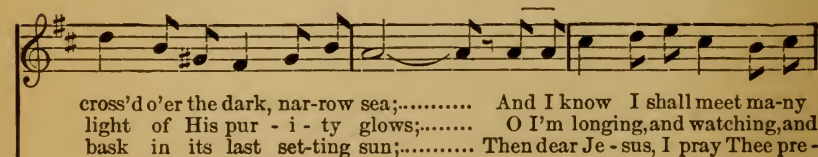
SOLO AND QUARTETTE.



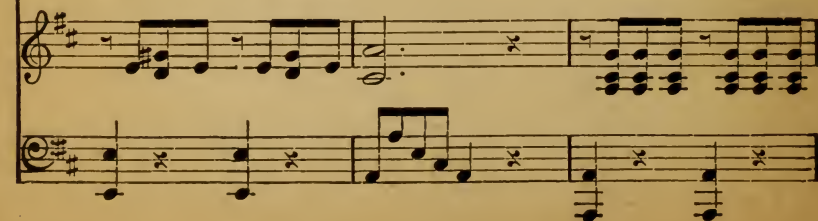
1. There's a mansion just o - ver the riv - er, Which my Sav-iour's preparing for
 2. In that mansion just o - ver the riv - er, Where the saints of all a - ges re -
 3. When the jour-ney of life is com-ple-ted, When its toil and its warfare is

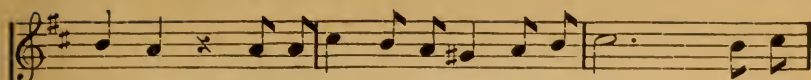


me;..... And I know I shall rest there for - ev - er, When I've
 - pose;..... There the Lamb is resplend-ent for - ev - er, For the
 done;..... When the light of its day is re-cede-ing, And I



cross'd o'er the dark, nar-row sea;..... And I know I shall meet ma-ny
 light of His pur - i - ty glows;..... O I'm longing, and watching, and
 bask in its last set-ting sun;..... Then dear Je - sus, I pray Thee pre-



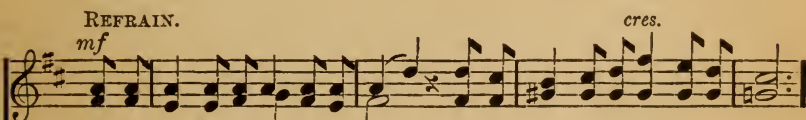


lov'd ones, Who have cross'd the dark wa- ters be - fore; And the
wait - ing, And my heart yearns to go, more and more; Ah! what
- pare me, That to man-sions of bliss I may soar; And to

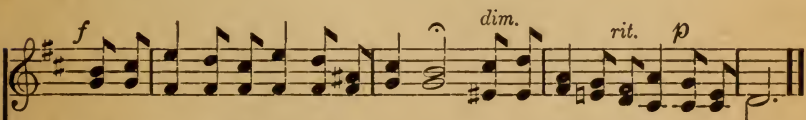


Sav-iour I'll see in His glo - ry, When I land on E - ter - ni - ty's shore.
joy and what rap-ture will greet me, When I land on E - ter - ni - ty's shore.
Thee will I give all the glo - ry, When I land on E - ter - ni - ty's shore.

REFRAIN.



When I land on E - ter - ni - ty's shore, When I land on E - ter - ni - ty's shore;

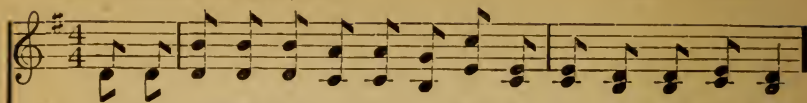


Yes, the Saviour I'll see in His glo - ry, When I land on e - ter - ni - ty's shore.

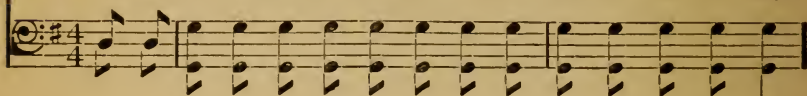
O SINNER START FOR HOME.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

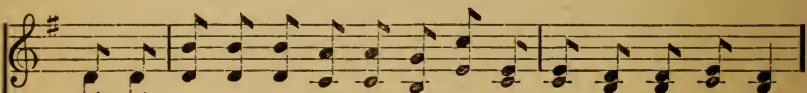
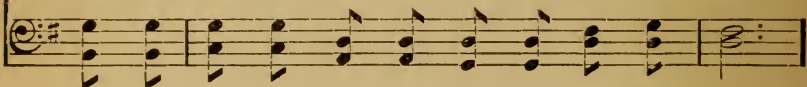
GEO. C. HUGG.



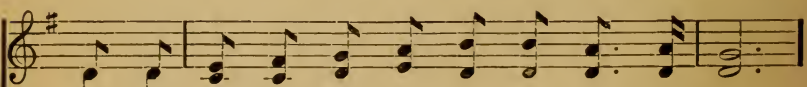
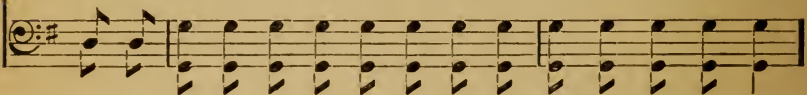
1. O there is great joy in heav-en when a sin-ner starts for home,
2. You have squandered time and money searching for the joys of earth,
3. But with-in your Father's dwelling there are joys that nev-er fade,
4. O come sin-ner, start for heav-en, do not wait an-oth-er day,



In the pres-ence of the an-gels we are told;
 You have wand-ered far a-way in paths of sin;
 There His ta-ble is spread dai-ly with the best;
 For the an-gels wait to sound their ja-bi-lee;



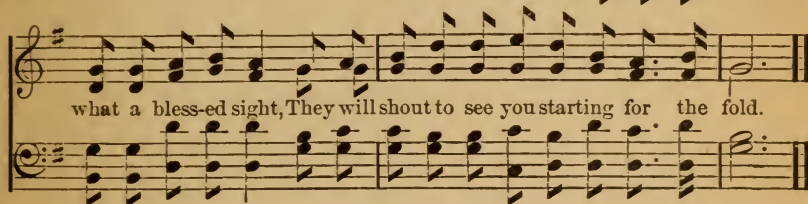
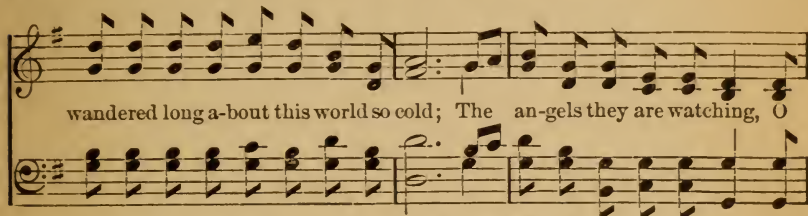
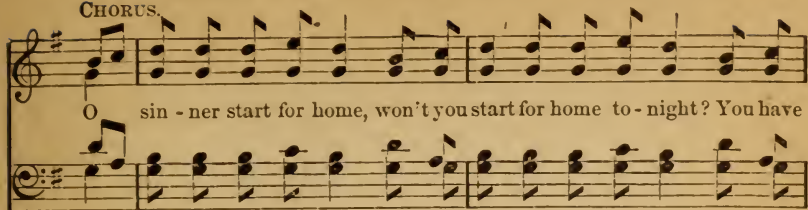
For it makes the an-gels hap-py there to see him cease to roam,
 But you've al-ways found a heart-ache, where you first ex-pec-ted mirth,
 And while in the world you're starv-ing, Lo! He longs to give you aid,
 Your dear Fath-er waits and watch-es there, to meet you on the way,



And to view him start for shel-ter to God's fold.
 You have nev-er found in this world peace with-in.
 There He longs to fold you to His lov-ing breast.
 Start for home, and help to swell their mel-o-dy.



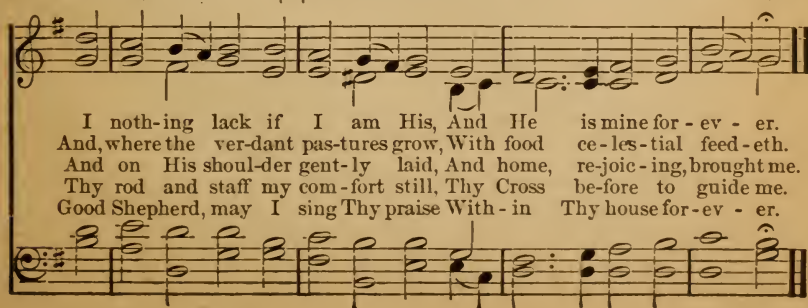
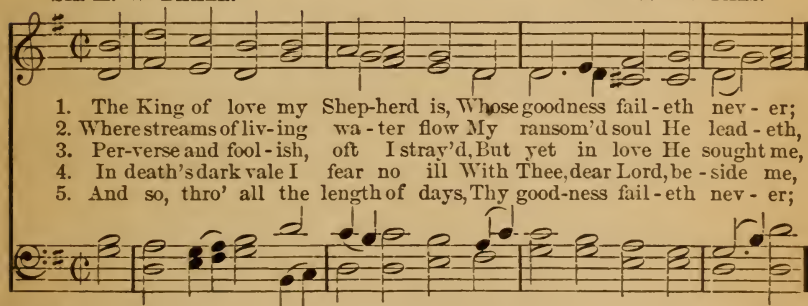
CHORUS.



KING OF LOVE.

SIR H. W. BAKER.

DR. J. B. DYKES.



W. A. OGDEN.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed by the way - side, Scat-ter - ing
 2. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed for the grow - ing, Scat-ter - ing
 3. Scat-ter-ing pre-ciousseed, doubt-ing nev - er, Scat-ter - ing

pre-ciousseed by the hill - side, Scat-ter - ing pre-ciousseed
 pre-ciousseed, free - ly sow - ing, Scat-ter - ing pre-cious seed
 pre-ciousseed, trust-ing ev - er, Sow-ing the word with pray'r

o'er the field, wide; Scat-ter-ing pre - ciousseed by the way.
 trust-ing, know - ing, Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain.
 and en - deav - or, Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield.

CHORUS.

Sow - ing in the morn - - ing, Sow - ing
 Sowing the seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed,

at the noon - - - tide, Sow - ing in the
Sow-ing the pre-cious seed, Sowing the seed,

eve - ning, Sowing the precious seed by the way,
Sowing the precious seed, by the way.

MEAR.

ISAAC WATTS.

A. WILLIAM'S COLL.

1. Sing to the Lord Je - ho-vah's name, And in His strength re-joice;
2. With thanks approach His aw - ful sight, And psalms of hon - or sing;
3. Come, and with hum-ble souls a - dore; Come, kneel be - fore His face:
4. Now is the time, He bends His ear, And waits for your re-quest;

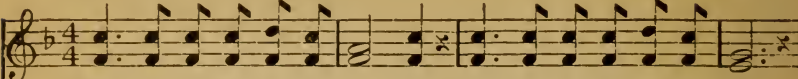
When His sal - va - tion is our theme, Ex - alt - ed be our voice.
The Lord's a God of boundless might, The whole cre - a - tion's King.
Oh, may the crea-tures of His pow'r, Be child-ren of His grace.
Come, lest He rouse His wrath and swear, "Ye shall not see my rest."

JESUS NEVER LEAVES THE SHIP.

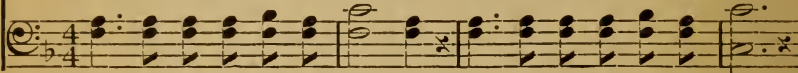
Suggested by the sinking of the steamship Elbe, in the North Sea, Jan. 30th, 1895, in which over 300 lives were lost, and brave Captain Von Goessel *went down with his ship.*

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.



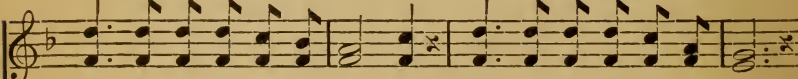
1. When up - on life's roll - ing o - cean, Fraught with danger is the trip;
 2. When the waves are dashing o'er her, Do not fear tho' she may dip;
 3. O look up, why are ye fear - ful? Why look down with trembling lip?
 4. Oft the ves - sel we must light - en, From all worldly things must strip;
 5. Sin - ner come and sail for Heav - en, Have no fears a - bout the trip;



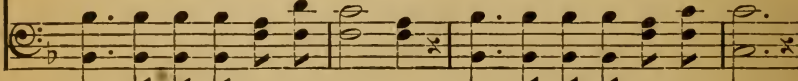
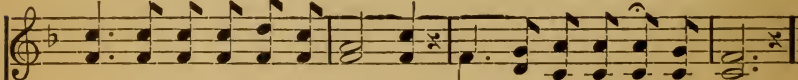

Do not fear 'mid the com - mo - tion, Je - sus nev - er leaves the ship.
 Bet - ter skies yet lie be - fore her, Je - sus nev - er leaves the ship.
 Dry your eyes now sad and tear - ful, Je - sus nev - er leaves the ship.
 Then we'll find as the skies brighten, Je - sus nev - er leaves the ship.
 All on board to Him are giv - en, Je - sus nev - er leaves the ship.



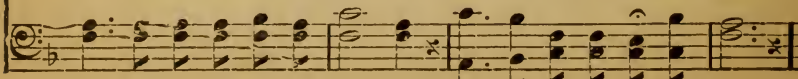
CHORUS.



Put your trust in your com - man - der, Not a foot on board shall slip;

In yon port He'll safely land her, Je - sus nev - er leaves the ship.



F. R. HAVERGAL.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Slowly.

1. Nothing to pay! Ah; nothing to pay! Never a word of ex-cuse to say,
 2. Nothing to pay! The debt is so great; What will you do with the awful weight?
 3. Nothing to pay! Yes, nothing to pay! Jesus has clear'd all the debt a-way,

Year after year thou hast fill'd the score, Owing the Lord still more and more.
 How shall the way of es-cape be made? Nothing to pay, yet all must be paid.
 Blotted it out with His bleeding hand! Free and forgiv'n and loved you stand.

CHORUS.

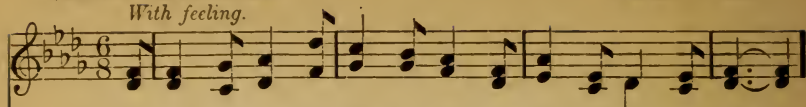
Faster.

Hear..... the voice of Je-sus say, Ver-i-ly thou hast noth-ing to pay!
 Hear..... the voice of Je-sus say, Ver-i-ly thou hast noth-ing to pay!
 Hear..... the voice of Je-sus say, Ver-i-ly thou hast noth-ing to pay!

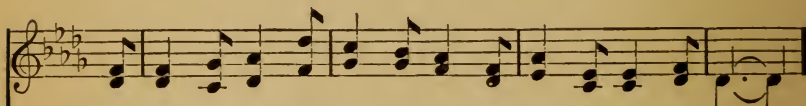
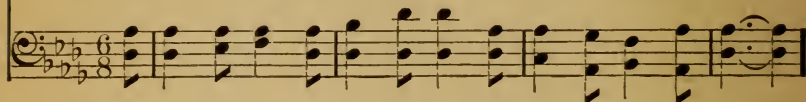
Ru-ined now, lost art thou, and yet I for-gave thee all thy debt.
 All is charged to my own ac-count, I have paid the full a-mount.
 Paid, the debt, and the debt-or's free! Now, I ask thee, "lov'st thou Me?"

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

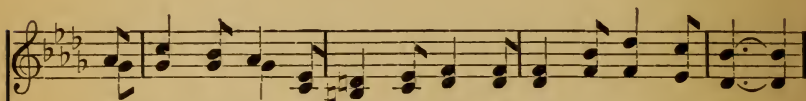
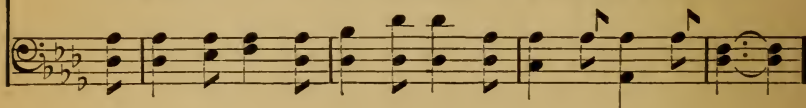
GEO. C. HUGG.

With feeling.

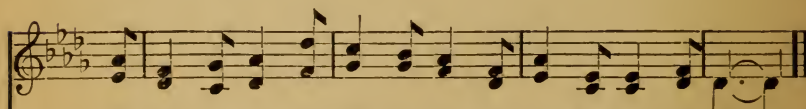
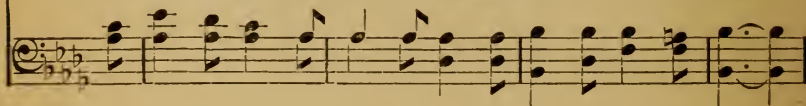
1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit - y wall,
2. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
3. Oh, dear-ly, dear-ly has he lov'd, And we must love him too,



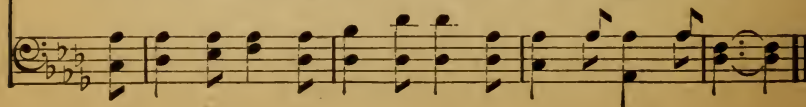
Where our dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all;
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Sav'd by his pre - cious blood;
 And trust in his re-deem-ing blood, And try his works to do;



We may not know, we can - not tell What pains he had to bear,
 There was none oth - er good enough To pay the price of sin;
 For there's a green hill far a-way, Without a cit - y wall,

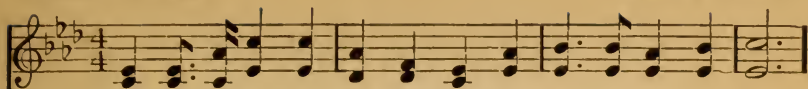


But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suf-fer'd there.
 He on - ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.
 Where our dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.

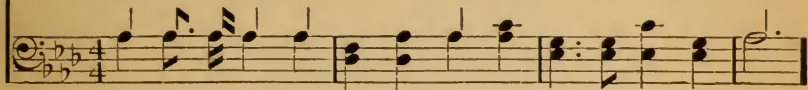


HORATIUS BONAR.

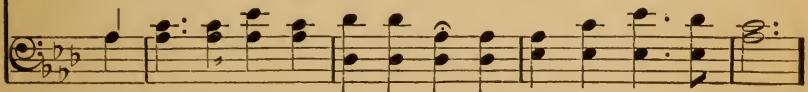
GEO. C. HUGG..



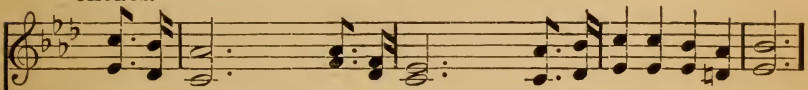
1. Lord, give me light to do Thy work, For on - ly, Lord, from Thee
2. The way is nar - row, of - ten dark, With lights and shadows strewn :
3. Oh, send me light to do Thy work ! More light, more wis - dom give ;
4. The work is Thine, not mine, O Lord ; It is Thy race we run ;



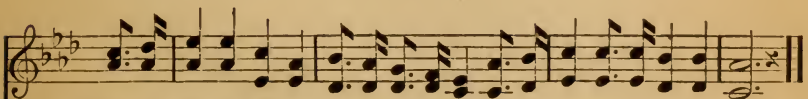
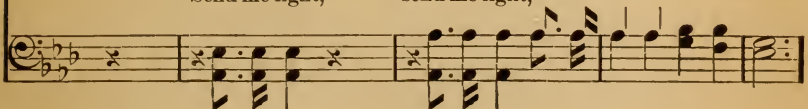
Can come the light, by which these eyes The way of life can see.
I wan - der oft, and think it Thine, When walking in my own.
Then shall I work Thy work in - deed, While on Thine earth I live.
Give light ! and then shall all I do, Be well and tru - ly done.



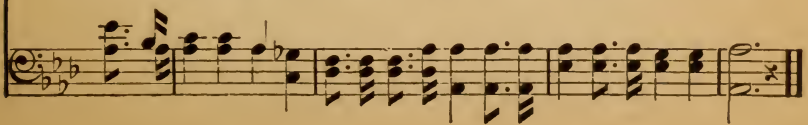
CHORUS.

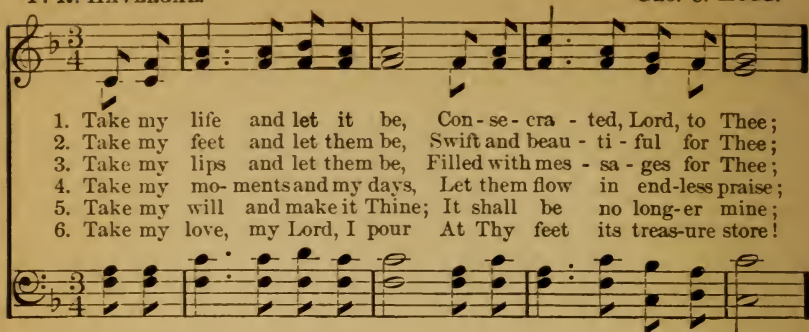


Send me light ! send me light ! Light a-long the toilsome way !
Send me light, send me light,

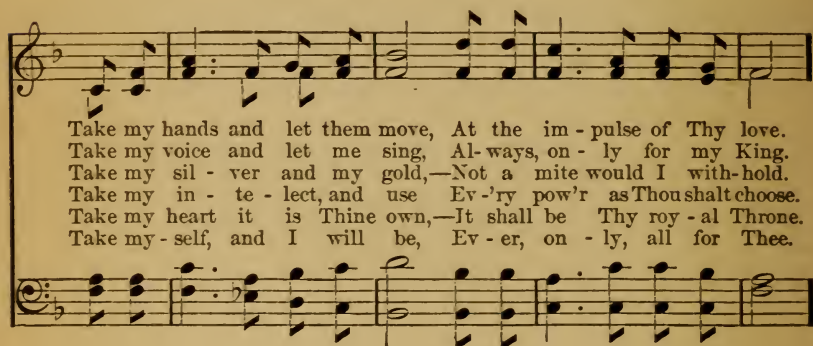


Send me light, dear Lord, that I may labor on, Till I rest in e - ter - nal day.



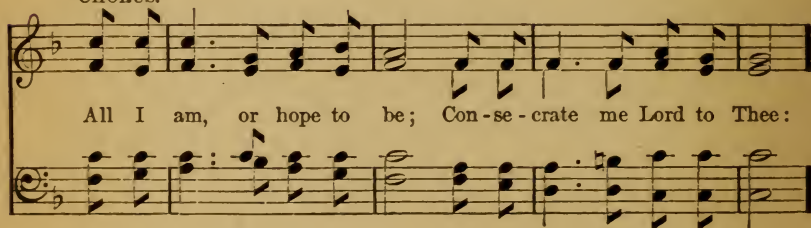


1. Take my life and let it be, Con-se-cra-ted, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my feet and let them be, Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee;
 3. Take my lips and let them be, Filled with mes-sa-ges for Thee;
 4. Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise;
 5. Take my will and make it Thine; It shall be no long-er mine;
 6. Take my love, my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas-ure store!

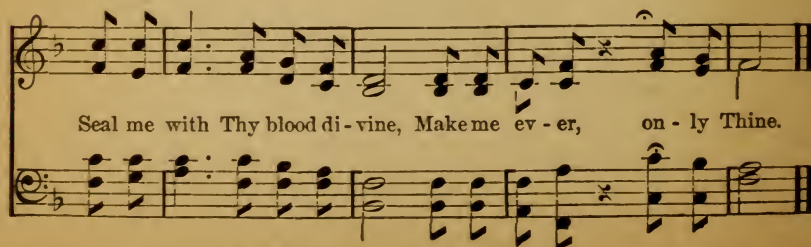


Take my hands and let them move, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 Take my voice and let me sing, Al-ways, on-ly for my King.
 Take my sil-ver and my gold,—Not a mite would I with-hold.
 Take my in-te-lect, and use Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
 Take my heart it is Thine own,—It shall be Thy roy-al Throne.
 Take my-self, and I will be, Ev-er, on-ly, all for Thee.

CHORUS.



All I am, or hope to be; Con-se-crate me Lord to Thee:



Seal me with Thy blood di-vine, Make me ev-er, on-ly Thine.

LIFT ME HIGHER.

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MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Trustingly.

1. Lift me high - er, blessed Je-sus, That for Thee I firm - ly stand;
 2. Lord, for-bid that I should doubt Thee, O, in-crease my faith, I pray;
 3. Lift me high - er, blessed Je-sus, On the heights, O let me stand;

To the heights of grace, O lift me, Let me walk in Beau - lah-land.
 I would trust in Thee, O Sav-iour, More and more each hap-py day.
 Lift me high - er bless-ed Je-sus, Let me gain the gold - en land.

CHORUS.

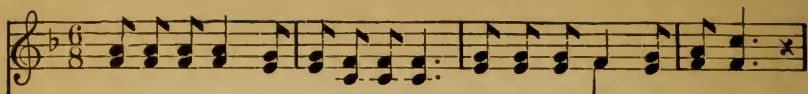
Lift me high - er, lift me high - er, High - er raise my

trust-ing soul; Bear me through the shin-ing por-tals, Let the

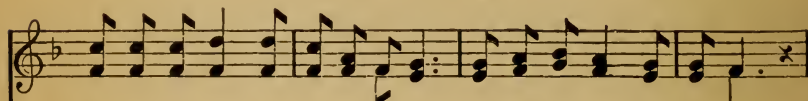
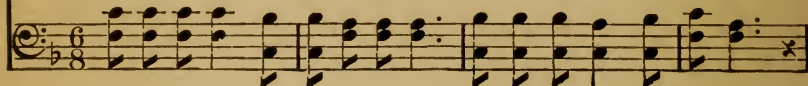
f *Rallentando.*
 pearl - y gates un-fold, Let the pearl - y gates un-fold.

GEO. C. HUGG.

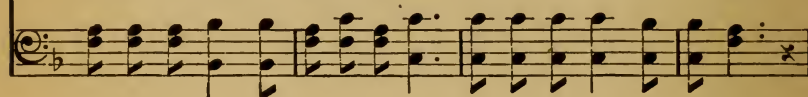
GEO. C. HUGG.



1. When this poor heart is burdened with grief, No-bod-y knows like Je-sus!
2. When on the mount of joy and de-light, No-bod-y knows like Je-sus!
3. All that I am, or ev-er shall be, No-bod-y knows like Je-sus!



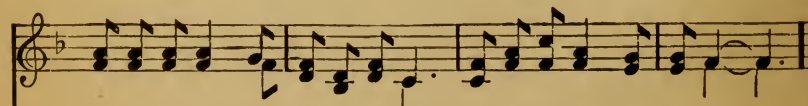
When at the Cross I cry for re-lief, No-bod-y knows like Je-sus!
 When faith up-lifts to mansions so bright, No-bod-y knows like Je-sus!
 All there remains in glo-ry for me, No-bod-y knows like Je-sus!



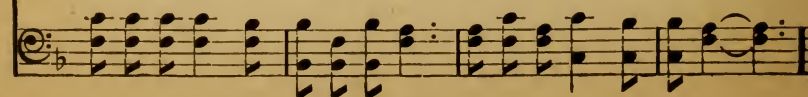
CHORUS.



No-bod-y knows like Je-sus! No-bod-y knows like Je - sus!

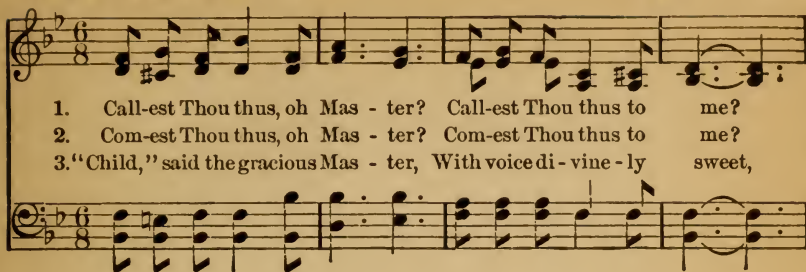


Precious Re-deem-er, Brother and Friend, No-bod-y knows like Je - sus!

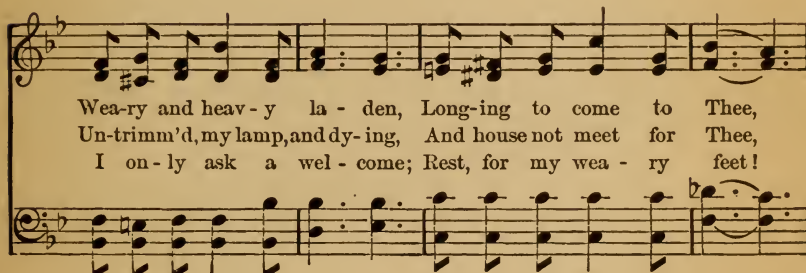


HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

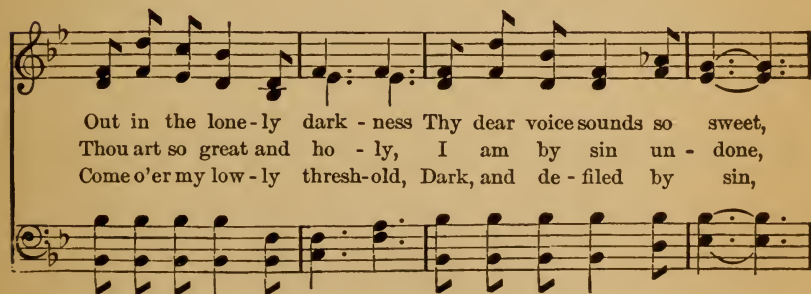
GEO. C. HUGG.



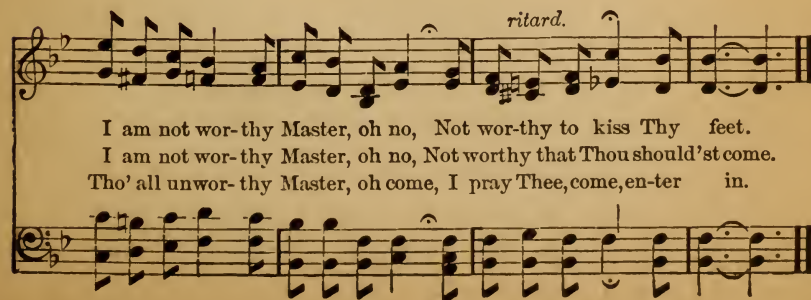
1. Call-est Thou thus, oh Mas - ter? Call-est Thou thus to me?
 2. Com-est Thou thus, oh Mas - ter? Com-est Thou thus to me?
 3. "Child," said the gracious Mas - ter, With voice di - vine - ly sweet,



Wea-ry and heav - y la - den, Long-ing to come to Thee,
 Un-trimm'd, my lamp, and dy-ing, And house not meet for Thee,
 I on - ly ask a wel - come; Rest, for my wea - ry feet!



Out in the lone - ly dark - ness Thy dear voices sounds so sweet,
 Thou art so great and ho - ly, I am by sin un - done,
 Come o'er my low - ly thresh-old, Dark, and de - filed by sin,



ritard.
 I am not wor - thy Master, oh no, Not wor - thy to kiss Thy feet.
 I am not wor - thy Master, oh no, Not worthy that Thou should'st come.
 Tho' all unwor - thy Master, oh come, I pray Thee, come, en - ter in.

Arr. by GEO. C. HUGG.
Spirited.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. O my sweet home, Je - ru - sa - lem ! Thy joys when shall I see ?
 2. Thy gar - dens and thy good - ly walks, Con - tin - ual - ly are green,
 3. Right thro' thy streets with pleasing sound, The flood of life doth flow ;
 4. O Moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa - lem ! When shall I come to thee ?

The King that sit - teth on thy throne, In His fe - lic - i - ty ?
 Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers, As no - where else are seen.
 And on the banks, on eith - er side, The trees of life do grow.
 When shall my sor - rows have an end ? Thy joys when shall I see.

CHORUS.

Way o - ver Jor - dan ! Way o - ver Jor - dan ! O

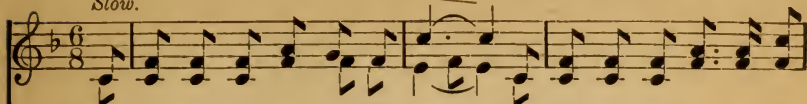
land of rest, and bliss un - told, My own e - ter - nal home.

JESUS WILL CARRY ME OVER THE RIVER. 183

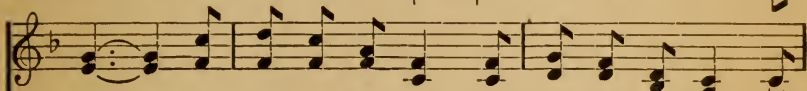
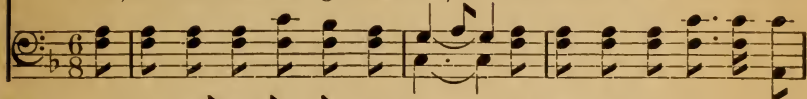
Yea, though I walk through the valley and the shadow of death, I will fear no evil,
for Thou art with me.—PSA. 23 : 4.

Words and Music by A. F. MYERS.

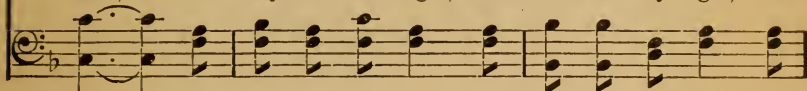
Slow.



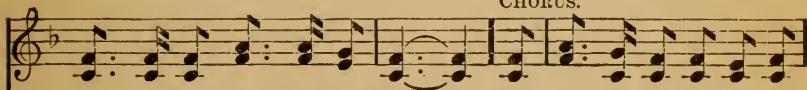
1. I know when the riv - er I cross, That Je - sus will pi - lot me
2. I know when the jour - ney I take, That Je - sus will be at my
3. I fear not the waves nor the storm, For Je - sus my pi - lot shall
4. Oh, when the death an - gel shall call, And sum - mon me o - ver the



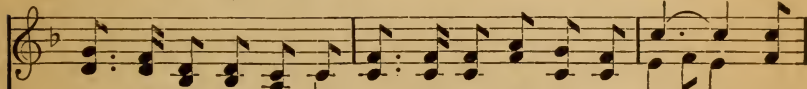
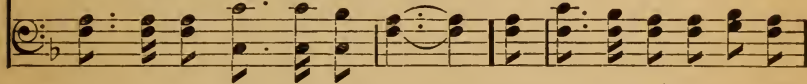
o'er; Up - held by His arm, I'll suf - fer no harm, But
side; Sus - tained by His grace, I'll run the whole race, For
be: The wind shall o - bey, The word He will say, And
tide; The way will be bright, With Christ as my light, And



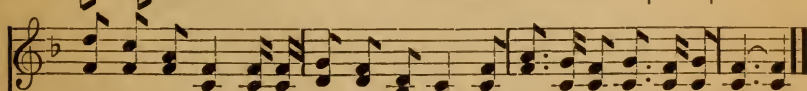
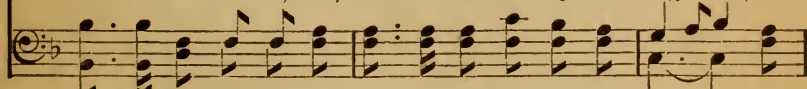
CHORUS.



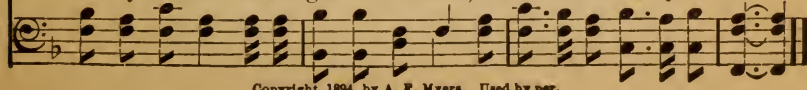
safe - ly I'll reach that bright shore.
He will the wa - ters di - vide. } Yes, Je - sus will car - ry me
calm grow the tur - bu - lent sea.
He will the wa - ters di - vide. }



o - ver the riv - er, Yes, Je - sus will car - ry me o'er, yes o'er, He'll



car - ry me o'er on the glo - ri - fied shore, Yes Je - sus will car - ry me o'er.



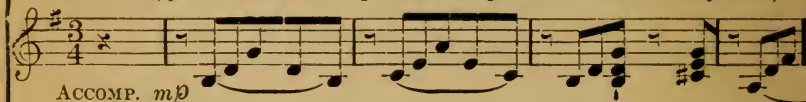
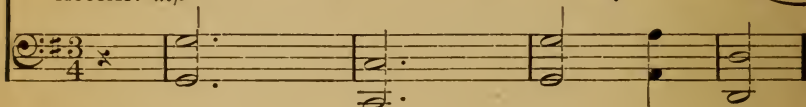
KATE CAMERON.

LABAN SOLOMON.

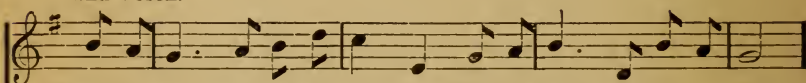
SOLO. 1st. VOICE.



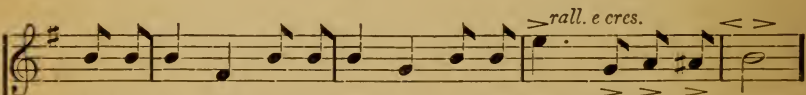
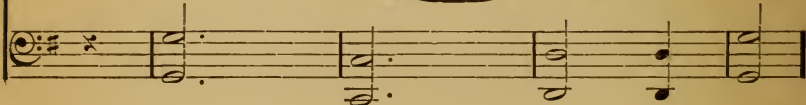
1. Trav'ler, with - er art thou go - ing, Heedless of the clouds that form?
2. Trav'ler, art thou here a stranger, Not to fear the tempest's pow'r?
3. Trav'ler, now a moment lin - ger, Soon the dark - ness will be o'er;
4. Trav'ler, yon - der nar - row por - tal O - pens to re - ceive thy form;

ACCOMP. *mp*

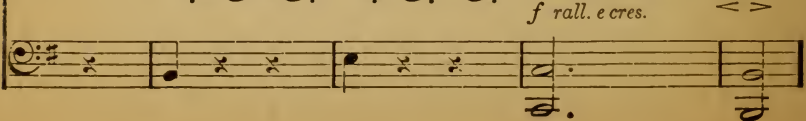
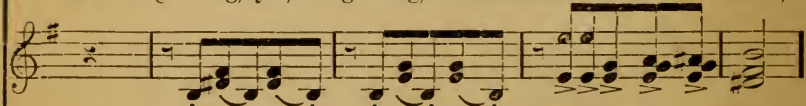
2nd VOICE.



Naught to me the wind's rough blowing, Mine's a land without a storm;
 I have not a tho't of dan - ger, Tho' the sky more darkly lower,
 No! I see a beck'ning fin - ger, Guid-ing to a far-off shore;
 Yes! and I shall be im - mor - tal In that land without a storm;



And I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing, To that land that has no storm;
 For I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing, To that land that has no storm;
 And I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing, To that land that has no storm;
 And I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing, To that land that has no storm;



tempo. p

I am go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing, To that land that has no storm.
 For I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing, To that land that has no storm.
 I am go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing, To that land that has no storm.

tempo. p

I am go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing, To that land that has no storm.
 For I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing, To that land that has no storm.
 I am go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing, To that land that has no storm.

CHORUS.

We are go - ing, yes, we're go - ing, Soon the glo - rious day will dawn ;

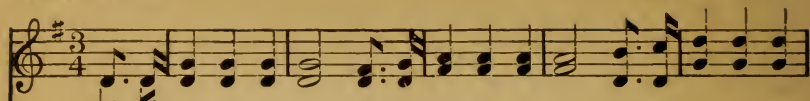
We are go - ing, yes, we're go - ing To the land without a storm.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

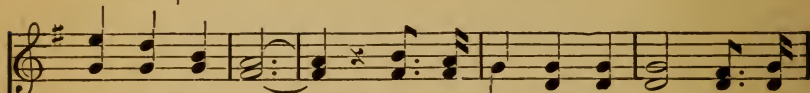
G. FRANC.

1. Be-fore Je - ho-vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na-tions, bow with sa-cred joy;

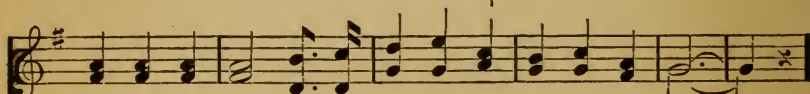
Know that the Lord is God a-lone; He can cre-ate, and He de-destroy.



1. There's a bless-ing for me, When my Saviour I see, On the cross where He
 2. There's a bless-ing for me, Grace, a-bund-ant and free, When I bow at the
 3. There's a bless-ing for me, When to Je-sus I flee; Ev-'ry bur-den He

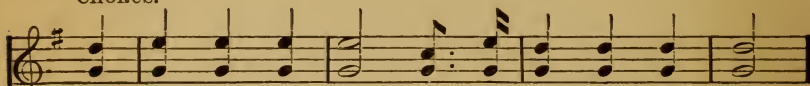


died for my sin; There the life - giv - ing tide To my
 blood-sprinkled throne; For the Lord will pre - pare Precious
 helps me to bear; He will dou - ble my joy, All my

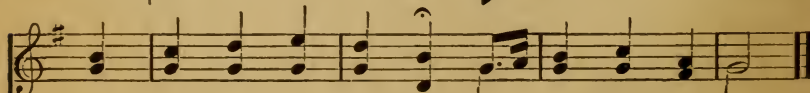


soul is ap - plied, And His Spir - it breaths par-don with - in.
 an - swers to pray'r, When I'm trusting His prom - ise a - lone.
 foes will de - stroy, 'Till at last, in His glo - ry I share.

CHORUS.



A bless - ing for me, Yes, a bless - ing for me;

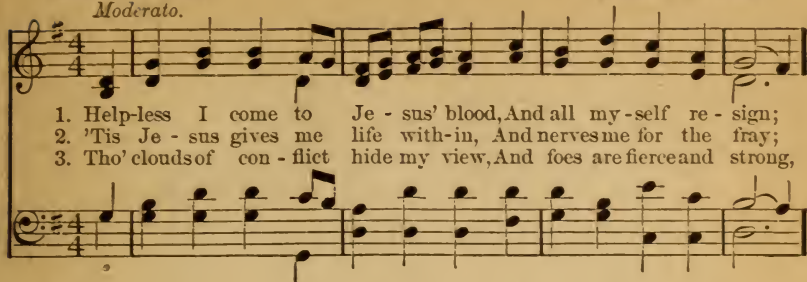


Through Je - sus, my Sav - iour, A bless - ing for me.

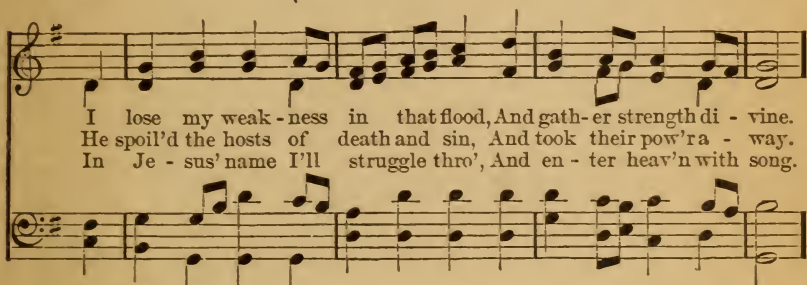
ROBERT LOWRY.

ROBERT LOWRY.

Moderato.

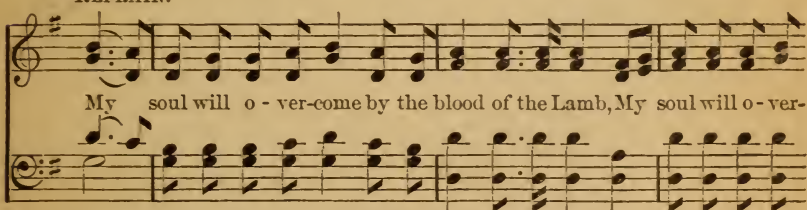


1. Help-less I come to Je - sus' blood, And all my-self re - sign;
 2. 'Tis Je - sus gives me life with-in, And nerves me for the fray;
 3. Tho' clouds of con - flict hide my view, And foes are fierce and strong,

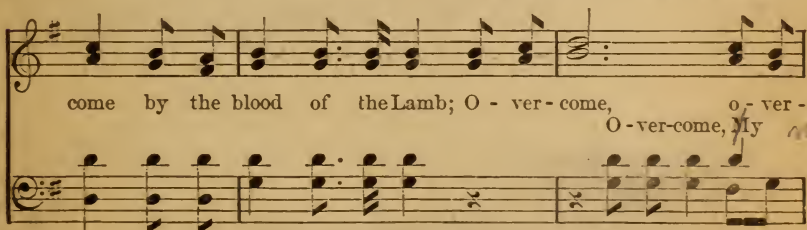


I lose my weak-ness in that flood, And gather strength di - vine.
 He spoil'd the hosts of death and sin, And took their pow'ra - way.
 In Je - sus' name I'll struggle thro', And en - ter heav'n with song.

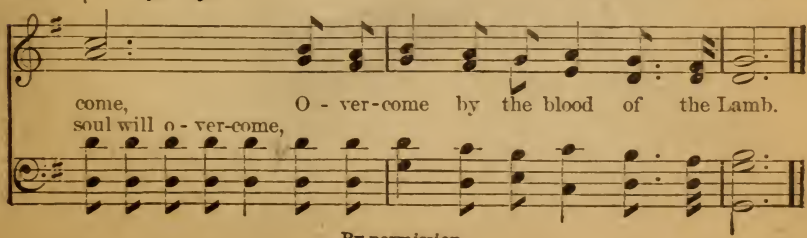
REFRAIN.



My soul will o - ver-come by the blood of the Lamb, My soul will o-ver-



come by the blood of the Lamb; O - ver-come, O-ver-come, My

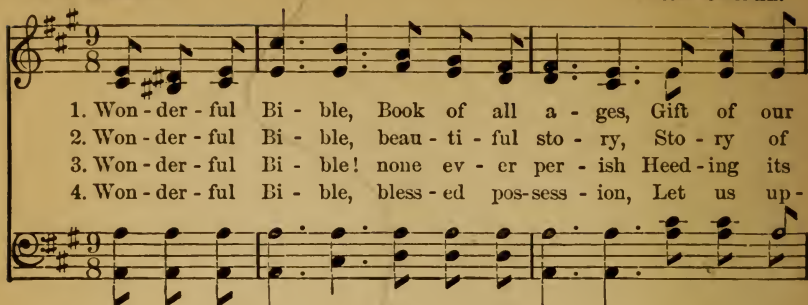


come, O - ver-come by the blood of the Lamb.
 soul will o-ver-come,

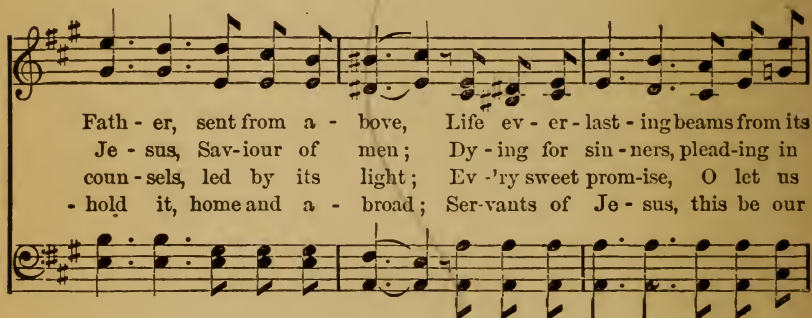
By permission.

E. E. HEWITT.

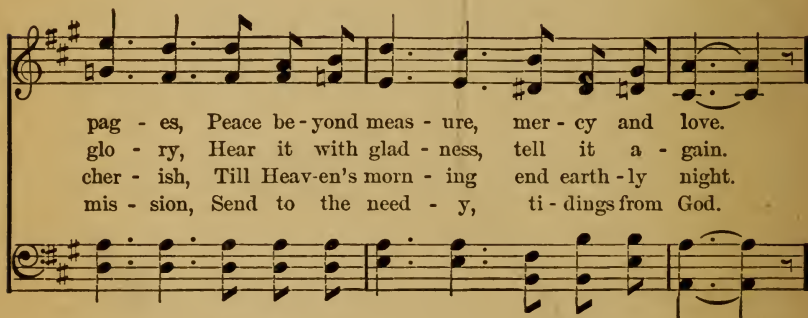
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Won - der - ful Bi - ble, Book of all a - ges, Gift of our
 2. Won - der - ful Bi - ble, beau - ti - ful sto - ry, Sto - ry of
 3. Won - der - ful Bi - ble! none ev - er per - ish Heed - ing its
 4. Won - der - ful Bi - ble, bless - ed pos - sess - ion, Let us up -

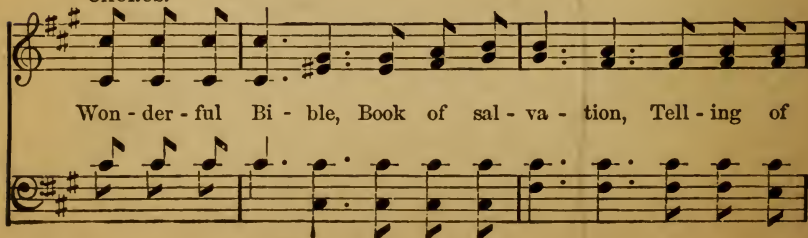


Fath - er, sent from a - bove, Life ev - er - last - ing beams from its
 Je - sus, Sav - iour of men; Dy - ing for sin - ners, plead - ing in
 coun - sels, led by its light; Ev - 'ry sweet prom - ise, O let us
 - hold it, home and a - broad; Ser - vants of Je - sus, this be our



pag - es, Peace be - yond meas - ure, mer - cy and love.
 glo - ry, Hear it with glad - ness, tell it a - gain.
 cher - ish, Till Heav - en's morn - ing end earth - ly night.
 mis - sion, Send to the need - y, ti - dings from God.

CHORUS.



Won - der - ful Bi - ble, Book of sal - va - tion, Tell - ing of

mer - cy, breathing of love; Won - der - ful Bi - ble, God's re - vel -

- a - tion, Show - ing His chil - dren, man - sions a - bove.

This musical score is for a hymn in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER, D. D.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver Life's tempestuous sea,
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar

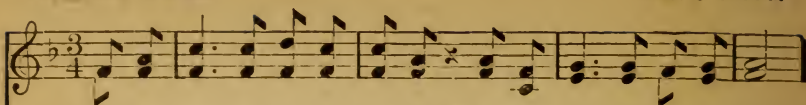
Un - known waves around me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal,
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say - est "peace be still,"
 'Twixt me and my peaceful rest, Then while lean - ing on Thy breast,

Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 Wond'rous sov' - reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

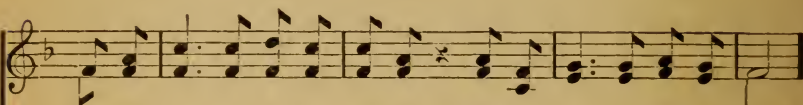
This musical score is for a hymn in B-flat major (two flats) and 3/4 time. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

HORATIUS BONAR.

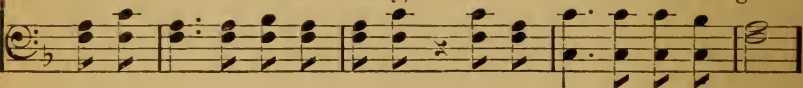
GEO. C. HUGG.



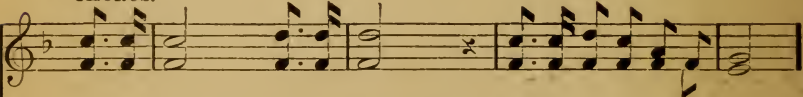
1. This is not my place of rest-ing, Mine's a cit - y yet to come;
2. In it all is light and glo - ry, O'er it shines a nightless day;
3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us, By the streams of life a - long;
4. Soon we pass this des-ert drea-ry, Soon we bid fare-well to pain;



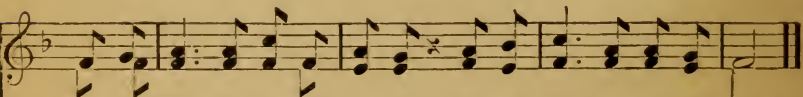
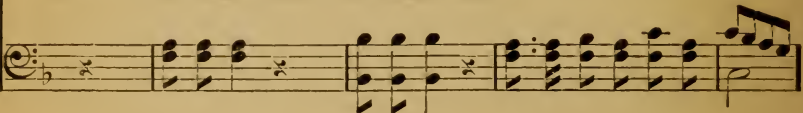
Onward to it I am hasting, On to my e - ter - nal home.
 Ev'-ry trace of sin's sad sto - ry, All the curse has passed a - way.
 On the fresh - est pas - tures feeds us, Turns our sigh - ing in - to song.
 Nev - er more be sad and wea - ry, Nev - er more to sin a - gain.



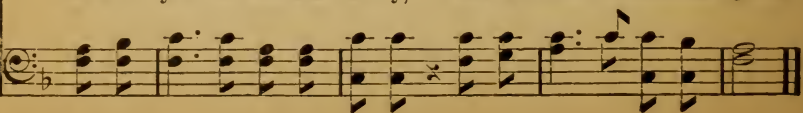
CHORUS.



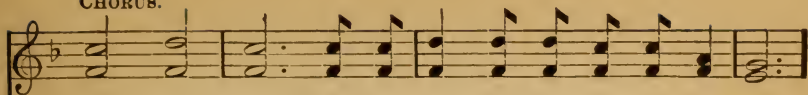
Homeward bound ! homeward bound ! Praise the Lord I'm homeward bound !
 Homeward bound ! homeward bound !



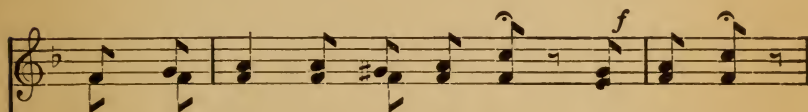
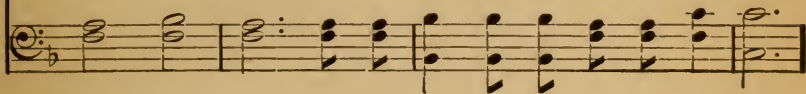
Mine is yon ce - les - tial cit - y, Praise the Lord I'm homeward bound.



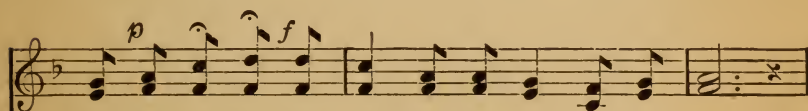
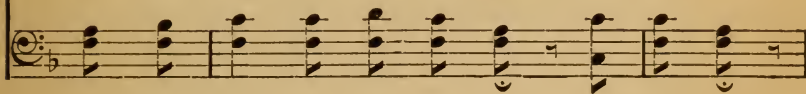
CHORUS.



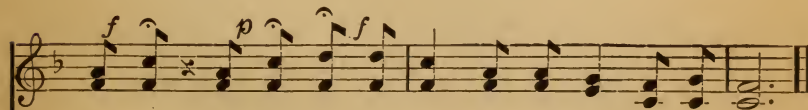
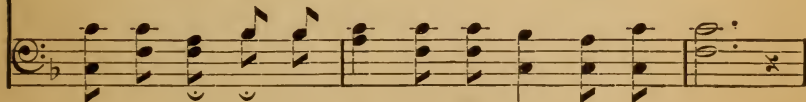
Light! Light! Light! Cheer-ing light from Fair Zi - on I see;



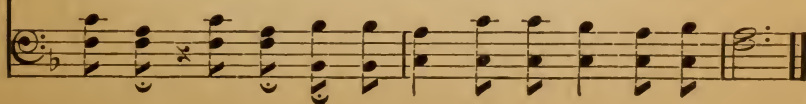
While my soul sings with rap - ture, Ho - san - na!



Ho - san - na! Lov - ing voi - ces are call - ing to me;



Hear them, sing - ing, On the strand by the bright Jas - per sea!



VOICES OF SUMMER.

IDA L. REED.

ADAM GEIBEL.

Voices in Unison.

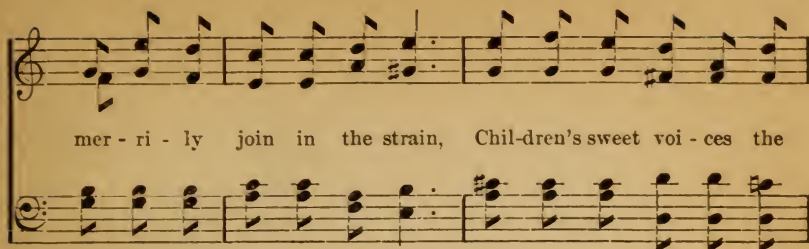
1. Car - ol-ing clear in the morn - ing sun-light, Cheer - i - ly
 2. O - ver the mead - ows the honey-bee's humming, Gath - er their
 3. Hail to the day to the chil - dren giv - en, Glad with it's

swing-ing on bough and spray, Hear the glad birds in their
 sweets from the bloom la - den bowers, Bright are the fields all a -
 won - der - ful mu - sic and light, Twin - ing our thoughts to our

hap-pi-nesssing-ing, Greet-ing the dawn of the Chil - dren's day.
 flame with the glo - ry, Sweet with the per - fume of beau-ti - ful flowers.
 homes in heav-en, Draw-ing us near - er that shore so bright.

CHORUS. *Voices in Harmony.*

Cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, ris - eth the song, Mer - ri - ly,



mer - ri - ly join in the strain, Chil-dren's sweet voi - ces the

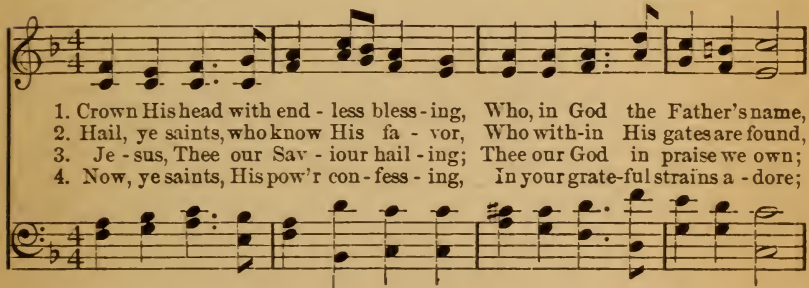


e - cho pro-long, Sum-mer's glad mu - sic is sing - ing a - gain.

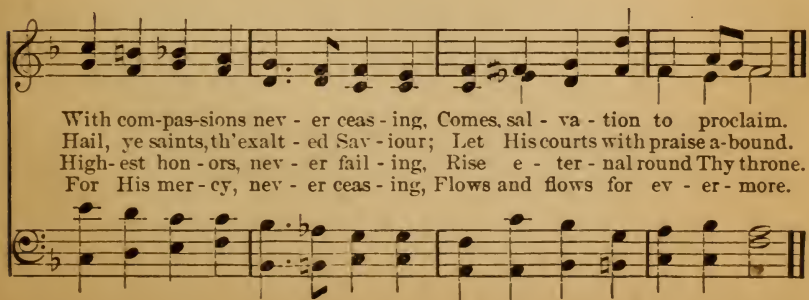
CROWN HIS HEAD WITH ENDLESS BLESSING.

WILLIAM GOODE.

BEETHOVEN.



1. Crown His head with end - less bless - ing, Who, in God the Father's name,
 2. Hail, ye saints, th' know His fa - vor, Who with - in His gates are found,
 3. Je - sus, Thee our Sav - iour hail - ing; Thee our God in praise we own;
 4. Now, ye saints, His pow'r con - fess - ing, In your grate - ful strains a - dore;

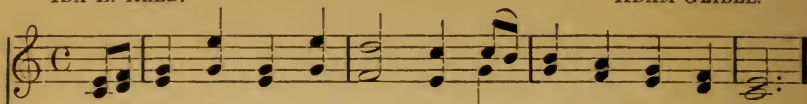


With com - pas - sions nev - er ceas - ing, Comes, sal - va - tion to proclaim.
 Hail, ye saints, th' exalt - ed Sav - iour; Let His courts with praise a - bound.
 High - est hon - ors, nev - er fail - ing, Rise e - ter - nal round Thy throne.
 For His mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Flows and flows for ev - er - more.

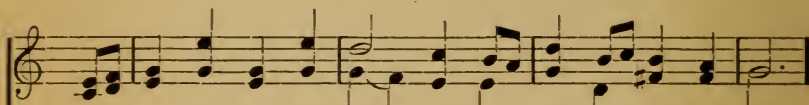
THE WORLD'S SONG OF PRAISE.

IDA L. REED.

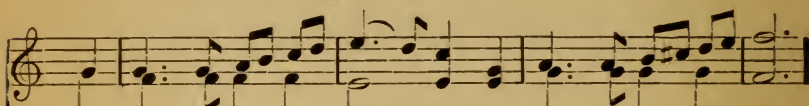
ADAM GEIBEL.



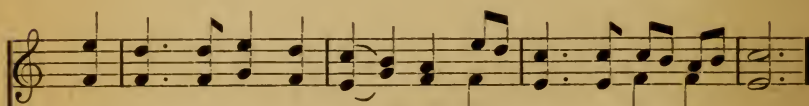
1. Hark! all the world is sing - ing A joy - ful song of praise!
 2. The sun-light falls in splen - dor, To glad - den earth each day,
 3. Then grate - ful - ly we'll praise Him, His pre - cepts we'll o - bey,



Hear ye the glad notes ring - ing? As un - to God they raise
 The birds sing out their glad - ness, The flow'rs spring by the way.
 Who crowns our days with bless - ing, Who guides us all the way.

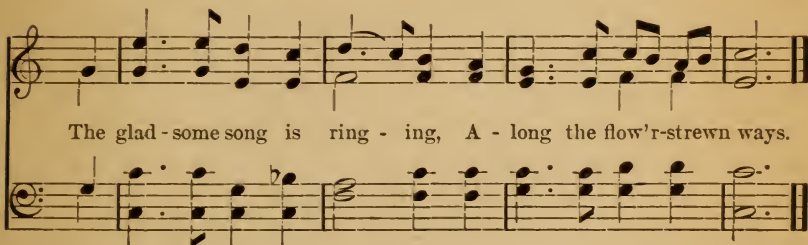
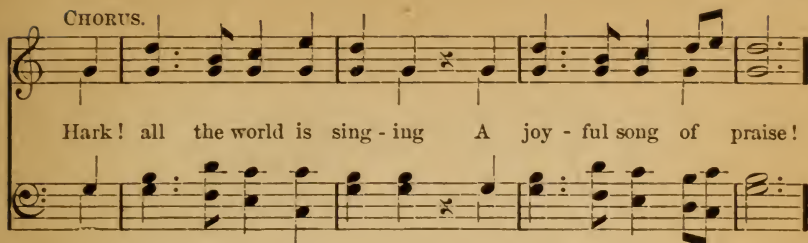


Sweet notes of deep thanks-giv - ing. For mer - cies rich and free
 And fount - ains sweet re - fresh - ing Send forth their wa - ters bright,
 A light with-in the dark - ness, A lamp un - to our feet,



From His great heart o'er - flow - ing, To all hu - man - i - ty.
 These pre - cious gifts God gives us, To cheer us and de - light.
 Shall be His word un - fail - ing, Each bless - ed prom - ise sweet.

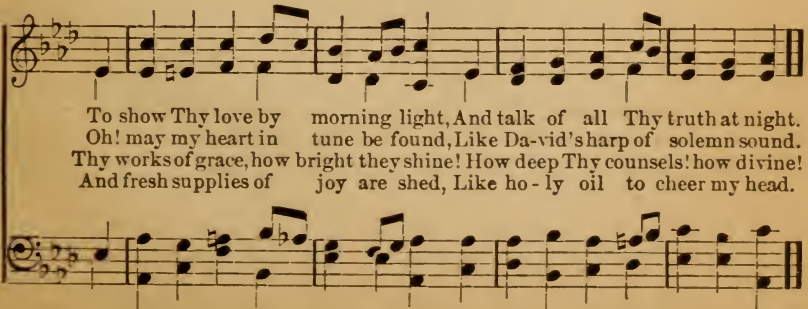
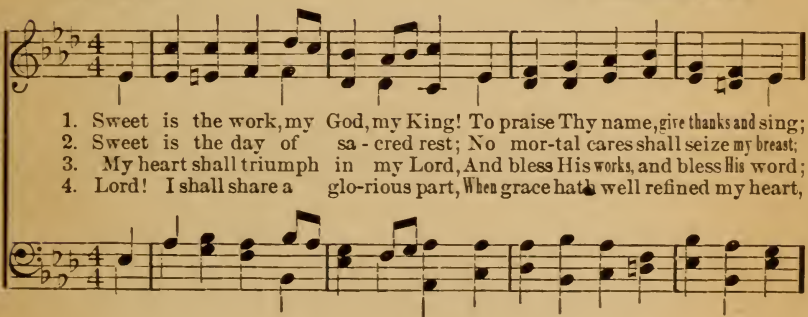
CHORUS.



SWEET IS THE WORK.

ISAAC WATTS.

Arr. from SCHUMANN.



JESUS, SAVIOUR, WE ARE COMING.

IDA L. REED.

ADAM GEIBEL.

* DUETT.

Andante, with expression.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, we are com - ing, All Thy chil - dren far and near,
 2. Make us pure and ho - ly heart - ed, Worthy, Lord, Thine own to be,
 3. All our lives, O Lord, we give Thee, Wilt Thou take the gift we pray,

Gath'ring in Thine earthly tem - ple, Wilt Thou bend our songs to hear.
 We would march beneath Thy ban - ner, Glad - ly we would fol - low Thee.
 Make us strong a - gainst tempta - tion, Lead us on our upward way.

CHORUS.

We will praise

Striving all

We will praise Thy name for - ev - er, Striving all Thy laws to keep,

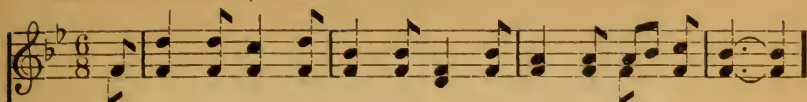
Guide our steps

Guide our steps O bless - ed Sav - iour, Safe - ly up life's rugged steep.

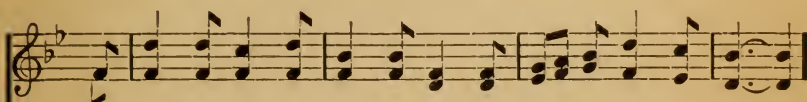
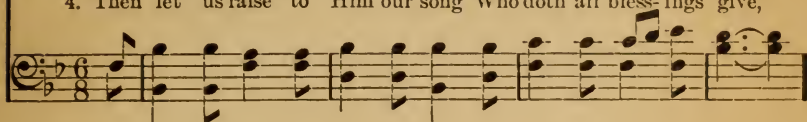
* This piece may be sung with good effect as a Duett and Quartette. /

REV. W. J. STUART, A. M.

GEO. C. HUGG.



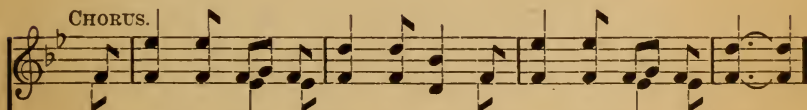
1. This is our hap - py children's day Let all our hearts re - joice,
2. The birds are sing - ing in the trees, While flow'rs are blooming bright,
3. While na - ture thus proclaims God's love Shall not the chil - dren sing
4. Then let us raise to Him our song Who doth all bless - ings give,



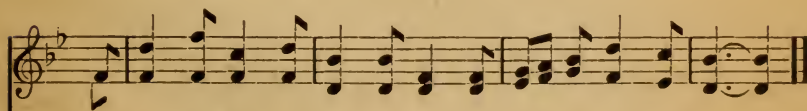
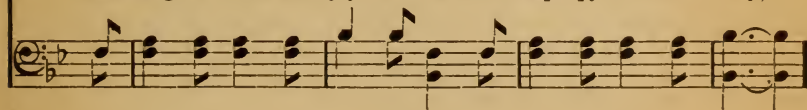
Sing loud and sweet our joy - ful lay, Lift up the tune - ful voice.
 While in the meadows hum the bees, The streams are sparkling light.
 An an - them to our Christ a - bove, A car - ol to their King.
 His good - ness doth our life pro - long In Him we move and live.



CHORUS.



Then sing a - loud with joy - ful heart This hap - py children's day,



We'll nev - er from our God de - part, We'll serve Him all the way.



WAKE THE CHEERFUL SONG.

(ANTHEM.)

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Bells of gladness ring, Joy - ful anthem sing, Laud and mag - ni - fy Him,
 2. Wake the song a - gain, O - ver hill and plain, Shout a - loud with gladness,

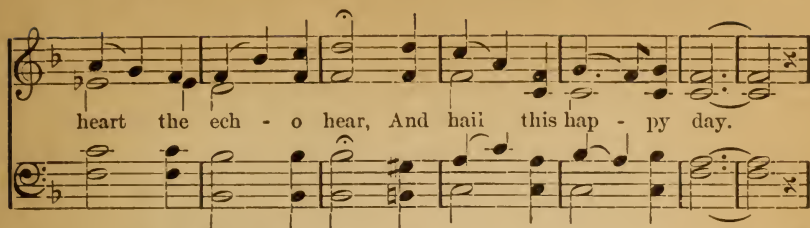
Praise and glo - ri - fy Him, Wake the cheerful song, Loud His praise prolong,
 Ban - ish care and sad - ness, Mer - ry, mer - ry bells, How their mu - sic swells,

Tri - bute to thy Saviour bring.
 Peel - ing forth with glad acclaim.

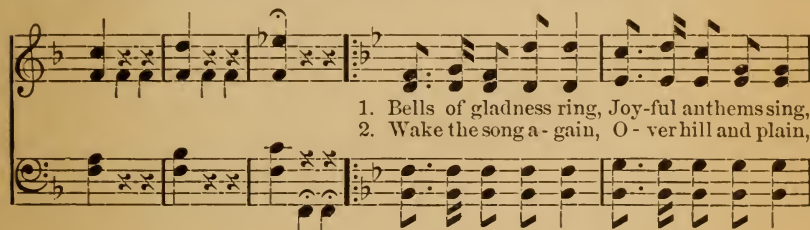
Lift up the voice in song to Him, The God of na - ture, love and praise,

Who in His grace doth grant us, Such hap - py, hap - py days, Peel

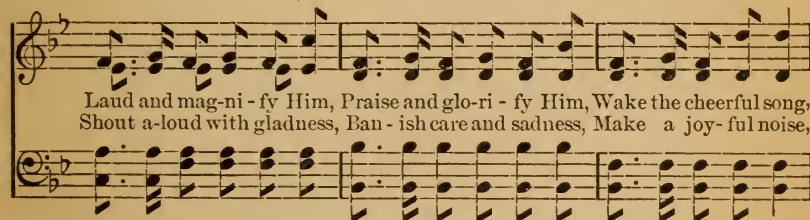
on, ye mer - ry bells, What joy thy mu - sic tells, Let ev - 'ry
 peal on, peal on,



heart the ech - o hear, And hail this hap - py day.





1. Bells of gladness ring, Joy-ful anthemssing,
2. Wake the song a - gain, O - verhill and plain,



Laud and mag-ni - fy Him, Praise and glo-ri - fy Him, Wake the cheerful song,
Shout a-loud with gladness, Ban - ish care and sadness, Make a joy-ful noise,

Loud His praise prolong, Tribute to thy Saviour bring.
Let each heart rejoice, [Omit.....] Singing now with glad ac-

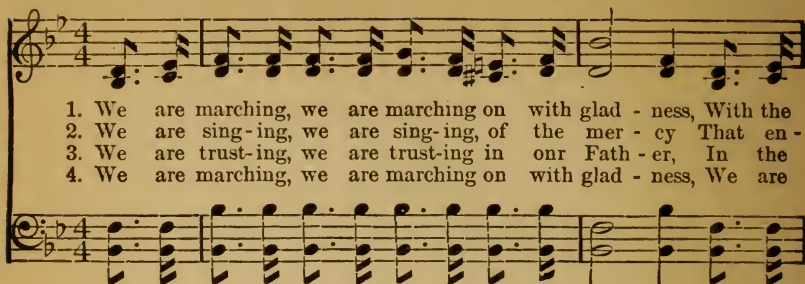


clalm, O sing a - gain our hap - py songs to - day.

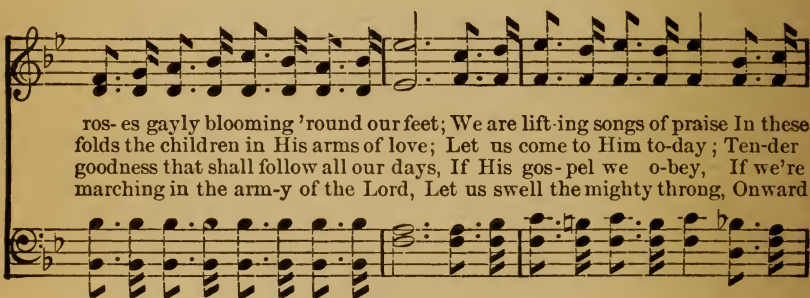
MARCHING ON WITH GLADNESS.

E. E. HEWITT.

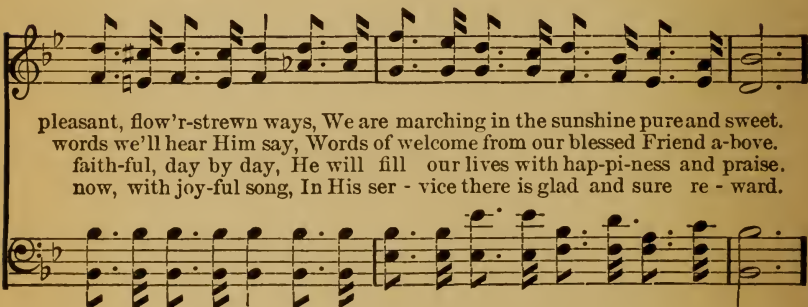
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. We are marching, we are marching on with glad - ness, With the
 2. We are sing - ing, we are sing - ing, of the mer - cy That en -
 3. We are trust - ing, we are trust - ing in our Fath - er, In the
 4. We are marching, we are marching on with glad - ness, We are

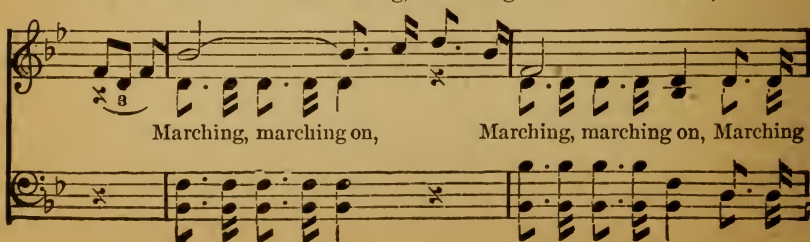


ros - es gayly blooming 'round our feet; We are lift - ing songs of praise In these
 folds the children in His arms of love; Let us come to Him to - day; Ten - der
 goodness that shall follow all our days, If His gos - pel we o - bey, If we're
 marching in the arm - y of the Lord, Let us swell the mighty throng, Onward

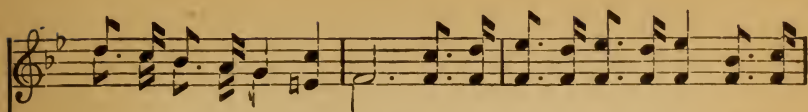


pleasant, flow'r - strewn ways, We are marching in the sunshine pure and sweet.
 words we'll hear Him say, Words of welcome from our blessed Friend a - bove.
 faith - ful, day by day, He will fill our lives with hap - pi - ness and praise.
 now, with joy - ful song, In His ser - vice there is glad and sure re - ward.

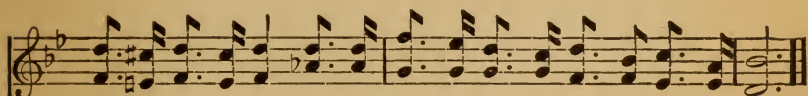
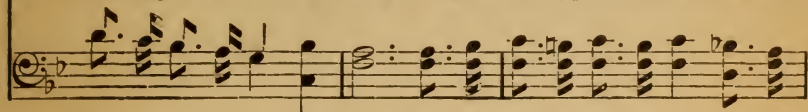
We are march - - ing, march - ing on - - ward;



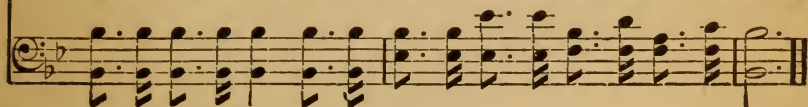
Marching, marching on, Marching, marching on, Marching



marching on with shout and song; In the sunshine, pure and sweet, With the



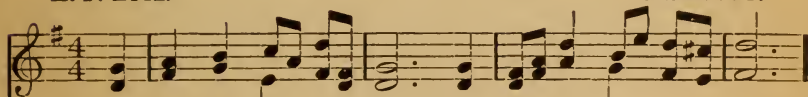
ros - es 'round our feet, We are marching on, a glad, re-joic - ing throng.



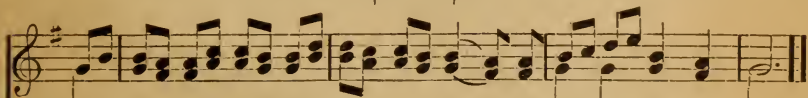
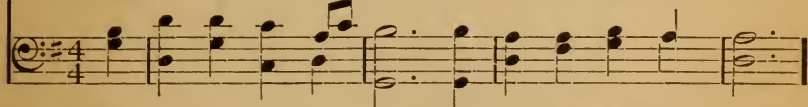
SHIRLAND.

H. F. LYTE.

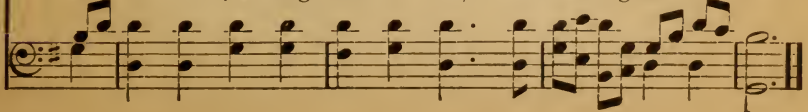
S. STANLEY.



1. My spir - it on Thy care, Blest Sav-iour I re - cline;
2. In Thee I place my trust; On Thee I calm-ly rest;
3. What-e're e - vents be - tide, Thy will they all per - form;
4. Let good or ill be - fall, It must be good for me—



Thou wilt not leave me to de - spair, For Thou art love di - vine.
I know Thee good, I know Thee just, And count Thy choice the best.
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide, Nor fear the com-ing storm.
Se - cure of hav-ing Thee in all, Of hav-ing all in Thee.



A. G.

ADAM GEIBEL

Mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas-day has come the bells are gai - ly ring - ing;

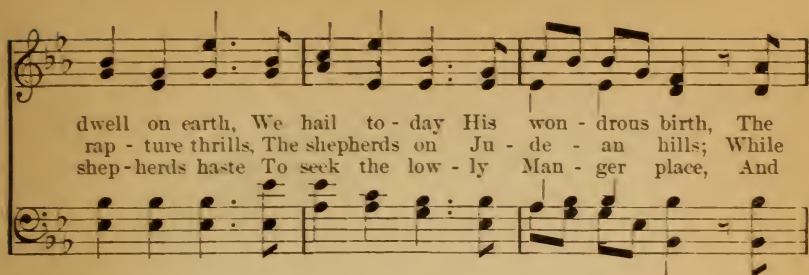
Mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas-day has come and chil-dren sweet-ly sing - ing;

Mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas-day has come the bles - ed tid - ings bringing,

Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas, mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas,

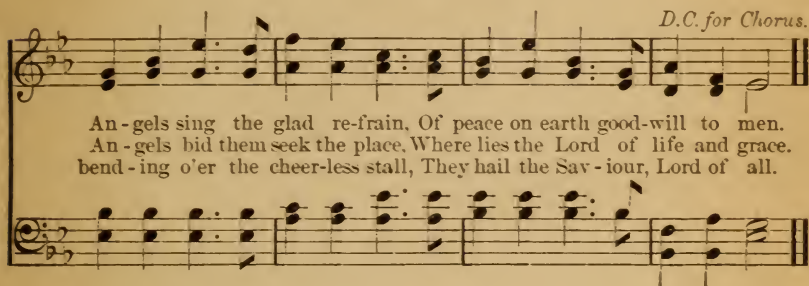
FINE.

Mer-ry, mer - ry Christ-mas - day. { 1. The Sa - viour comes to
2. The won - drous song with
3. With rap - id tread the



dwel on earth, We hail to - day His won - drous birth, The
rap - ture thrills, The shepherds on Ju - de - an hills; While
shep - herds haste To seek the low - ly Man - ger place, And

D.C. for Chorus.

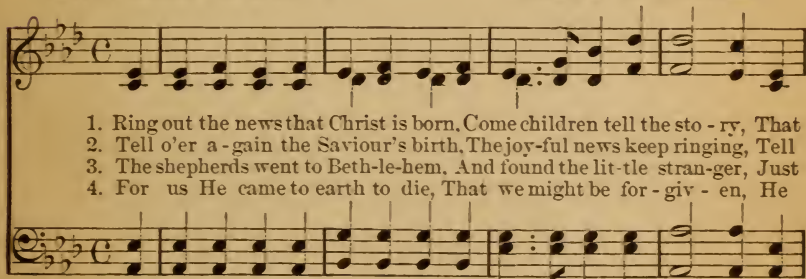


An - gels sing the glad re - frain, Of peace on earth good - will to men.
An - gels bid them seek the place, Where lies the Lord of life and grace.
bend - ing o'er the cheer - less stall, They hail the Sav - iour, Lord of all.

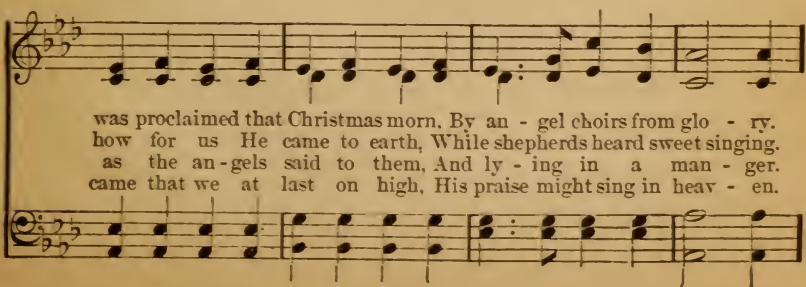
CHRIST IS BORN.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

FLORENCE W. WILLIAMS.



1. Ring out the news that Christ is born, Come children tell the sto - ry, That
2. Tell o'er a - gain the Saviour's birth, The joy - ful news keep ringing, Tell
3. The shepherds went to Beth - le - hem, And found the lit - tle stran - ger, Just
4. For us He came to earth to die, That we might be for - giv - en, He



was proclaimed that Christmas morn, By an - gel choirs from glo - ry.
how for us He came to earth, While shepherds heard sweet singing.
as the an - gels said to them, And ly - ing in a man - ger.
came that we at last on high, His praise might sing in heav - en.

CHORUS. *Voices in Unison.*

Ring peace on earth, sweet peace on earth, Good-will to men, Ring

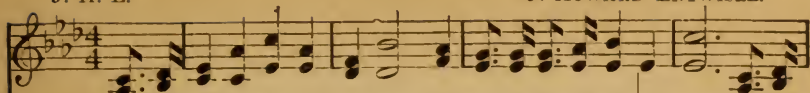
peace on earth and glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est, Ring

peace on earth, sweet peace on earth, Good - will to men ; Ring

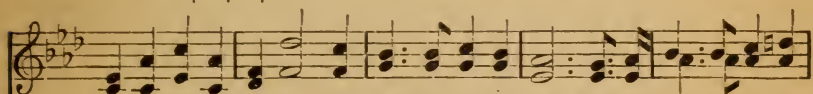
peace on earth, good-will And glo - ry in the high - est.

J. H. E.

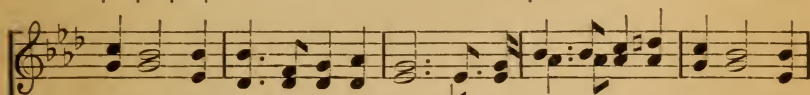
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



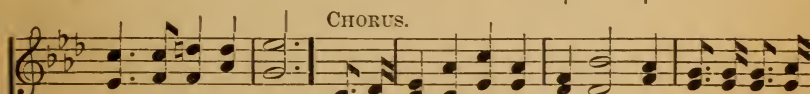
1. We will tell the wond'rous story, Of happy tidings brought to earth, Of the
 2. Here we raise our tuneful voices Tosing of Christ, the new-born King, Telling
 3. On the great white throne in glory, That Saviour, once of earth, doth wait, While the



an-gel hosts in glo-ry, Proclaiming Jesus' birth. Hear the heav'nly voices
 how the men of wisdom Their precious gifts did bring; Telling how the shepherds
 saints around are beck'ning, Within the pearly gate. Soon we'll lay aside earth's

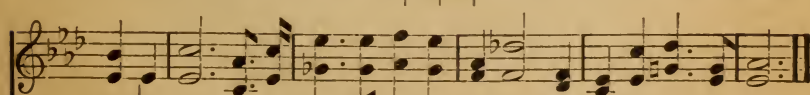


singing, "Good-will on earth to men, Un-to you is born a Saviour, A
 worshipped The Infant Saviour there, Bowing low in ad-o - ra-tion, O,
 tri-als, And when our journey's o'er, We will meet the King E-ter-nal Up-



CHORUS.

Prince, in Bethlehem." } vision grand and fair. } Let ussing with joy and gladness, The happy songs of
 on the Golden Shore. }



Jesus' love, 'Till we join the heav'nly chorus In that bright home above.

IDA L. REED.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

Cheerfully.

1. Hark the bells, I hear them chiming, Clear and sweet o'er sea and land,
 2. Un - to earth is born a Saviour, Now methinks I hear the strain,
 3. Hap - py bells, I love to hear them, Ringing out the old, sweet song,

Once a - gain the angel's message, May it reach to ev - 'ry land.
 As the sil - ver tones are ringing, Mer - ri - ly the glad re - frain.
 Glo - ry in the high - est, glo - ry, Let all tongues the strain prolong.

CHORUS.

rit.

Peace, good-will, the bells are chiming, Hark the mu - sic soft and low,

Peal - ing out the old, sweet sto - ry, As they're swinging to and fro.

GEO. C. HUGG.

ADAM GEIBEL.

Joyously.

1. Sweet bells ring on your Christmas song, The old, old sto-ry tell-ing, Of
 2. Ring "peace on earth, good-will to men," Dear Day-spring of salva-tion; Ring
 3. Ring Christ is born, on this sweet morn. A babe in low-ly manger; While
 4. Ring out sal-va-tion full and free, To ev-'ry clime and nation, Ring

an - gels bright on plains of light, And heav'nly cho - rus swell - ing.
 near and far, o'er moor and fen, Ring joy to ev - 'ry na - tion.
 an - gel throng, with song up-borne, Pro-claim the new-born Stran-ger.
 out the news to land and sea, Glad tid-ings of sal - va - tion.

CHORUS.

Ring on,..... ring on,..... ye bless-ed Christmas bells ring on, Spread
 ring on, ring on,

forth the news that Christ is born On this sweet Christmas morn.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

MRS. HARRIET E. JONES.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Now let us sing the song a - gain Heard by the shepherds long a - go; The
 2. O sing of Him in joy - ful way, Who first appeared within the stall; O
 3. He came to wash a - way our sin, He came to set the cap - tive free, He

joy - ful song, the an - gel strain: Peace and good-will to men be - low.
 chant His praise a - loud to - day, He came be - cause He loved us all.
 came to gath - er wan - d'ers in, To save and bless us glo - rious - ly.

CHORUS. *Voices in Unison.*

Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Glo - ry to God in the

high - est, Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Sing it, O sing it a -

Voices in Harmony.

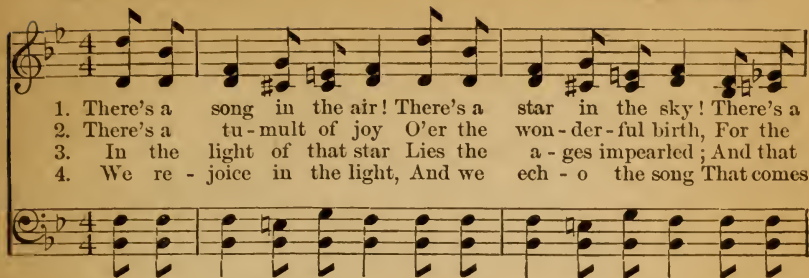
gain, Glo - ry to God in the high - est, Peace and good-will to men.

JESUS IS KING.

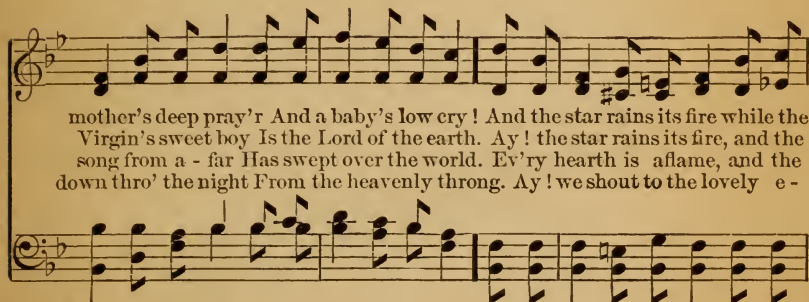
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DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

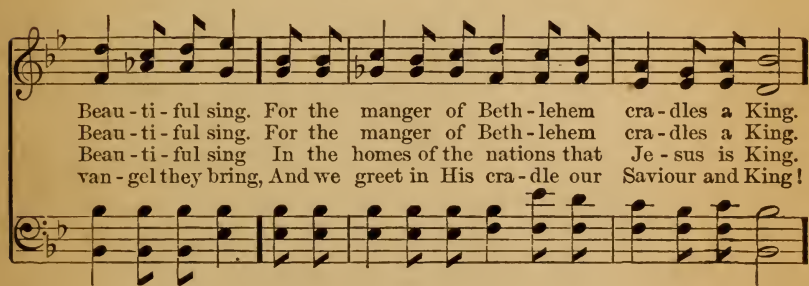
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. There's a song in the air! There's a star in the sky! There's a
 2. There's a tu-mult of joy O'er the won-der-ful birth, For the
 3. In the light of that star Lies the a-ges imperaled; And that
 4. We re-joice in the light, And we ech-o the song That comes

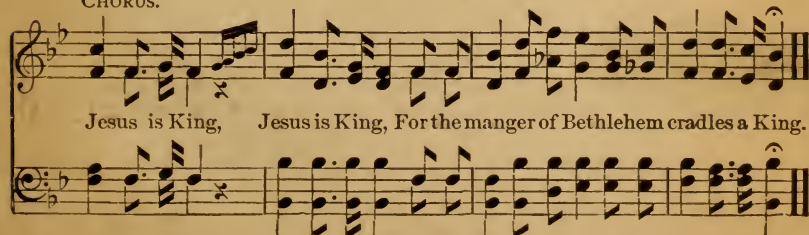


mother's deep pray'r And a baby's low cry! And the star rains its fire while the
 Virgin's sweet boy Is the Lord of the earth. Ay! the star rains its fire, and the
 song from a-far Has swept over the world. Ev'ry hearth is aflame, and the
 down thro' the night From the heavenly throng. Ay! we shout to the lovely e-



Beau-ti-ful sing. For the manger of Beth-lehem cra-dles a King.
 Beau-ti-ful sing. For the manger of Beth-lehem cra-dles a King.
 Beau-ti-ful sing. In the homes of the nations that Je-sus is King.
 van-gel they bring, And we greet in His cra-dle our Saviour and King!

CHORUS.



Jesus is King, Jesus is King, For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.

SONG OF THE AGES.

GEO. C. HUGG.

GEO. C. HUGG

With great spirit.

1. Float-ing downward through the midnight, Bursts a glo - rious tide of
 2. Shepherds watchful guard are keep-ing, O'er their flocks this star - lit
 3. Sweet-ly led to Bethl'hem's man-ger, View-ing there the new-born

song, An - gel voi-ces tuned to sweetness, Roll the migh - ty wave a -
 night, Wond'ring at the breaking glo - ry, And the an - gel song so
 child, Light of light! and hope of a - ges! God and man, now rec-on-

CHORUS.


long
 bright. } "Glory, glo-ry in the highest!" "Peace on earth good-will to men;"
 ciled. }

Down the a - ges roll the ti - dings, Mortals shout a loud A - men.



GEO. C. HUGG.

GEO. C. HUGG.


With spirit.



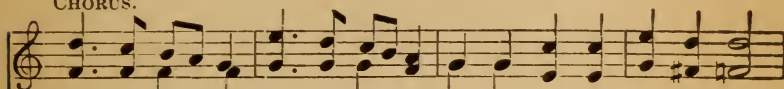
1. See the seal is rude-ly brok-en! Lo! the stone is rolled a - way!
 2. Lo! the tomb is standing o - pen, And the Ma-ry's weep-ing near,
 3. Hark! the joyful tidings ringeth, Christ hath triumphed o'er the grave!

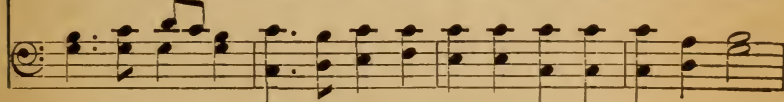
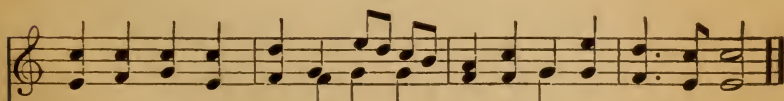
Kept is ev - 'ry sign and to - ken; "He is ris-en!" an-gels say.
 An-gel tones with-in are spok-en: "He is ris-en, do not fear!"
 Joy to all His foll'wers bringeth, Christ hath ris-en!—lives to save!




CHORUS.



"He is ris - en!" "He is ris - en!" See the place where Je-sus lay!

An-gels her - ald the glad tid-ings: Christ, the Lord, a - rose to - day!



CAROL, SWEETLY CAROL.

Arr. by G. C. H.

Rev. H. G. BATTERSON, D. D.

1. Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, The Sav-iour rose to - day:
 2. Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, The tomb is emp - ty now,
 3. Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, This hap - py East - er time;

Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh, bear them far a - way.
 Je - sus Christ hath ris - en, Each knee to Him shall bow.
 Hark! the bells are peal - ing Their res - ur - rec - tion chime;

Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, Till earth's re - mot - est bound
 Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, Your joy and love pro - claim,
 Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, Ye shin - ing ones a - bove,

Shall hear the might-y cho - rus And ech - o back the sound.
 Death's ter - rors all are vanquished, The Sav-iour lives a - gain.
 And sing in loud - est num - bers, Oh, sing re-deem-ing Love.

CHORUS.

Car - ol, sweet-ly car - ol, Car - ol sweet-ly to - day.
 Car - - ol, car - ol,
 Car - ol, car - ol, car - ol sweet-ly to - day.

Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh, bear them far a - way.

ALMIGHTY KING.

Tune; Italian Hymn.

1. Come, Thou Almighty King!
 Help us Thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise;
 Father! all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days!
2. Come, holy Comforter!
 Thy sacred witness bear
 In this glad hour;
 Thou who almighty art!
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power!
3. To the great one in three
 The highest praises be,
 Hence evermore;
 His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

NATIVE LAND.

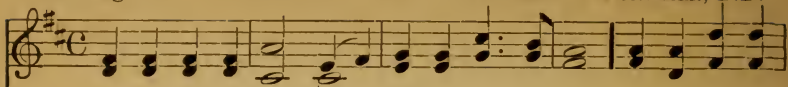
Tune: America.

1. God bless our native land!
 Firm may she ever stand
 Through storm and night;
 When the wild tempests rave,
 Ruler of winds and wave!
 Do thou our country save
 By Thy great might.
2. For her our prayer shall rise
 To God above the skies,
 On Him we wait;
 Thou who art ever nigh,
 Guardian with watchful eye!
 To Thee alone we cry,
 God save the State.
3. Our fathers' God! to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King!

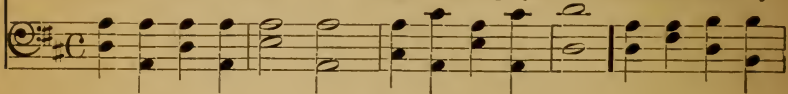
TWINE THE GARLAND.

Arranged.

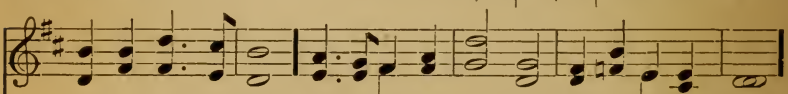
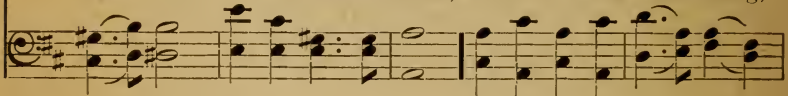
ALFRED G. MORTIMER, B.D.



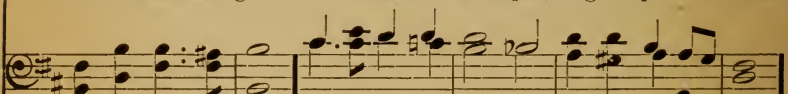
1. Twine the Easter gar - land, Deck the grave with flow'rs, Je-sus Christ hath
2. Like a might-y vic - tor Rose the Lord that morn, Brighter light and
3. Faith, a ray of glo - ry, Shows the emp-ty tomb, And the man - y



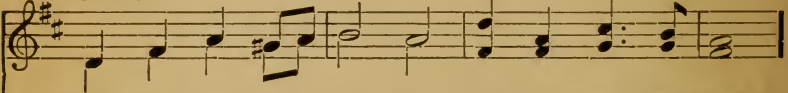
con - quered Death's enthrall-ing pow'rs; Sa-tan,sin, and sor - row,
pur - er On this earth was born : Rays of hope and mer - cy,
man - sions Of the Saviour's home,Where the saints were resting,



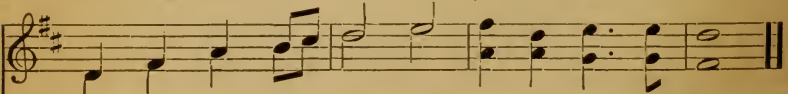
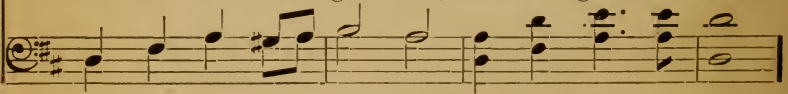
Lie beneath His feet; Christians, raise your voices, Sing His triumph sweet.
Round His form were shed, Scattered doubt and show-er'd Glo-ry on the dead.
Aft-er death and grave :— Christians, we can conquer, Sing His pow'r to save.



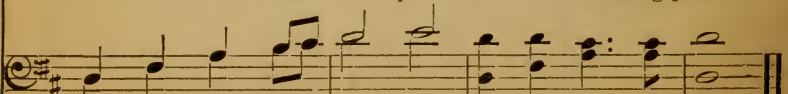
CHORUS.



Twine the Eas - ter gar - land, Deck the grave with flow'rs,



Je - sus Christ hath con - quered Death's enthrall-ing powers

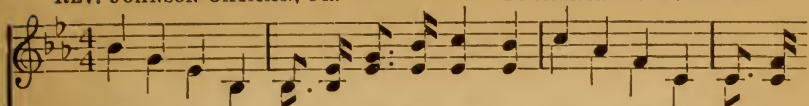


EASTER BELLS.

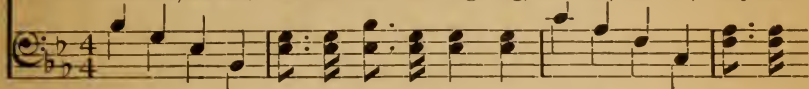
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REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

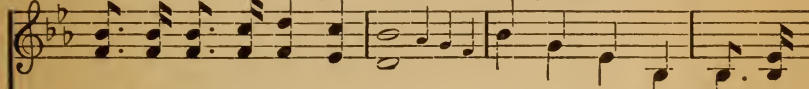
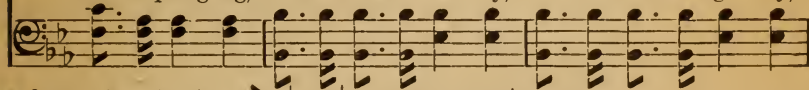
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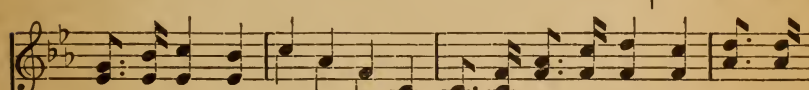
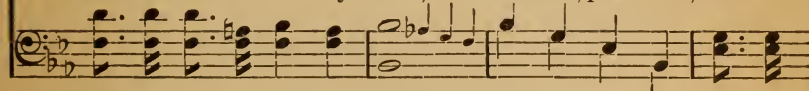
1. Loud-ly, loud-ly, East-er bells are ring-ing, Glad-ly, glad-ly, hap-py
2. Praise Him, praise Him, while the bells are ring-ing, Glo-ry, glo-ry, may each
3. Once more, once more, set the bells to ring-ing, Loud-er, loud-er, may each



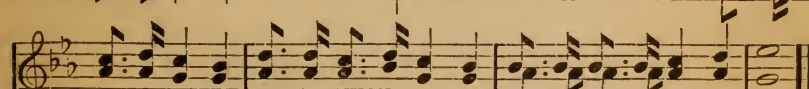
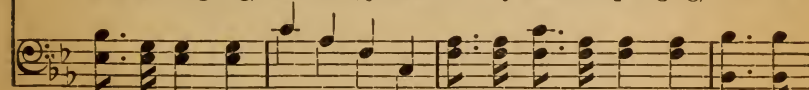
voice-s sing-ing, Christ the Lord is ris-en, From His gloom-y pris-on,
heart keep sing-ing, Tho' the grave in-fold Him, Yet it could not hold Him,
voice keep sing-ing, Swell the bless-ed sto-ry, Je-sus lives in glo-ry,



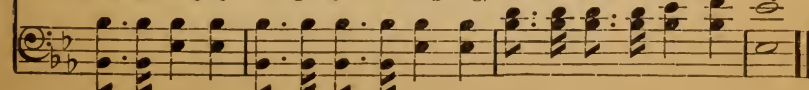
Glo-ry to His ho-ly name; Ring-ing, ring-ing, keep the
Laud and mag-ni-fy His name; Hark-en, hark-en, clear the
Bless-ed be His ho-ly name; Praise Him, praise Him, while the



joy bells ring-ing, Glad-ly, glad-ly, voice-s join in sing-ing, Bless-ed
bells are ring-ing, Join them, join them, hearts and voices sing-ing, To the
bells are ring-ing, Glad news, glad news, ev-'ry where keep singing, Heav-en's



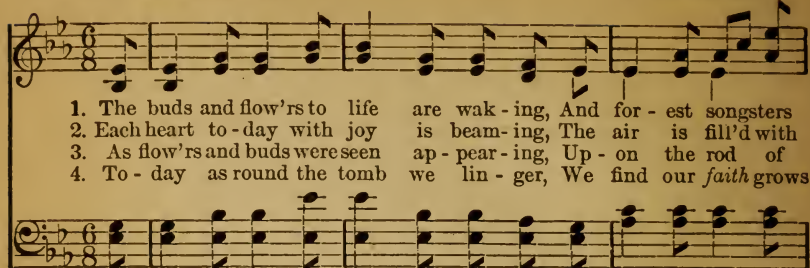
tribute bringing, Upward songs are winging, On this hap-py East-er day.
Saviour clinging, Now with joy up-springing, Praise Him on this East-er day.
gates are swing-ing, An-gels join in sing-ing, Prais-es on this East-er day.



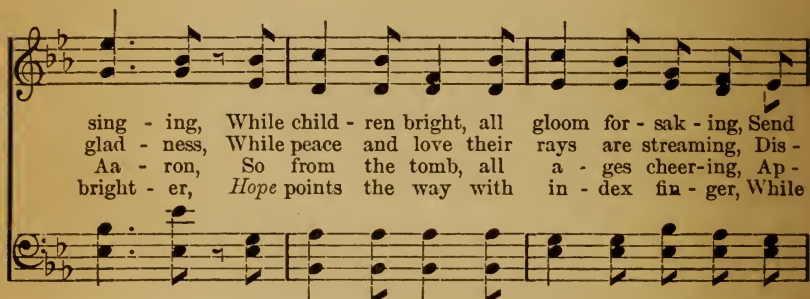
HAIL THE GLAD DAY.

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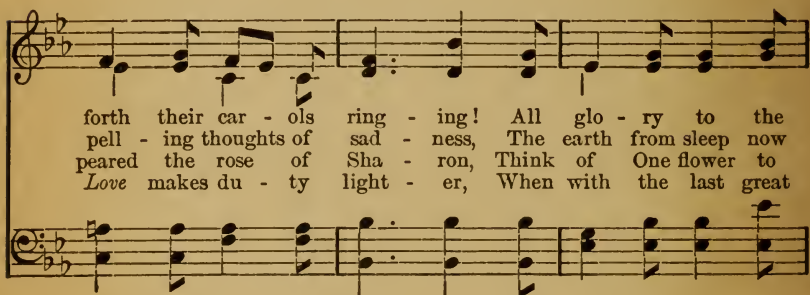
ADAM GEIBEL.



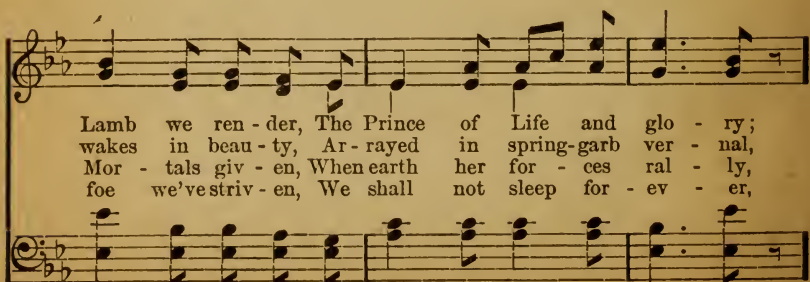
1. The buds and flow'rs to life are wak - ing, And for - est songsters
 2. Each heart to - day with joy is beam - ing, The air is fill'd with
 3. As flow'rs and buds were seen ap - pear - ing, Up - on the rod of
 4. To - day as round the tomb we lin - ger, We find our *faith* grows



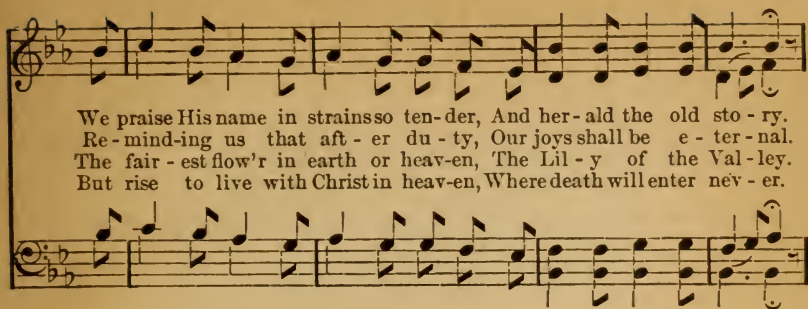
sing - ing, While child - ren bright, all gloom for - sak - ing, Send
 glad - ness, While peace and love their rays are streaming, Dis -
 Aa - ron, So from the tomb, all a - ges cheer - ing, Ap -
 bright - er, *Hope* points the way with in - dex fin - ger, While



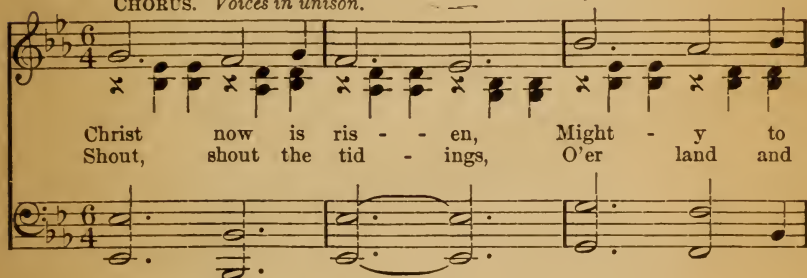
forth their car - ols ring - ing! All glo - ry to the
 pell - ing thoughts of sad - ness, The earth from sleep now
 peared the rose of Sha - ron, Think of One flower to
Love makes du - ty light - er, When with the last great



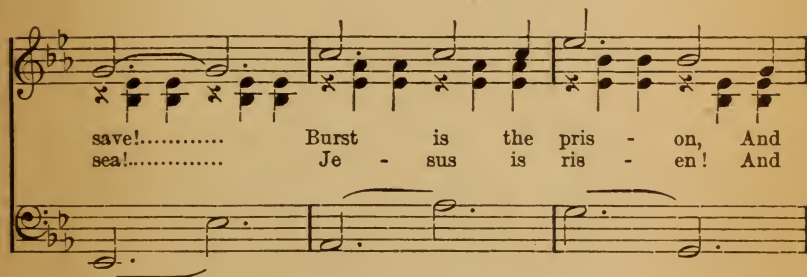
Lamb we ren - der, The Prince of Life and glo - ry;
 wakes in beau - ty, Ar - rayed in spring - garb ver - nal,
 Mor - tals giv - en, When earth her for - ces ral - ly,
 foe we've striv - en, We shall not sleep for - ev - er,



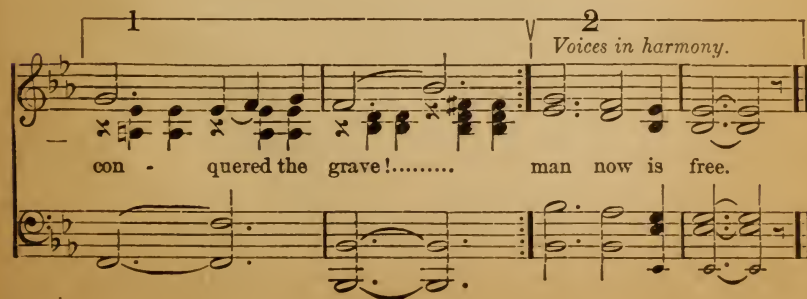
We praise His name in strains so ten-der, And her-ald the old sto-ry.
 Re-mind-ing us that aft-er du-ty, Our joys shall be e-ter-nal.
 The fair-est flow'r in earth or heav-en, The Lil-y of the Val-ley.
 But rise to live with Christ in heav-en, Where death will enter nev-er.

CHORUS. *Voices in unison.*


Christ now is ris - - en, Might - y to
 Shout, shout the tid - - ings, O'er land and



save!..... Burst is the pris - on, And
 seal!..... Je - sus is ris - en! And



1 2
Voices in harmony.
 con - quered the grave!..... man now is free.

HE AROSE.

GEO. C. HUGG.

GEO. C. HUGG.

Slowly.

1. Low - ly entombed He lay, My bless - ed Sav - iour;
 2. Vain - ly they watch Him, now, My bless - ed Sav - iour;
 3. Burst - ing the seal, He rose, My bless - ed Sav - iour;

Wait - ing the prom - ised day, My prec - ious Lord.
 Sure - ly He'll keep His vow, My prec - ious Lord.
 Scatter - ing His arm - ed foes, My prec - ious Lord.

CHORUS. *faster.*

Up from the tomb He a-rose! And in triumph, vanquish'd all His
 He a-rose!

foes, . . . He a-rose a victor o'er the realms of night; And He reigns forever with His
 all His foes,

saints in light, He a-rose, He a - rose, Victor o-ver all His foes.
 He arose, He arose,

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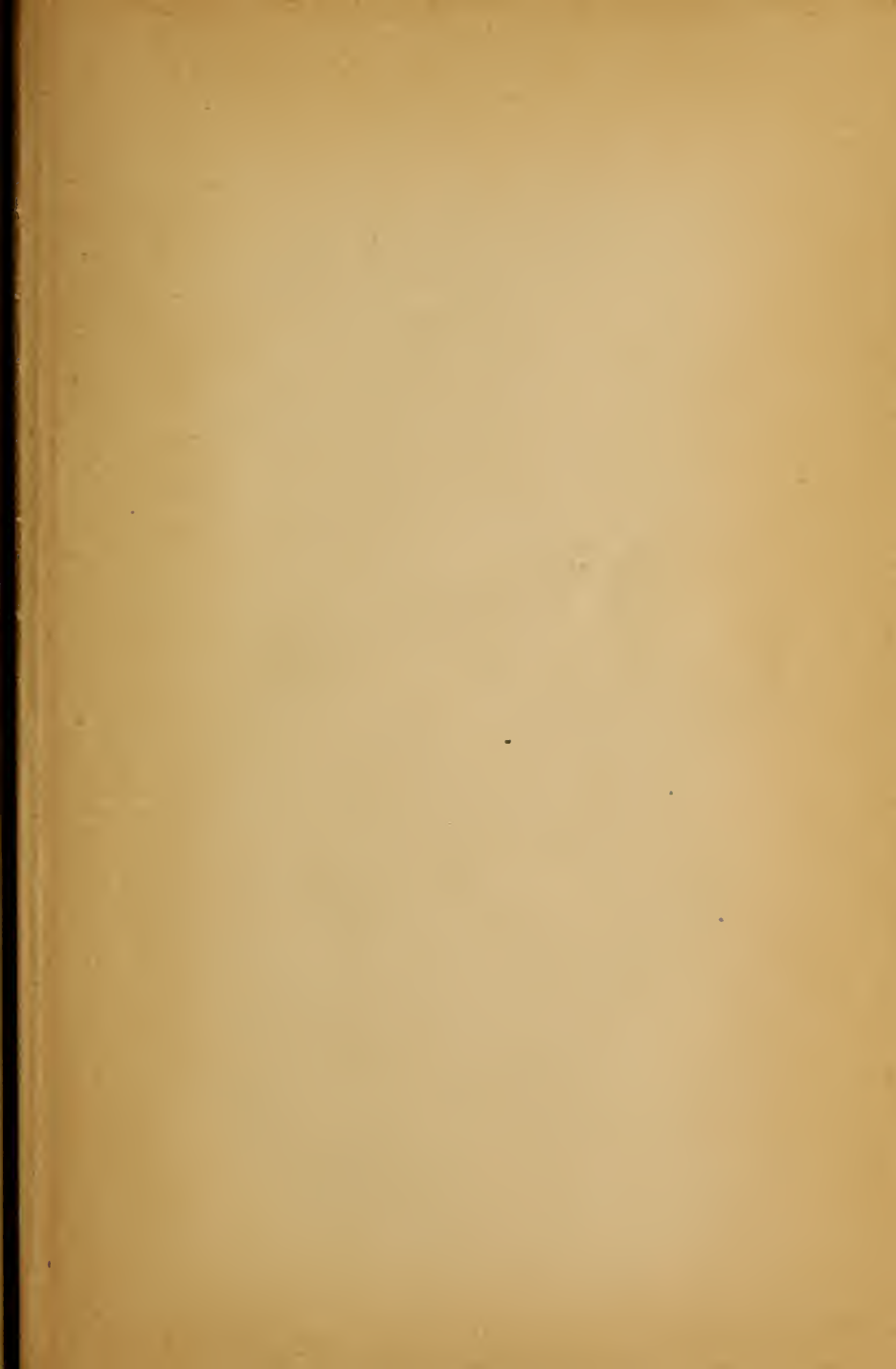
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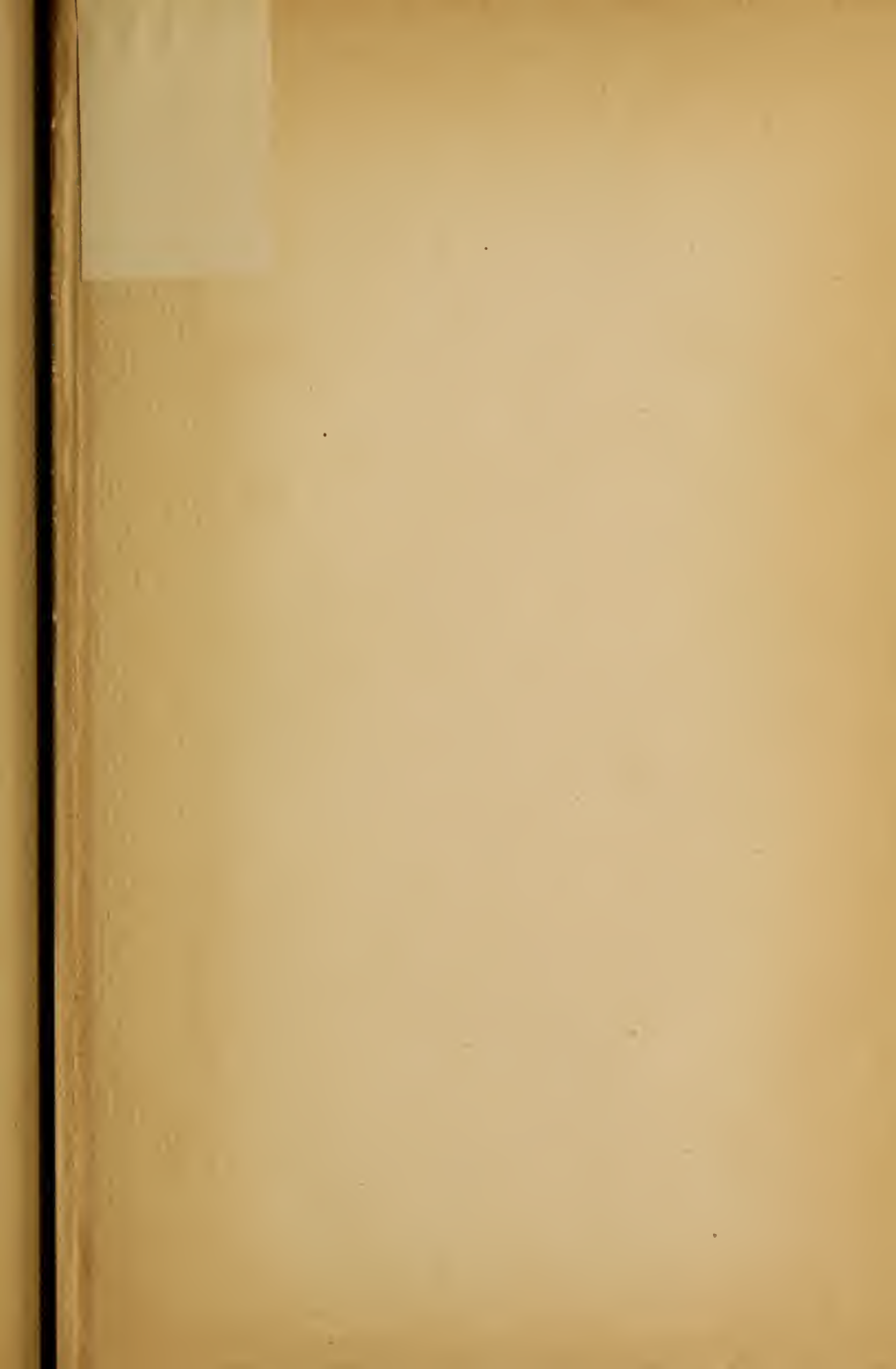
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